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Postmaster General.

Contents in January to June Vol. 51

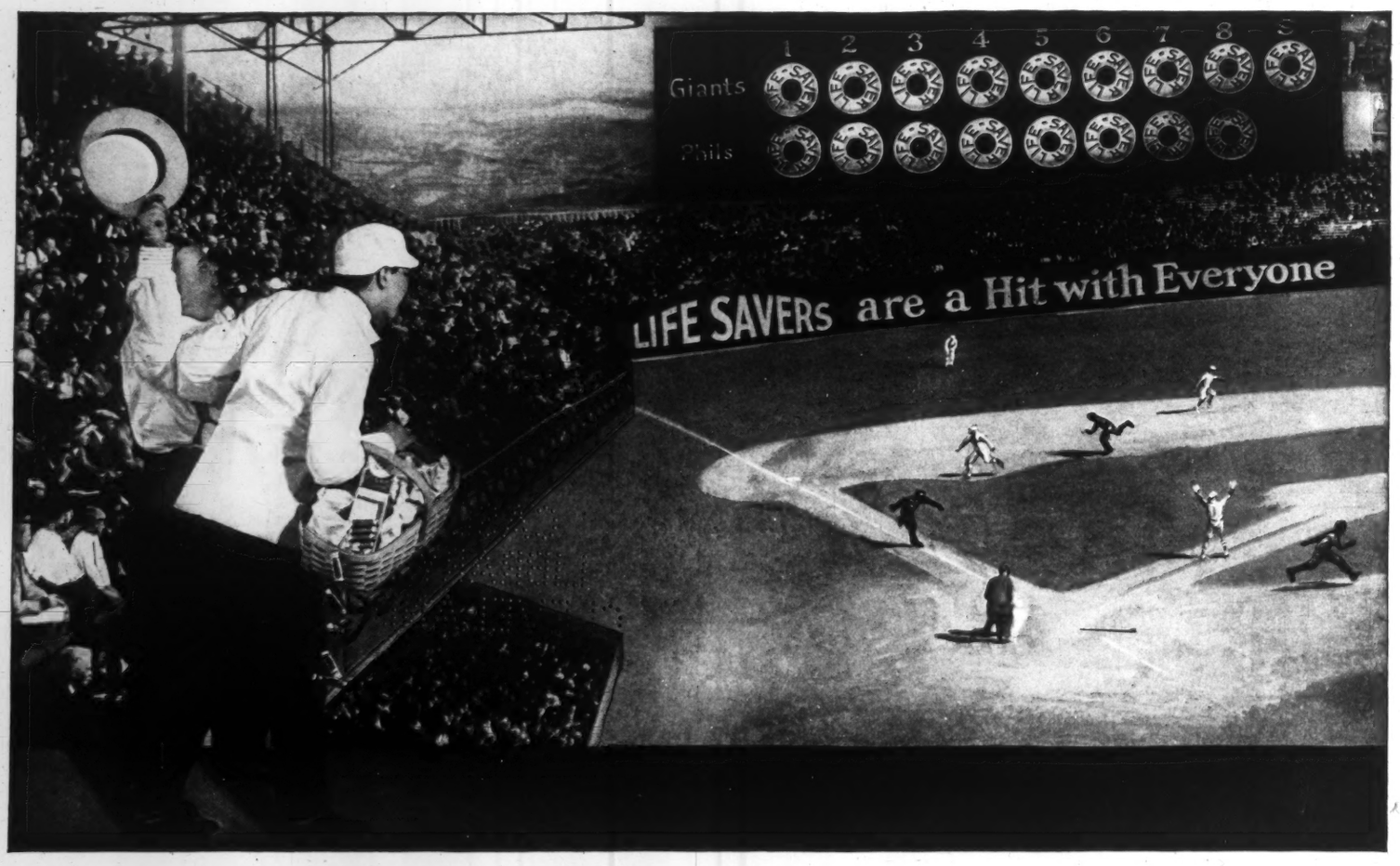
JULY
1919

20 BIG FEATURES FOR 20¢

Painted by Noyes McMein

More CONVERSATIONS WITH ROOSEVELT In This Number

DR. FRANK CRANE and GERTRUDE ATHERTON For and Against PROHIBITION



A Hit—It's a Life Saver!

When your batting average is low, slide a Life Saver between your teeth and see what a big assist it is. It will put a shortstop to any foul taste, and correct all errors of digestion. Spread Life Savers out on a home plate where you can pitch into them. These delicious mint-rings help you to center your thoughts right off the bat.

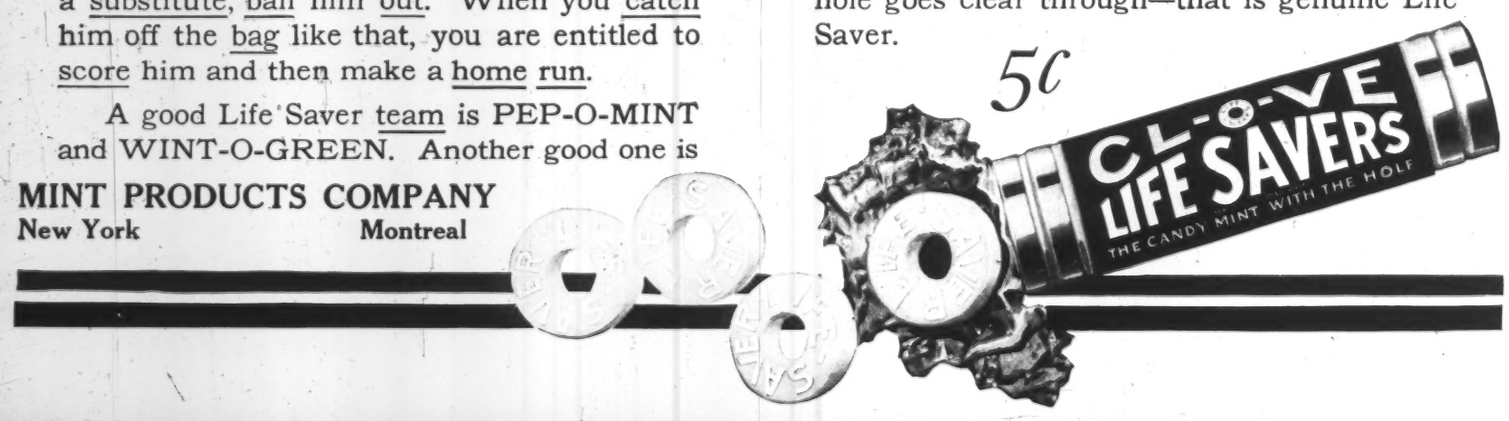
LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

If you run across a dealer so base as to offer a substitute, ball him out. When you catch him off the bag like that, you are entitled to score him and then make a home run.

A good Life Saver team is PEP-O-MINT and WINT-O-GREEN. Another good one is CL-O-VE and LIC-O-RICE. Be sure the hole goes clear through—that is genuine Life Saver.

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY
New York **Montreal**



Dance any time — the Victrola is always ready!

Ready with lively one-steps and fox-trots and fascinating waltzes that make you forget every care and just want to dance on and on. Music that inspires you to dance your very best—the perfect playing of bands and orchestras renowned for their splendid dance music.

As enjoyable with a Victrola as though you actually hired the entire band or orchestra itself. Loud and clear enough for a whole roomful of dancers—and yet easily adaptable when only a few couples (or even one!) want a quiet little dance all their own.

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Important Notice. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized in the processes of manufacture, and their use, one with the other, is absolutely essential to a perfect reproduction.

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"Victrola" is the Registered Trademark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products of this Company only.

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Victrola XVII, electric, $332.50
Mahogany or oak

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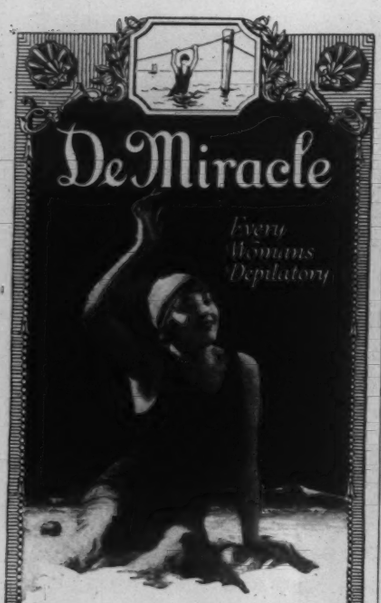
To insure Victor quality, always look for the famous trademark, "His Master's Voice." It is on all products of the Victor Talking Machine Company.



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YOU should remove unsightly hair from arms, underarms and limbs. The nicest, quickest and most simple way to remove it is with De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid.

FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals explains how De Miracle devitalizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

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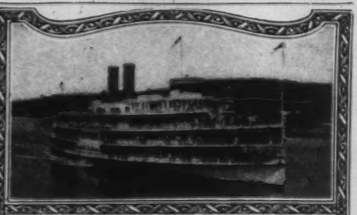

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To watch the great green hills glide by as you enjoy the luxury of a big, comfortable steamer—that's the pleasure of a trip on the Day Line between New York and Albany.

Attractive One Day Outings to Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, West Point and Bear Mountain.

All through rail tickets between New York and Albany accepted. Daily including Sunday.

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McCLURE'S

Volume 51 — Number 7

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The McClure Publications, 76 Fifth Avenue, New York

Executive and Editorial Offices, Berkeley Building, New York

Inflamed gums—the cause of tooth-base decay

JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

FORHAN CO.
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Smooth and velvety as the petals of the rose is the complexion aided by

Nadine Face Powder

This delicate beautifier imparts an indefinable charm—a charm which lingers in the memory.

The smooth texture of *Nadine* adheres until washed off. It prevents sunburn or the return of discolorations.

Its coolness is refreshing, and it cannot harm the tenderest skin.

Nadine Face Powder beautifies millions of complexions today. Why not yours?

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Or By Mail 50c.

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10 cents a day soon buys an Oliver Typewriter — Latest Model

FREE TRIAL

No Money Down

Before you realize it you have this splendid Oliver paid for. And you get to use it right away—while you pay.

To begin with, you save $43 on the price, for we now sell the $100 Oliver for $57. It is our latest and best model, the No. 9. The finest product of our factories.

We are able to make this great saving for you through the economies we learned during the war. We found that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous expensive branch houses through the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods.

You may buy direct from us, via coupon. We even send the Oliver for five days free trial, so that you may act as your own salesman. You may use it as if it were your own. You can be the sole judge, with no one to influence you.

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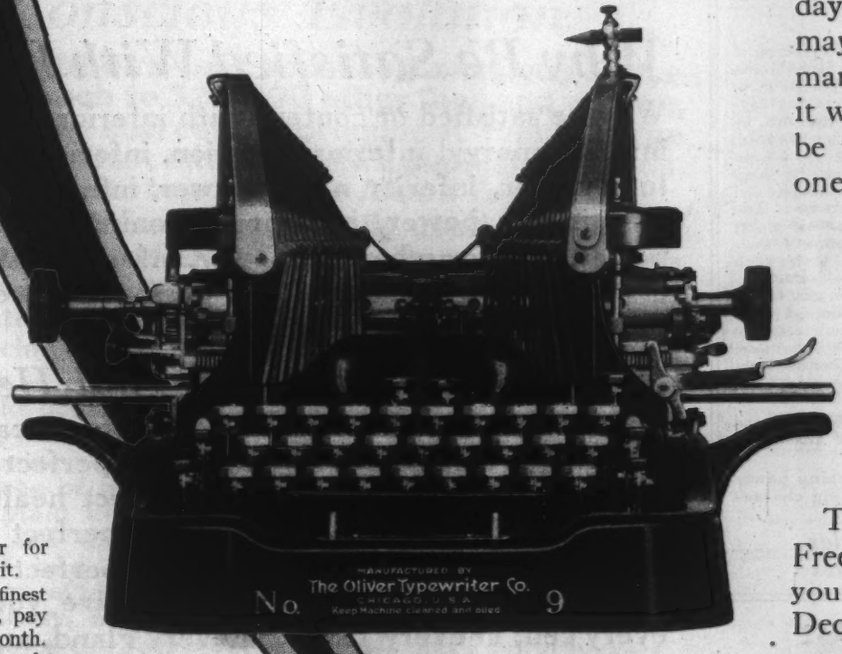

Was $100

Now $57

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If you agree that it is the finest typewriter, regardless of price, pay for it at the rate of $3 per month. We ask no partial payment in advance. You have over a year to pay. And you'll have the Oliver all that time. There is no need to wait until you have the full amount.

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Our new plan has been a tremendous success. We are selling more Olivers this way than ever before. Over 700,000 Olivers have been sold! Oliver popularity is increasing daily.

This, the Oliver 9, has all the latest improvements. It is noted for its sturdiness, speed and fine workmanship. It is handsomely finished in olive enamel and polished nickel. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this Oliver, for which we now ask only $57, after its being priced for years at $100.

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Canadian Price, $72

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This coupon brings you a Free Trial Oliver without your paying in advance. Decide yourself. Save $43.

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(856)

If I Could Meet

Swoboda To-day

Creator of Conscious Evolution

I KNOW that I could in less than one minute demonstrate to you that you are only one half as well, strong, vigorous, dynamic and energetic and only half as brave, authoritative, forceful, dominant, self-reliant, daring, courageous, and merely half as progressive, masterful, aroused, powerful, and creative as you easily may become through quick evolution.

A Remarkable Personality

Swoboda, himself, is perhaps the most perfect example of what Conscious Evolution can accomplish. As Swoboda gains in years, he grows younger in enthusiasm, younger in vitality, younger in health, he is becoming stronger, more energetic, more confident, more dominant and more alive by capitalizing his creative powers through Conscious Evolution. What Swoboda is accomplishing for himself, you too can accomplish—every individual can accomplish, for every individual is governed by the same laws and principles, and every individual has it within himself to make use of these laws and principles. Swoboda's mind and body are so alert and so active that in his presence one feels completely overpowered. His personality dominates everything with which it comes in contact; yet Swoboda is real!—there is absolutely nothing mysterious about him. He knows not what fatigue is—he is a tireless worker. He delights in making sick people well and weak people strong. He loves his work because he feels he is of benefit to humanity—making a better, more vital, more potent race of men and women. Swoboda is not only a mental superman, but a high powered physical dynamo, an unheard of combination.

SWOBODA means freedom—liberty—independence and SWOBODA aims to give these symbols of evolutionary states a new, higher and ultimate meaning.

In addition to SWOBODA'S amazing power of mind and body, his predominating characteristic is his intense sincerity.

Swoboda's discoveries are your opportunities

Daily Results:

"A year ago I was down and out financially and physically. I was a wreck. Conscious Evolution gave me power of mind and health. I am to-day better than ever and I am more prosperous than ever. Naturally I am a believer in the Swoboda idea."

"Your system makes me feel like a different person. Every one whom I have ever met who has tried it out, has the same thing to say about it. Was talking to a man to-day whose wife is a Swoboda enthusiast."

"Your system is direct, simple, scientific, effective, and makes one feel so invigorated. As an athlete and a physician, I endorse Conscious Evolution unreservedly. It is and more, what is claimed for it."

"Conscious Evolution has given me surprising results. I expected good results but I am surprised."

"Conscious Evolution sent a message of energy, health and power through me in twenty seconds, which has been increased from day to day."

"I feel very much better. You did me more good in three weeks than four doctors did in sixteen months."

"Your course has been of great benefit to me. I am able to do a great deal more work with less fatigue. My pleasures are also increased; all work seems a pleasure now."

"When your first letter of instructions reached me I was tired and blue. I read it and saw the 'light.' My blues disappeared. I used my energies for about ten seconds, and my tiredness left me. Conscious Evolution is increasing my every power of mind and body as I wish and as you promise."

Why Be Satisfied With Inferior Life?

Why be satisfied or content with inferior vitality, inferior health, inferior energy, inferior digestion, inferior heart power, inferior lung power, inferior nerve power, inferior brain power, inferior memorizing power, inferior reasoning power, inferior sensing power, inferior scheming power, inferior business power, inferior conscious power, and inferior personal power? Why not attain the vital power of supremacy?

Perfect and Vital Health

Conscious Evolution can give you perfect health in your nervous system, perfect health in your heart, perfect health in your lungs, perfect health in your stomach, perfect health in your digestive system, perfect health in your liver, perfect health in your kidneys, perfect health in your muscles, perfect health in your brain, and thus Conscious Evolution can give you perfect health in every cell, in every tissue, in every gland, and in every organ, as well as perfect health in your blood.

How to "Get There"

Regardless of how old you are—regardless of your years—you can grow younger in body, younger in spirit, younger in ambition and younger in every characteristic that gives greater living power, greater earning power and greater pleasure power. You can gain thinking power, reasoning power, health power and pleasure power, as you may desire.

Why Miss the Super-Pleasures?

Why not enjoy yourself as others enjoy themselves who are more highly alive and who have super-energy, super-health, super-vitality and super-powers of every character? Why deny yourself the keenest of pleasures? Why miss the extreme joy of life? Why miss the super-pleasures?

How to Gain What You Want

The way for you to gain what you want is by increasing your power of mind and body evolutionarily, so as to compel conditions to yield to your superior and irresistible energies. Conscious Evolution is the easy and sure means of making yourself supreme.

You Face to Face

More Daily Results:

"I indeed realize what physiological gladness means. My sensation of physical enjoyment is wonderful. It seems too good to be true. It is something as I felt when I took my first trip to the Bermudas, where nature has combined the blending of dainty coloring so exquisite that nothing short of fairyland can describe it. This is how Conscious Evolution causes me to feel."

"I can honestly say that the benefits I have received from Conscious Evolution cannot be measured by any payment of money, and I can say unhesitatingly that your system far exceeded my fondest hopes."

"I could see the tremendous reality and possibilities of Conscious Evolution in less than half a minute's direction of my energies into creative channels."

"Conscious Evolution has changed me from an invalid into a tireless human machine."

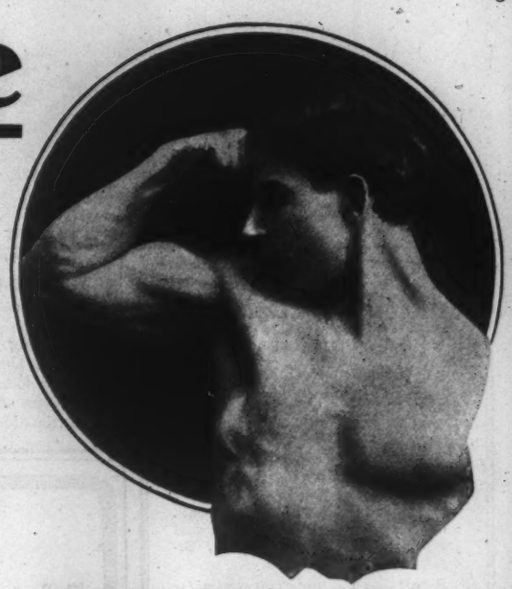
"I would not consider trading the benefits I have received from Conscious Evolution for gold."

"As a student of physiology and histology, I at once recognized the feasibility of Conscious Evolution."

"Ten seconds from the time I started Conscious Evolution, I felt myself more alive and energetic."

"I have used Conscious Evolution for a few weeks, and I find myself marvelously improved in both body and mind. Conscious Evolution is wonderful, and the world will be brighter when men and women everywhere grasp it."

"I owe my rise from the position of a country insurance agent to virtual head of one of the largest insurance companies of the world entirely to the power of personality Conscious Evolution has given me."



Swoboda 26 Years Ago

From a sickly youth Swoboda made of himself a magnificent physical specimen of the human race. This was just the beginning—his greater evolution was yet to come

These Rare and Amazing Books Explain Conscious Evolution

Write for these books*—not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 325,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, but because *they contain valuable ideas for you.

Conscious Evolution is being personally used by many of the most prominent physicians and by such men as Charles E. Hughes, Woodrow Wilson, the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Cudahys, the Swifts, the Armours and McAdoos for advancing themselves in energy, health, vitality and power of personality.

Write for these books because they mean so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and personal power. They are big books filled from cover to cover with vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of perfection in body and mind that you so much need. They explain the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development. CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE show *how to double or even treble your power of mind and body;* not by tedious, prolonged study, but by a *simple and quick process* of energization which raises the very level of your life and mental powers, through harnessing your internal "CREATOR."

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE supply the key to dominant personal power, dominant business power, dominant success power, dominant mental power and dominant will power. They show *how to change your aimless and fruitless attitude into ambition, inspiration, enthusiasm* and the highest success by putting your internal "CREATOR" to work for you. These books show *how to amazingly increase your power of will and personality,* as well as your power of body, for every action and for every purpose and process.

Conscious Evolution is a new science, and no one can afford not to know at least the simple facts about it. These facts show how Conscious Evolution overcomes weak will, poor health, feebleness of mind and body. They show how to overcome the inferior, pleasureless, feeble and unsatisfactory life, by giving the means to the successful, superior and abundant life through activating your "CREATOR."

Conscious Evolution also shows how to arrest the aging of the body, and *how to remain young, energetic, vigorous,* well and active all the days of your life, through self-re-creation. These books are absolutely free and there is no obligation now or after. These books are yours to keep, that you may attain a higher understanding of yourself and of evolution and the means to a higher existence.

Even if you gain but one idea through CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, these books will be of great help to you.

Just write your name and address on this corner and tear it off and mail it, and you will receive the books free. Attend to this to-day. You will surely forget about it if you put it off until to-morrow.

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Conscious Evolution must not be confused with Darwinian evolution or Physical Culture. Nor should Conscious Evolution be confused with Oriental or Hindoo philosophies, auto-suggestion, self-hypnosis, gymnastics, or mere physiology, anatomy, histology, theosophy, morphology, medicine, pathology, exercise, New Thought, Christian Science, calisthenics or psychology.

Conscious Evolution is not an occult science, nor a metaphysical science, nor a divine science, nor a spiritual science, nor a material science, nor is Conscious Evolution a symbolic science, nor a mere hoping, wishing, longing and dreaming philosophy.

Conscious Evolution must not be confused with any present day philosophies or sciences of a material or mental character.

Conscious Evolution cannot be understood by physicians, psychologists, physical culturists, philosophers, chemists, cosmologists or biologists of the present day.

Conscious Evolution is a new and original science, an exact science, a demonstrable science—a science of the evolution of and through Conscious Energy—a science of the Ultimate.

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Please send me the free copyrighted books, "Conscious Evolution" and "The Science of Life."

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McCLURE'S School Directory

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN WASHINGTON, D. C., GEORGIA, ILLINOIS, INDIANA, MASSACHUSETTS AND MISSOURI

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MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 779 Beacon Street.

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A girl after leaving **grammar** school, can **begin** her studies at Mount Ida and continue them until she has an education equivalent to **two years** in **College,** taking through her whole course an **elective program.**

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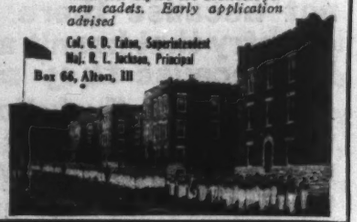

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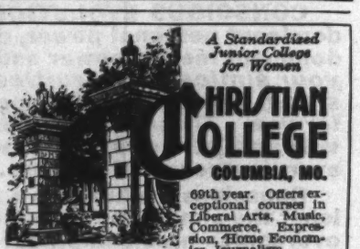

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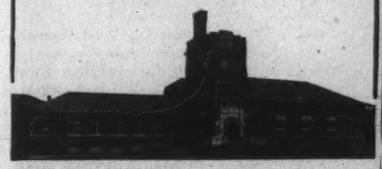

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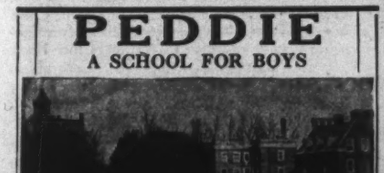

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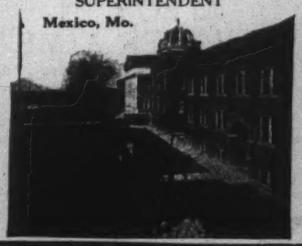

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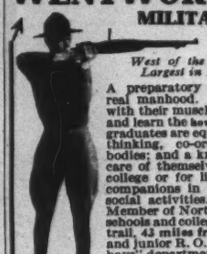

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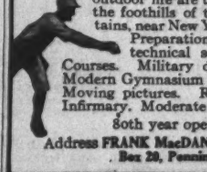

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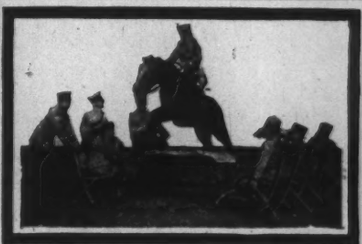

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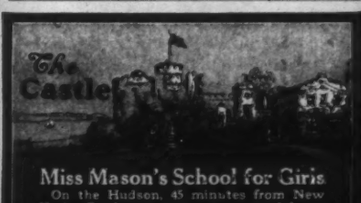

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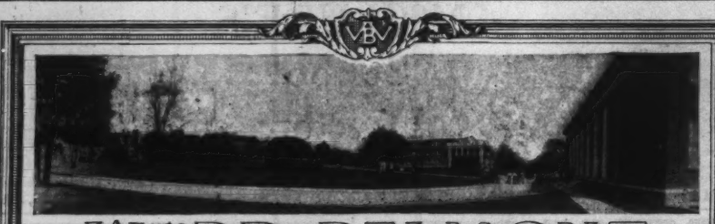

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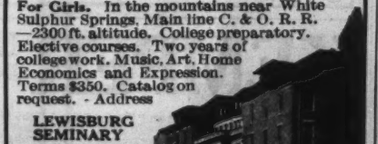

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The Honor List

of "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund"

Last month, in telling how a group of McClure executives — Frederick L. Collins, Arthur S. Moore, A. Blaikie Dick (who became general manager of the enterprise), Daniel Henderson and Edwin Brown, organized and directed "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund," we promised to publish the names of those patriotic business concerns and individuals who gave unstintingly of their services and supplies to aid the Fund. Only with their generous co-operation was it possible to raise $415,000 and transport more than a million kits of comfort-bringing smokes overseas. The names follow:—

AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

Theodosia Garrison, Anna Steese Richardson, Julian Street, Arthur Guy Empey, Richard Le Gallienne, Charles Hanson Towne, Claire Wallace Flynn, James H. Collins, Gelett Burgess, Daniel Henderson, Henry Dwight Sedgwick, Corporal Derby Holmes, Hapsburg Liebe, Marguerite Aspinwall, Raymond S. Spears, E. M. Wickes, McAllister Coleman, Louis How, E. E. Harriman and Russell Holman.

Neysa McMein, Clarence F. Underwood, James Montgomery Flagg, O. Stewart Imhoff, J. Henry Bracker, Rube Goldberg, Clare Briggs.

PUBLICITY MEN AND ADVERTISING AGENCIES

Jerome Beatty (who rendered valuable service in organizing newspaper campaigns throughout the country), and Bert Ennis, (who interested the theatrical profession in fund-raising), and Frank Presbrey Co., Frank Seaman, Inc., The Cowen Company.

GENERAL MAGAZINES

Metropolitan Magazine, Outing, Leslie's Weekly, Judge, Cosmopolitan, Hearst's.

The Fund is indebted to the publishers and editors of the motion picture trade papers for space devoted to the Fund, as well as to many other trade and class periodicals.

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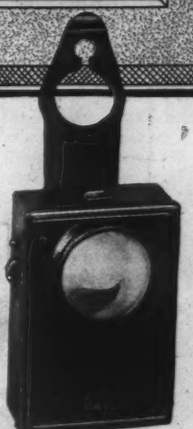

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FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Publisher* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

And they go topside and heave the captain overboard and the pilot after him, and they hit the engineer on the head with a monkey-wrench, and take charge

The Bolsheveakness of Bolshevism

by Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrations by Peter Newell

WHEN one is stuck, it's always a good idea to go back to first principles.

Many people have spent many months trying to explain to the world just what Bolshevism is. It has been lauded to the skies by its proponents, who claim that it is the perfect form of government; which, of course, it is not. It has been damned to the depths by its antagonists as being merely anarchy; which, equally, it is not. Yet no one has come forth with the simple truth.

There is just one thing that the world need know about Bolshevism. One, and only one. After which all the rest becomes but detail.

For mundane purposes, all mankind is divided into two parties—the mental and the physical—the brain and the body.

Under aristocracy, the brain of a country regards itself as supreme. It is without consideration of, or thought for, the body politic, which it either abuses or ignores, as the mood suggests. In which it is as blindly fatuous as a man who sits around and admires himself in the mirror while his legs shrivel from lack of use.

Under Bolshevism, the body politic, without knowledge, intelligence, wisdom, or even the sense that God gave geese, goes blundering and blopping through the world like any other hopeless idiot. Having no brain, it has only instinct left to guide it. Since the first of instincts is that of self-preservation, Bolshevism takes food where it can find it; ruthlessly slaughters those who oppose it; and has no more thought for the future than a village simpleton.

Aristocracy is a brain without a body. Bolshevism is a body without a brain.

Such is the simple essence of the whole matter.

Now all this is bad enough; but it is not the Bolshevorst of it. For, seeing this great hulking human monster arising from the wreckage of a ruined Russia, certain unscrupulous and coony individuals made up their minds to utilize it for their own ends. They saw their opportunity and they rose to it—precisely like the unknown gentleman who tamed the first elephant.

It is all analogous to what occurred in those far-ago days when George K. Ahab and his friend, William Z. Geezah, or whoever it was, stood on the banks of the river Ish, and saw a bull elephant coming daintily forth from the muddy current like Diana from the bath.

"Look!" says George. "Do you see what I see?"

"I do," says Bill. "And it's sure a whopper!"

"If we could catch that thing, and harness it, and teach it to fight, we would certainly lick the everlasting daylights out of the Ephesians!" says George.

"An idea!" says Bill, replete with enthusiasm.

And lo! They went and done it. With the result that the war elephant came into being and for a while he made the Ephesians, whoever they were, certainly hard to find.

And it was in precisely the same mood, and tense, that our friends, Trotsky and Lenine, or Trotzsky and Lenin, or however you spell 'em, perceived, harnessed and trained the human monster of Bolshevism.

Their aims and objects? Simple! A lust for power, and a new form of Alice-in-Wonderland government which would let them gratify that lust to the limit. For Trotzky, be it known, is one of those parties whose

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normal habitat is a soap-box and whose normal condition is a grouch. A human hornet with woven wire whiskers, he stings every time he sits down. Lenine, saturnine and sinister, seems to possess more the attributes of one of these large, hairy spiders that you find hiding in the corner of a great web full of dead butterflies, defunct moths and similar gruesome *objets d'art*.

To individuals of their attainments, the great brainless monster of Bolshevism was nothing short of a boon and manna from the skies. They named it "Red Guard" and they began to have fun with it right off the bat.

But there were law-abiding elements still left in that stricken country.

Now a law-abiding element was a thing that Lenine and Trotzky just couldn't bear. It got on their nerves and cramped their style. They were making up their own laws as they went along; and they didn't want anybody else horning in and gumming up the game.

So they got together and talked the matter over. After a protracted discussion lasting fully a a minute and a half, they came to a decision. It had been called to their attention that the opposing element, almost without exception, occasionally shaved. Here was a simple solution ready at hand. All they had to do was to kill anybody who wasn't completely screened in by whiskers and before long, the entire populace—at least such of the populace as was left—would be their friends and life would be just one long, sweet dream.

For purposes of classification they christened these open-faced citizens "the bourgeoisie." It's a word that you can say so it sounds like something terrible.

Then they went around to the corner of Main Street and Myrtle Avenue, where they had parked their monster during their arduous deliberations, and they untied him and took him down to the old circus lot to train him. Capturing a couple of stray bourgeoisie that, in an ill-guided moment, had ventured out of their holes, they set to work. And in a couple of hours they had their little pet so expert that he could flush 'em like a pointer.

And then the hunt started. . . . It was hot stuff while it lasted. Women, children, anybody that had on a clean collar or looked as though he had ever made the acquaintance of a bathtub, was run down and trampled to death. Mistakes were made. Regrettable, of course; but what are a few Russians more or less among friends? And even if you did let your whiskers grow, there was sure to be somebody that had seen you buy a cake of soap back in '98, which was at once sufficient to qualify you as a bourgeois, and take the game law off you for keeps.

AND all went as merrily as a Roman holiday—even merrier—for these two eminent animal trainers have certainly shown old Nero up. All that poor old party had was a fiddle!

Meanwhile, the world stood and looked on aghast! And the longer it stood the aghaster it got. And, strange as it may seem, it is still standing.

Just why it is standing is hard to say.

Trotzky and Lenine have never hidden their lights under a bushel. They told everybody what they were going to do right at the jump. They have never had their monster anywhere but right out in the open where everybody could see it, and it could see everybody.

In the beginning, the world had a mighty good chance to get busy with a howitzer or something and bust the monster while it was going through its paces. Opportunity knocked so hard at the world's door that she wore all the skin off her knuckles. But there seemed to be nobody home at the time. And when I say nobody home, I use the words in their broader sense.

For Trotzky, be it known, is one of those parties whose normal habitat is a soap-box and whose normal condition is a grouch

Or maybe it was that quintessence of wisdomic statecraft, Watchful Waiting, that was responsible. The world thought that if it waited long enough, the monster would eat itself to death, or slip in the blood and sprain its ankle, or something. And so did nothing but stand around aghast and watch the monster grow.

And then, having seen the results of Watchful Waiting,—having seen the monster wax to the size of the blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ, or even larger—it may be that the world was afraid to tackle it.

It is too bad that the world had not known, and digested, the wise words of the old Mississippi gambler. "Kill them in the spring," observed that sagacious party, "or they'll bite you in the fall."

In the spring, the world stood idly by and let the monster grow. . . . Now fall is fast approaching.

If we are at war with the Bolsheviki, to let their emissaries come among us is no less ridiculous than it would have been for the Crown Prince to have opened an office in New York during the battle of the Argonne

It may be, too, that the monster can't get near enough to us to bite us all. Men in high places have so assured us. But the thought cannot be expected greatly to comfort the real Russians who fought so gallantly by the side of their allies for three long, brave, bloody years. . . . You and I have been fighting wild beasts. The fight has been long and hard. Your friends have been killed; those of your family that you loved. . . . Yet you have not given in. You have stuck by my side, helping me in my need, giving of your blood to save me.

By and by, a great beast, that you have not seen, sneaks up behind you and knocks you down. His slavering fangs are at your throat. . . . Frantic, you call to me for help. . . . And then you hear me say, "Well, he may have got you. But I don't believe he can climb this tree where I am."

What kind of friend would you think I was? . . . You said it. And I am. Just that kind of friend.

And the funny part of it is, that while fighting Bolshevism in Russia, it is being countenanced in America! While our soldiers are being slain in Russia, its exponents are allowed to come to New York and rent an office and fill it full of mahogany furniture and whiskers and do business! Just what the idea is, is too many for me. But if our government can do this, then I'm off comic opera for good. We are either at war with the Bolsheviki or we are not. That should be obvious to the most emaciated intellect. If we are at war with them, to let their emissaries come among us is no less ridiculous than it would have been for the Crown Prince to have opened an office in New York during the battle of the Argonne. If we are not at war with them, why are we letting them kill our soldiers, and our soldiers kill them? And if they are killing our soldiers, as they are, what constitutes an act of war? Is the killing of American soldiers some sort of outdoor sport, or what? And by what right do we ask American soldiers to go out to be killed by people with whom we are not at war?

THE answer to all this is clear. We are at war with Bolshevism. But we are at war only a little. Our Bolshevist policy is like our Mexican policy, whatever that is. After a magnificent burst of speed against Germany, we are allowing ourselves to go back to a policy of drift and dawdle. We are again becoming drunk on words and sodden with phraseology.

We are at war with Bolshevism a little. Every once in a while we stop long enough to shy a dictionary at it, or something. But we should be at war with it entirely. The opportunity for a military campaign seems to be lost. That is lamentable and an eternal shame for those that let it pass. But we should and must fight it by every means within our power. It has already cost millions of lives—not men alone, but helpless women, little babies. Millions of corpses, seas of blood, mark the trail where the monster has passed.

More millions of corpses, more seas of blood, will mark the trail where it will go.

But to drop all figures for a moment: Those that claim Bolshevism is democracy are wrong. It is Kaiserism turned upside down. And it is worse. For it combines all the wrongs and abuses of Kaiserism, with none of its benefits. Kaiserism at least meant order and plenty. Bolshevism means disorder and famine. Kaiserism was a tyranny of the intelligent. Bolshevism is a tyranny of the ignorant.

[*Continued on page 52*]

"You dead-game sport!" he said slowly, looking into her eyes. "You dead-game sport!"

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

Something for Nothing

Jurian Comes Into His Inheritance

by Freeman Tilden

Part II

WHEN the train pulled into Foxlake station at 10:25 that Sunday night, a single passenger, with a suitcase and bag, alighted. Save for one small automobile standing alongside the platform, the station was dark and deserted. The man who got off the train was Frederick Jurian.

The young fellow stepped over to the waiting automobile. In the back seat a man was sitting. But he made no move, until Jurian asked: "Is this a public conveyance?"

"It's a jitney," was the reply. "Where d'ye want to go?"

"To the hotel — I forget the nam ."

"Mansion House," was the succinct reply. "You can walk it in two minutes. It's right over there where you see that light. What's the use of hiring me?"

Jurian burst into a full, healthy laughter. "Thanks," he cried, and picked up his bags and stumbled on through the dark. He chuckled to himself as he went.

"This isn't much like New York!" he said. "Why, a New York taxi-shark would have pushed me into the car and driven me around in circles till he worked up five dollars on the meter, whether the hotel was across the street or not. This is different!"

He registered, *Frederick Jurian, New York City*, on the Mansion House book, under the watchful eye of the young night- lerk.

"You're the man Miss Hesketh left her store to!" he was informed, jubilantly, after he had finished registering. "What you going to do with it?"

"Run it," replied Jurian.

"You're pretty lucky. Warn't no relation, neither, was you? Ain't you the feller she took home almost dead, last year?"

"I'm the feller," replied Jurian, good-naturedly.

"I wish somebody would carry me home and leave me their property," went on the clerk, very seriously. "I'd be willing to get beaten up a little. Lemme see— I can give you number twenty-six. Right next the bathroom. Want to go up now?"

"No; you take my things up. I'll sit here and smoke."

He lighted a cigar and tilted back against the wall luxuriously. On the train, all day, his emotions had been painfully complex. His grief at the loss of his benefactor was only too genuine; ardently he wished he had told her oftener, not by letter but in person, how grateful he had been. Then, again and again, his thoughts turned to Dorothy Blair; and he tried to re-

call precisely how she looked as they had parted, and how they should greet each other; all that. . . .

Then he had been thinking of his store, and what he should do with it.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, tossing away his cigar, half smoked, "I'm going to stroll over there and look at it! It isn't very late. Maybe the Blairs haven't gone to bed yet."

Out in the middle of the Common, surrounded by the gaunt figures of towering elms, Jurian paused and threw back his head. The odor was good to his nostrils; not like that of the city he had left early that morning. It was so quiet he seemed to hear the throbbing of his pulse. He made sure of his bearings— found the soldiers' monument — then walked toward a dim light which, if he remembered rightly, was the lamp that was left burning in the Hesketh Store at night.

Sure enough, there it was! There was a quarter moon, low in the west, which, when he emerged from the shaded Common, gave enough light to permit him to make out the lines of the store building, the high platform, with steps at the ends, and the tenement overhead. There was no light in the tenement, though. Jurian was disappointed.

He stood for a few minutes, just gazing curiously at the building.

"My store! Mine! Good Lord!" he murmured.

He went swiftly up the steps and peered in through the window nearest him. He could make out the full shelves, the long counter, a table of notions just beyond the door. He tried the door. It was locked. He shook it slightly, and put his foot against it, to make sure.

Instantly, a gong over his head began to ring with a clatter that sent him reeling back in surprise. Then several other bells began to jangle. It seemed as though all the alarm-clocks in the town had taken it into their heads to go off at that same moment. They sounded on the quiet air with distressing clearness.

"Great suffering cats, what have I run into!" gasped Jurian. He was so completely taken by surprise that he started to jump from the platform. Instead, he went smack up against a fence — a fence which certainly wasn't there a minute ago. He darted in the other direction — and met another fence. The fence had picket points. Jurian looked about him. The confounded bells were jangling furiously. He heard a voice up-stairs — two frightened voices! He was entirely surrounded by a fence! And there certainly was no fence around the porch of the store when he came up the steps.

A window went up over his head. The porch was roofed, so he couldn't see, but he heard a man's voice cry: "Don't try to get away! I've got a gun! You're caught, you are!"

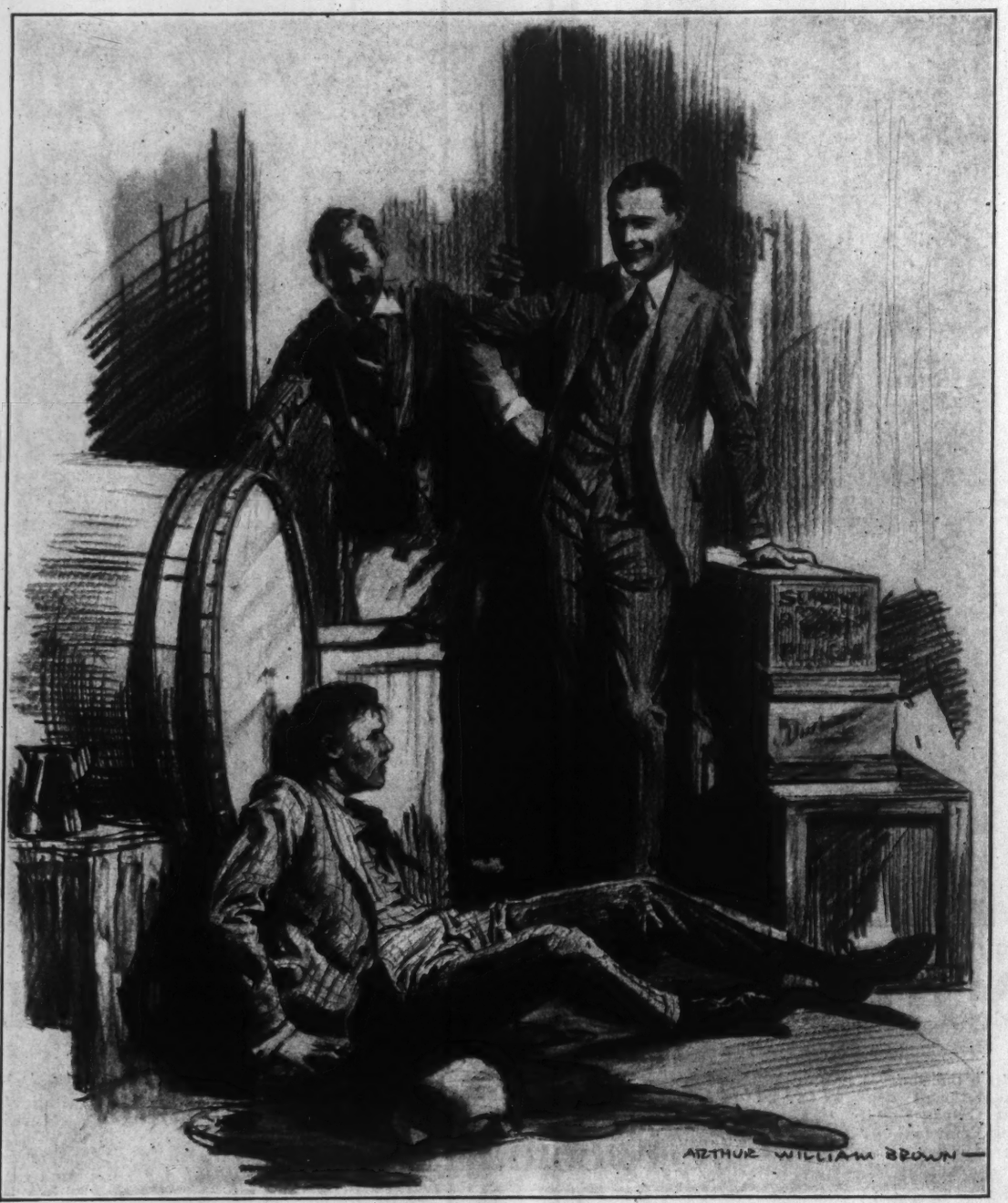
"As if I wasn't aware of it!" thought Jurian. He called back: "Let me out! I'm no burglar! This is Jurian! Frederick Jurian! The —" he hesitated, "— the new owner!"

"It *is* Mr. Jurian," the young fellow heard a well-remembered woman's voice say, above him. "I know his voice, dad. How terrible! Make the gates come up, at once. It is Mr. Jurian, I know."

A moment afterward the fence, which had caged Jurian in, began to rise slowly and noiselessly. The young fellow stared at the marvel. It rose till it touched the top of the porch, then slid in under the roof, and stayed there.

"A deuced clever man-trap, anyway," was Jurian's comment. Then a head peered around the corner of the porch, also the end of a shotgun.

"What color's Miss Hesketh's house painted?" came the challenge.



"Now, you little ray of sunshine!" cried Jurian, breathing hard, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Yellow," replied Jurian, after a moment's puzzled silence.

"That's right — Glad to see you, Mr. Jurian," said a small figure, scrambling up the steps of the porch. "This shotgun ain't loaded. Ha, ha! Won't you come up-stairs? Dorothy said it was you. She's gettin' dressed."

"Oh, not for me, please. I'm very sorry —" began the young man.

"That's all right. Step right this way, Mr. Jurian. Wasn't such a bad burglar-trap, was it? That's my system — those bells and things. Miss Hesketh let me experiment. Never caught anybody before. But it worked fine, didn't it? I'll tell you all about it."

Up the dark stairway they went, to the tenement overhead. "It's a small place, but comfortable," explained Mr. Blair, offering the visitor a chair. "Just press that button, right there, will you, Mr. Jurian? That's right!"

Jurian, who had seated himself, pressed the button on the end of the right chair-arm, as indicated. When he did so, a foot-rest swung outward, caught the young man's feet and lifted them a foot from the floor. Simultaneously, the back of the chair fell, until Jurian found himself reclining in an agreeable, but rather ridiculous position.

He couldn't help laughing. The earnest, eager eyes of the white-bearded little man sparkled proudly at this illustration of his inventive handiwork. The eyes were innocent, honest, and surrounded by a network of wrinkles, of the sort that indicate both pensiveness and good-humor.

"Er—I'd rather sit up, if you don't mind," gurgled Jurian, floundering helplessly on his back, unable to get a lifting hold on anything, and mortally fearful lest Miss Blair should come in and find him supine.

"Certainly," Mr. Blair reached over and released the spring, and the chair came back to position.

A moment afterward, Dorothy Blair entered. "I'm so honestly sorry and ashamed about what happened down-stairs—" she began.

"Not a bit of it," said Jurian, hastily, taking the hand that was timidly extended. "I had no business prowling around. It was frightfully funny—and an efficient system, too."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," Mr. Blair put in, exultingly. "I want to show you a puzzle I've invented — it ought to make more money than Pigs-in-Clover — you remember how much the inventor of that got?"

"I think you'd better show it to Mr. Jurian later," suggested the daughter, with a warning glance at her father.

Jurian remembered what Miss Hesketh had told him about "Andy" Blair, Dorothy's father — that he was a good mechanic, but frivoled away his time upon impractical ingenuities. Little as Jurian knew of practicalities himself, it seemed an accurate assay. He felt a little touch of pity as he looked at the earnest, decent and kindly face of the man and thought of all the patient work which went for nothing.

Soon the father, still talking [*Continued on page 40*]

Pleased to Meet You!

How Will Our Returned Soldiers Adjust Themselves to the Little Home Town?

by **Fannie Hurst**

IN the old days before the War, Uncle Sam, straight-front chap that he is, had never seen his feet!

Neither was his right hand particularly interested in what his left was doing, his corn belt and his mining center knew nothing of his hide and wool and his tobacco heart; his Maine idea was that Indiana was an eccentric home-address assumed by a temperamental summer colony of literati, and that west of Denver was chiefly notable for William S. Hart, "lungers" and fur pants.

But War makes strange bedfellows, and it took a world one for Maine and Indiana, at a family reunion in the trenches, to discover that they were part of the same anatomy, responded to the same reflexes, tightened around the throat to the same Suwanee River, received the same impulses from along the same spinal column, hated the same mud, the same cooties, craved the same chow and thrilled to the same flag.

These United States of ours, in spite of transcontinental express trains, piked highways, state roads, interstate free trade, Henry Ford, state fairs, national expositions, annual conventions, have retained the state-by-state kind of integrity that once jeopardized Greece, only in our case the barriers are not physical, but no more than imaginary lines dividing a prohibition from a wet, a suffrage from an anti, a democratic from a republican, a corn-pone and molasses from a Boston baked bean, state.

Before the War it used to be Forty-second Street's boast that Buffalo was "out there." There was something chic about having crossed the Atlantic fourteen times and never having been west of Hoboken. Today, that same Forty-second Street, in little clumps of khaki, boasts that it did sniper duty with Albuquerque, New Mexico, and that the greatest riflemen in the world come from the country just this side of the painted desert.

Four years ago it took only a half-shrewd merchant from Muscatine, Iowa, to put over on the Atlantic City boardwalk the Muscatine Navajo blanket, woven by the original Navajos at Muscatine!

Who, east of Newark and outside of engineering ranks, has ever heard of the Keokuk water dam, or that it is one of the most terrific feats of water-taming in history?

A Baltimore lieutenant just back but not yet mustered out gave me that fact as a gleaning picked up in Flanders.

Boston Harbor was popularly and southernly regarded as chiefly remarkable for its historic tea-party; and to Henriette, Texas, where I once spent two weeks on a ranch, Philadelphia was a city morosely populated by Quakers in wimples and periwigged lawyers with headaches.

All this before Long Island City; Wichita Falls; Montrose, Colorado; Mission Range, Montana; Ballard, Washington; Sink, Nevada; El Paso, Texas; Stillwater, Wisconsin; Port Huron, Michigan; Pensacola, Florida; Americus, Georgia; Unkton, South Dakota; St. Joe, Missouri; Fort Worth; Memphis; Quincy and Aberdeen found themselves billeted together in the shadow of the Valley of Death. In this shrapnel-riddled moment of his existence, Uncle Sam began to take in his anatomy; to wriggle his toes; fling his knees; stretch his great arms and take himself in, as it were.

I KNOW a second lieutenant from slightly East Sixty-seventh Street who before the War wore chamois gloves and a gardenia to his Wall Street office and who since his discharge is working an alfalfa ranch with a brother lieutenant from Flagstaff, Arizona, whom he dragged in one night under shell fire.

Which does not at all jibe in with the popular song query,

"How are you going to keep them down on the farm
After they've seen Paree?"

But, on the other hand, there is infinitely more truth than poetry in that particular lyric.

The employment bureaus of the large eastern cities, particularly New York and Boston, owe much of their congestion to the fact that they are thronged with soldiers from all parts of the country who over night have become soldiers of fortune. The youth of the country, broadened, quickened and inspired by travel and new reactions, is not willing to return to the old and more limited environment.

Thousands of young men, a great pantechnicon procession of them, have come at the call of the bugle, pouring out from backwoods lumber camps, villages, mining centers, farms, ranches, clerkships and grubby indoor positions. They have been inoculated with a sharply stabbing needle of fresh ideas and ideals and are treading the buoyant ether of a new national consciousness.

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

Says Miss Hurst: "Tucson, Arizona, can never look the same to a man who has stood at the bow of a transport and seen the Statue of Liberty with the eyes of a returning and conquering hero. Simm's Corner develops limitations for the erstwhile depot-lizard after he has been served Delmonico ice-cream and lady-fingers by Mrs. Astorbilt in a Fifth Avenue canteen. Pour a thousand white beans out of a bottle and then back, and there are a few left over that must be crammed in. Their contiguity has changed. Our boys refuse to pour back into many of the crannies, the crevices, the obscure nooks."

Tucson, Arizona, can never look the same to a man who has stood at the bow of a transport and seen the Statue of Liberty with the eyes of a returning and conquering hero. Simm's Corner develops limitations for the erstwhile depot-lizard after he has been served Delmonico ice-cream and lady-fingers by Mrs. Astorbilt in a Fifth Avenue canteen.

A sergeant sat beside me in a Riverside Drive bus the other day. In the course of a struck-up conversation, the youthful, impersonal kind that New York has thawed to these stricken years, he confided to me that previous to the War he had been a clerk in the Mansion House, Lars Levee, Mississippi; finishing up,

"I like my old home job all right, but oh, you French château!"

FANCY Lars Levee sleeping under the flushed splendor of a ceiling after Paolo Veronese in a musty silence that might have been swept with the shade-like laughter of any of two or three or four Louis! And yet, why not? We are far too prone to invest what is local to us in the garb of incongruity. Of all the decisive warriors in the world from those who fought at Marathon, down through Arbelu, Tours, Hastings, Orleans, Spanish Armada, Blenheim, Trafalgar and Waterloo, who more worthy to sleep in marble halls than our Lars Levee, Aberdeen, Kokomo and South Bend stripe of lads who fought at Château-Thierry and who broke the most devilish formation in the history of mankind —the Hindenburg line!

All honor to Lars Levee!

Two privates walked into the New York liak of a gigantic chain of retail shoe stores that stretches from coast to coast. One had been employed there as a clerk previous to enlisting.

"Mr. Smith," he said to his ex-boss, "my pal here used to be a salesman out in the Spokane store before the War, and I want to know if you can take him on in my place?"

"What's the matter with yourself?"

"Well, the fact of the matter is, I want his Spokane job. We're going to swap for a while and take in each other's end of the country."

East and West are as irrevocably East and West as ever, but the twain have met in the trenches. Strangely and wisely enough, it seems that over there, every soldier immediately made a pal of another soldier and that almost invariably a southern boy would pick out a westerner or a northerner for his particular friend.

What a miracle for America, this getting together of her own! When Minnesota suddenly finds herself shaking hands with Florida, what an interchange of interests; what a quickening of the arteries which bind us state to state! What a difference in our comprehension of one another in the years to come; how accelerated our national self-consciousness!

Thousands of our boys, too, picked up a smattering of French over there. Not menu French, but the idiomatic and colloquial patter of the trenches. "Tout sweet," as the doughboys chirp it, our fellows caught on and peeped through the portals of a new language.

There is no reason why this little learning should be a dangerous thing. The nimble-minded youth of the country has been exposed to a wider and undreamed-of culture and seems to have caught some of it. The great majority of these boys had never been outside their home towns. In the normal course of events an infinitesimal percentage of them would ever have crossed the Atlantic. Youth has carried the brunt and reaped the rewards of this War. Bill Stiles of Ozarkville has stood surrounded by Titians and Giorgiones, has gazed into the great stone silence of the Coliseum; has seen the Pantheon and looked down into the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Great stuff!" he says.

Why, in three generations of the Stiles family, not one of them had ever more than bummed a freight ride as far as Briar Falls!

Of course there is a big possibility that these boys who now know a bit of French will learn Spanish very rapidly, and with the key of language to open new doors there looms South America and all its golden promise.

Well, we must look to our P's and Q's. Despite the failure of Congress to vote all the appropriations for employment and distribution centers needed, we must woo these returning warriors [*Continued on page 68*]

Now, everybody within seeing distance continued to gaze amusedly at the floor — everybody except Tony

Enter Archie — *by* Wallace Irwin

Illustration by May Wilson Preston

Another of the Little Tales of the Big Town

The Author

AFTER having dressed herself nicely — not too nicely — for the street, Betsy Warren lingered a moment more and permitted her morbid eyes to rest again upon the spot where the Dresden shepherd had stood. The Dresden shepherdess smiled a painted smile above the gilt mantel-clock — little hypocrite! Was she pretending unawareness that a charwoman, working furiously by the hour, had that very morning dashed the shepherd's hollow head against the hearth-tiles and had subsequently used a dust-pan as a mortuary scoop?

Betsy Warren sighed, and for one faithless moment indulged the thought that the late Mr. Shepherd was but an emblem of her broken home. Then she finished pulling on her gloves and took a housekeeper's quick survey of the apartment which had been an all-sufficing home to her ever since their married life began. All those who sneer at New York apartment houses as mere rookeries must recall how the rook adores her nest; and Betsy was born on the Island of Manhattan. She loved her white dining-room with its imitation of Georgian paneling, she worshiped the little drawing-room with its mulberry hangings and ease-inviting chairs. And to-day she uttered such a sigh as Ruth must have given when she swallowed her scruples and went from Moab.

After a while, thought Betsy, she would learn to get along without Tillie; Tillie who, just as Bob had accused, represented everything that is askew in the servant problem. Of course they could do without a general houseworker. Betsy had managed it fairly well to-day. The charwoman was a willing soul who would learn, being a mere chit of sixty. Possibly she could be weaned from the habit of drinking gin before breakfast. Of course Bob was right. They needed to get out into the world, to cure their souls of the dull domestic habit, to touch the throbbing heart of young Bohemia.

Betsy had opened the front door and was just stepping out into the lobby when the telephone rang. It was Bob, and his voice held a care-free note which had not sounded there these many months.

"I'm just starting up in the subway, dearie," he said. "I've found a more convenient place. It's called Paradiso's — just get off at the Times Square station and — what's that? Yes. I'll wait for you out in front. You can't miss it — there's an electric sign a mile high. How does that sound, honey?"

IT sounded well — or so she said. Therefore she pursed her lips all the way down in the elevator and all the way from West End Avenue to the subway station. Having paid her nickel and having been step-livelied into one of the roaring monsters of the cavern, she looped herself to a strap and was uplifted in her martyrdom because she was doing it for Bob's good. Man gets to be a drone if you keep him in the hive forever — with a single bee. After all, you are only young for seventy years or so, and restaurants are designed to give free intercourse to free souls. Too much domesticity does warp a man into one of those little monsters you read about in divorce scandals. Betsy agreed to all that, just as she had agreed to her Bob a few nights ago when, after scowling at Tillie for dropping a fork, he had given birth to the following thought:

"Betsy, we're not getting the most out of life. After business hours it's time to relax, not to worry over grocers' bills or nag the servants. People with our income — lots of people, I mean — have twice the fun and save twice as much. We're running a servants' hotel for the benefit of Tillie. Let's cut it out."

At Betsy's intimation that they might move to the Ritz or dine at Sherry's every night Bob had interposed his usual common sense.

"We made a bargain to save a share of our income — and you've been pretty good about that, too, Betsy. Of course, Sherry's would run us into debt in two weeks. But there are twenty places in New York where the food is just as good — no fancy trimmings, you know. Italian restaurants. The most amusing people in town go to them. Table d'hôte. Gourmets — people who know real delicacies by the taste — don't bankrupt themselves with fuss and feathers. They go where the Latin atmosphere is. You know, that's a funny thing about the Latins. They can take a ham-bone and a pinch of pepper, cook it just right and — mmmmm! This domestic thing is poor economy. And look at the way Tillie wears on your nerves. She makes such a slave of you that your sense of humor is simply wasting away . . ."

Betsy, hanging pendant over a German citizen who snuggled behind the *Staats-Zeitung* all the way down to Times Square, was forced to admit that Bob's last sting at her sapping sense of humor had settled the question for her. Tillie left last night. The charwoman came this morning. Betsy, who loved to array herself for the evening, had put on her shabbiest street garment and was whirling through the night toward the borders of Bohemia. But Bob was right. She

would have fought worlds of domestic economists in defense of that doxy.

Her first step out into Times Square station discovered her, a pretty lady, daintily drying her eyes with a square of lacy handkerchief. She was homesick for her little apartment, away back in West End Avenue. Ordinarily, at this hour, her etched water-glasses would be standing on the clean white table-cloth; there would be her second best wedding silver precisely laid beside gilt-edged service plates; there would be a bright new fern in the fern dish and Tillie would be gently droning "Poor Butterfly" into the gas-range oven, pleasant with the breath of chicken pie.

After scuttling across Longacre Square and into a side street she caught a glint of Paradiso's electric sign through the gathering gloom. It suggested the infernal. A light drizzle was setting in.

"Dearie, didn't you bring an umbrella?" came Bob's voice out of a doorway. His look was cheerfully criminal as he bobbed forward, smiling above his upturned collar, and led her up a flight of soiled steps to a violently painted peacock-blue lobby where a boy in a spotted uniform collected hats and coats.

"I've engaged a table," Bob went on in his valiant tone, "but they go to it here at six and we'll have to wait till the second batch. Oh, it won't be long."

"Where do we wait?" asked Betsy, dreadfully noting that many other couples stood huddled together, giving the effect of wolves circling about a Siberian camp-fire.

"Oh, just stand around — that's part of the fun, you know."

"Yes."

The place was odorous of damp clothing, mildewed secrets, obsolete menus. By peeping between the competitive shrugs of two Italians she could see a patch of gaudy dining-room, many heads close together above villainous black bottles and under luxuriant bowers of spaghetti which waiters, walking caryatid-fashion, bore along the teeming aisles. Glassware smote against hardware, irresistible met indestructible as thick cups met thicker saucers. To Betsy's orderly domestic sense the noise was nothing less than shocking. She glanced up at her husband and found him smiling with the same brave cheerfulness — Bob, who had always frowned so darkly if Tillie tinkled the lightest finger-bowl during meal times!

"You're next, Meester," announced a stout Italian whose black hair curled down the hollows of his neck like the ringlets on a cocker spaniel.

"Thank you, Tony," responded the cheerful Bob, and whispered to his wife, "Everything's first names here."

BETSY was going to say, "It would be," but refrained, because she lacked the heart for even so mild a thrust. They sat them down at a table which like its companions had been painted electric blue and stenciled with the sort of flowers which bloom not on earth but only in Greenwich Village. Tony beamed flatly and set to work tidying the table — a simple act withal, since it consisted in setting several soiled dishes on the floor and shaking the crumbs from a strip of material which he laid back, wrong side to, on the bare board. She at first took the thing for a slightly used crash towel, but later concluded that it must be Bohemia's concession to a table-cloth. She could not help recalling how Bob had once complained because the tiniest possible spot of cranberry juice had once appeared on their otherwise snowy damask.

"All at 'ome here," the amiable Tony was saying as he rattled saw-edged knives and forks with twisted tines into positions of approximate convenience. "Evera-boady 'appy dis-a place."

"It's the spirit," ecstasized Bob, but Tony was away on his mission of happiness.

"Men are peculiar," Betsy conceded.

A waiter, crabbed and beetle-browed as a Turkish gendarme, stopped angrily at their table and spun a plate, employing the bell-ringer method in vogue among Paradiso's assistants. Beside it he banged a villainous black bottle and stood gloating.

"Soap?" he asked defiantly.

Betsy was just concluding that the strip of crash toweling *was* there for hand-washing purposes when Bob leaned over and interpreted,

"He's asking you if you want soup."

"I think so," Betsy admitted.

Strangely enough, she was becoming a little hungry. But when the Turkish gendarme had departed on his horrid mission she made a closer inspection of that which lay vari-colored on the spun plate — several leathery, wafer-thin, reddish disks, a wisp of wilted herbage, half a dozen pale green marbles. She identified one of the latter class and bit into it gingerly; she had always liked olives, and this one was not more than half bad. She noticed her husband making slow progress with one of the reddish disks.

"Some sort of sausage," she diagnosed it.

"They make 'em from donkey meat," said Bob, taking the grimness from his statement by the addendum, "and they're really better than they look."

He said all this with the gesture of eating, much as an actor does over his papier-mâché banquet.

Then soup came. It was in a large bowl with a ladle. Bob served flourishingly and handed her over a plate of the dark brown brew. Betsy raised her spoon, then hesitated. It was a dull spoon with a dent on the end and its color was the color of lead which has been lightly treated with a coat of vaseline. She glanced shyly over to Bob and realized that he, like herself, was wiping a spoon on the loose end of the crash towel.

"It's bully!" she heard his eulogy.

Therefore she took a cautious taste and heartily agreed. There was the requisite flavor of meat, vegetables and fine herbs which divides the soup from the goats, gastronomically speaking. She wondered what was in it. Unfortunately there are two ways of wondering what is in a soup; but Betsy made a brave show of it and managed quite half a cupful. Bob, it seemed, had poured out wine and had already finished a glass. His appetite was visibly improving, for he had removed his soup down to the rough bedrock of his plate and was ladling out more.

"You ought to try the claret, dearie," he urged. "It's wonderful how they can afford to include it with the meal."

Betsy sipped. Wonderful indeed! Another swallow of the reddish chemical and she felt more sisterly even toward the Turkish gendarme who was at that moment approaching with his overhead tray. Spaghetti this time, together with the dissected remains of what was once a chicken. The wine was doing its merry work with her digestion, driving appetite beyond the bounds of caution. The hank of white and twining tendrils which their waiter whirled to the table dripped with a pinkish sauce, the latter inviting the palate through the channels of the nose. There was a dull little ramekin of grated cheese; and as Betsy unknotted resisting strands and coiled them upon her plate she was grateful to Bob's generosity in serving her with chicken.

THIS was indeed the life. She finished her glass of claret and reached for another. It gave her a raw feeling inside and made her kin to all Paradiso's feeders who, she knew, must also have a raw feeling inside. The chicken wasn't tough; as to the spaghetti — well, Bob had told her how the Latins had a way of doing these things. She watched good Tony passing from table to table, benefactor of all mankind, dispensing favors with a generous if somewhat grubby hand. Now he stopped for a word with a square-faced, short-haired woman who joked loud-voiced with certain theatrical people at the next table. Betsy felt a warm vibration between herself and Miss Shorthair. A jolly old trencherwoman withal. What though her nose was a shade too red, her eyeballs a shade too yellow? We can die but once. The woman had a remarkable history, Betsy was willing to wager. She began to understand Paradiso's now — to understand everything. She could see how an expansive, naturally romantic nature like Bob's should crave release from those too precise rules and requirements of a West End Avenue apartment. Genius seeks genius, does it not?

How she had misunderstood her wonderful husband! She was beginning to feel quite sorry for him whom she had robbed of atmosphere all these years.

Looking across the table she studied the object of her sorrow. He had finished more than his share of the wine and was laying in a second helping of chicken.

"Pig!" she said caressingly. "Aren't you going to give me any more?"

"Excuse me, darling. This stuff's so good that I forgot my manners. Isn't it wonderful what these wops can do for the money?"

"Yes. Do you know what it costs?"

"Something ridiculously piffling. The housekeeping problem's certainly solved for us, dearie. Some more spaghetti?"

"No, thank you. But, sweetheart — wouldn't you get tired after a while?"

"After a year or two, maybe. Remember, this is only one of half a hundred just as good. It's a wonder anybody tries cooking at home."

"Isn't it?" echoed Betsy, thoughtfully recalling certain distressing scenes with Tillie.

The Turkish gendarme came just then and rudely captured the remains of the chicken course; presently he returned to spin a plate of cheese on the table. It was one of those windfall cheeses which have dropped from the tree to dry rather than to ripen.

"I've tasted better," said Betsy.

"I've tasted worse," replied Bob.

The party at the next [*Continued on page 48*]

Two New Poems

By the young English Poet

Robert Nichols

I — Tulips

SET in a bronzen bowl, behold!
Red tulips and tulips of ragged gold.

They stand like angels in the gloom
Of my retired, dusk-chilly room.

Seven days, seven nights I had been
Sunk in such sloth as is named sin.

There were no tulips in my room;
Only the Dragon in the gloom,

Watched while upon my lonely bed
I lay and turned and wished me dead.

For he was Doubt, and in his eyes
I read that all I loved was lies:

Art but a trick learned in the schools,
And Beauty but a lure for fools.

Till, vacant, I at length arose
And stumbled out — but why, God knows.

When in a court beneath a flare
Of gas I saw them standing there,

And for six pennies made them mine:
Fire of the heavens, seraphim divine.

I set them down and there they shone,
They challenged the Dragon and he was gone.

Seven bright tulips, only seven:
Not flowers, but Angels! Warriors of heaven!

II — The Stranger

NEVER am I so alone
As when I walk among a crowd:
Blurred masks of stern or grinning stone,
Unmeaning eyes and voices loud.

Gaze dares not encounter gaze,
Humbled I turn my head aside,
When suddenly there is a face,
Pale, subdued and gracious-eyed.

Ah! I know that visage meek,
Those trembling lips, the eyes which shine
But turn from that which they would seek
With an air piteous, divine!

There is not a line or scar,
Seal of a sorrow or disgrace
But I know its fellows are
Burned in my heart and on my face.

Speak! O speak! Thou art the one!
But thou hast passed with sad head bowed;
And never am I so alone
As when I walk among the crowd.

"Why I Broke With Taft"

Further Conversations With Theodore Roosevelt

by John J. Leary, Jr.

These authentic talks with the late Theodore Roosevelt are proving the literary sensation of the year. You cannot afford to miss these records that have such tremendous bearing on our history. More next month

THERE never has been any formal explanation as to what caused the break between Colonel Roosevelt and Judge William H. Taft. Here is Colonel Roosevelt's explanation, made, my note-book tells me, at Sagamore Hill, April 8, 1916. It was made in the course of a discussion as to the possibility of a reconciliation which some mutual friends had taken upon themselves to try to arrange.

At the time, the Colonel did not venture an opinion as to whether they would get together, but he did seem anxious to make it clear that, whatever he may have thought about Taft's backers in 1912, he had no real feeling against Taft personally.

"The break in our relations," said he, "was due to no one thing, but to the cumulative effect of many things — the abandonmen of everything my administration had stood for, and other things.

"Taft changed greatly between the time he was elected and the time he took office.

"The first friction came in the matter of his cabinet. When he was nominated I went to him and asked whom he wished to have take his place as Secretary of War. I told him I considered it as much his appointment as mine, and that I would appoint no one not acceptable to him, though I had a good man in mind. I told him the man was Luke E. Wright.

"HE said Wright was absolutely the man he would have chosen himself. Wright had been with him in the Philippines and was the man for the place.

"After he was elected he came to me and told me he wished to retain my cabinet and would like to have me tell the members so. I realized at once that this was a rather delicate matter, believing he might and probably would change his mind later, and his wishes in November might not be his wishes in March; and I asked him if he really desired the message delivered.

"'How about Cortelyou?' I asked. 'Do you want him? You know he thought he was your rival.'

"He allowed this was so, and that he would not want Cortelyou.

"'How about Bonaparte?' I asked.

"He agreed that he would wish another in the place, but he insisted that he wanted the others to stay, and on his definite insistence I delivered the message. More than that, those thus assured thanked Taft for the offer in my presence.

"Wright was among those so assured; in fact, the assurance that he was the joint choice of myself and Taft was, he said, the reason for his acceptance.

"By inauguration time, however, Mr. Taft had changed his mind, just as I had feared he would, and it made a great deal of feeling. Some had made very definite plans on the strength of his offer, renewing leases of houses and that sort of thing, and it was bad all around.

"That was the first bit of friction.

"In office, his militancy evaporated and he at once set about undoing all my administration had done. Conversation went by the board. Newell of the Reclamation Service had to quit and things went from bad to worse. They had reached such a pass when I got to Rome on my way home from Africa. I found Gifford Pinchot awaiting me. He wanted me to attack Taft then and there. Others were in the same mood.

"But I said No. I wanted to do nothing to injure Mr. Taft or his administration.

"Thus things went, one thing after another, until finally the Rural Welfare Commission, one of the best things we had, was abandoned. That was the last straw. The break came on that, but it was not because of that. It was because of the many things of which that was the capstone, the climax. By the way, the Government never even printed the report of that Commission. We finally had it done at the expense of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce.

"There you have the real story of our break.

"Of course there were other things. We had a perfectly good treaty with Japan, under which we had the right to pass exclusion laws. Japan asked that we not do so, offering to make a gentlemen's agreement to keep her folks at home if we would not pass such a law. The agreement was made and kept, but we had the right to enforce exclusion under the treaty if Japan did not do what was right. Mr. Taft, however, went to work and made a new treaty, in which that right to exclude was waived, we relying on their gentlemen's agreement, which they may or may not live up to, as circumstances may seem best to them.

"That was a mistake, and how California ever let that treaty go through is beyond me. Now, as matters stand, Japan can do as it pleases. The part of wisdom was to have retained that provision of the old treaty as a club.

"Then there was messing about with treaties guaranteeing the peace of Latin America by which we committed ourselves to raise an army of at least 300,000 men when just now we are showing we cannot raise an army large enough to take care of Mexico.

"All in all, you can see there were many differences, none in itself serious enough to cause any break in our cordial relations, but taken together, very serious.

"I never regretted anything more in my life. I have never questioned Taft's honesty in any or all of the things I have mentioned. Some were mistakes, such as the cabinet matters. In other things he was very much imposed upon. When Taft led me to believe he was going to come out for the policies argued upon, he honestly intended to do so. His militancy just evaporated."

The Great Man and one of his Grandchildren

Photograph by Le Gendre

II

"One Purple Night"

THIS was Colonel Roosevelt's description of a party he gave at a Westchester roadhouse early one Sunday morning in the fall of 1917. The Colonel's guests were a half-score of Bridgeport, Connecticut, policemen and some New York newspaper men; the party followed a speech by the Colonel in Bridgeport.

The night service from Bridgeport to New York is not attractive, and whenever the Colonel spoke there he would return to New York by motor, guarded by police. First, however, there would be a little supper at the Stratfield, where a few of the local leaders would meet the Colonel.

On the night in question the supper had been disposed of, and the start was about to be made for New York, when the Colonel asked if the men who were to accompany him were those who had been with him during the day. John King said they were.

"That must not be," said the Colonel. "These men have been on duty all day. It will be all hours before they can get back.

[*Continued on page 52*]

"I Love—I Have Loved"

A Captivating Little Romance of Manhattan That Is Right Up To the Minute

by Sophie Kerr

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

I MUST solemnly warn everyone who is in search of improving literature to avoid this story. It really is hardly a story at all — rather a sort of skittering sketch that has to do with a man and a girl, and another girl, and the Demon Rum, and a cook-book. People who like to be inconsequentially light-hearted may be interested in it, just as were those who looked on it while it happened, and chuckled now and then.

The very title of the story ought to warn the serious-minded person to beware of it. I had wanted to put it in Latin, "*Amo, Amavi,*" you know, to lend a delicate lift of the brow to it. But the editor informed me sternly that no dead language or other defunct material is permitted in this magazine. In any language, however, the words express succinctly that part of the life of my hero which I am fain to relate. Grattan King certainly loved — and had loved.

But don't run away with the idea that he was a roué or a rounder, or an unspeakable person of any kind. He was not. He couldn't be. There wasn't a flavor of anything unpleasant about him. He wasn't even handsome — not in the breath-taking sensational way that some men are. He was of medium height, and his eyes were an unexciting gray — considered merely as eyes — and his hair was sandy, and he had a nice friendly smile that showed clean white teeth. That's hardly a fair description of his smile — it was much more than just a *nice* smile. It was the kind of smile that made restless youngsters in the car or the subway lean up against Grattan King's arm and ask for a fairy story; it was a smile that made old ladies look wistfully at him and think how like he was to certain dear sons and grandsons; it made servants put a little extra spring into the steps they took for him; it made cross and grumpy petty officials act like human beings; in short, it was the sort of smile that labeled its owner as a being to be trusted and liked. And, oh, but these are two diverse and separate things!

There's not much use in describing Grattan King beyond this, for he really wasn't handsome, as I have said. He was just about like some thousand other young New York men, who keep themselves clean and fit and aren't troubled with introspection or tobacco-heart.

He had a jolly little two-rooms-and-bath apartment in an old brownstone-front house just off lower Fifth Avenue — one of those houses that look staid mid-Victorian as to exterior but have had their large drawing-rooms and stately halls metamorphosed by means of those two good fairies, the architect and the contractor, into a pretty fair imitation of a modern apartment-house. Grattan King, for instance, lived in what had once been the dining-room, breakfast-room and butler's pantry, and had the advantage of a perfectly constructed marble fireplace in consequence, and a nice little view from his windows of civilized back-yards, all grass and ailanthus trees and that sort of thing. This location kept him clear of Greenwich Village taint, yet permitted him to be a consistent and regular Brevoorter. And there was another reason.

"You know," he frequently said to Molly Tewksbury, "I'd move farther uptown if it wouldn't mean that I'd have to spend so much valuable time traveling down here to see you. As it is, I walk around the corner — and here I am."

"And Anne Gilbreth lives around the other corner," said Molly demurely. "Oh, it's undoubtedly more convenient here for you, Grattan."

And then they both laughed — but while Grattan King's laugh was reproachful, Molly's was mischievous.

He took the stairs, four at a time, and arrived, breathless, at the top

Molly lived in a big, lovely, untidy, inconvenient studio, and studied dancing — or thought she did. Molly in scarlet and white doing the Bacchanale, or in her yellow Spanish costume with a high comb, fandangoing to the click of her beribboned castanets, was a most bewitching creature. And her father, who lived in Des Moines, sent her a liberal allowance, so that there was never a wolf to growl at her door, even when she didn't get a dancing engagement for weeks together.

Anne Gilbreth lived in the smallest imaginable apartment, where wicker and chintz, with an occasional bit of mahogany, abounded as in any well-regulated home. Also, she had a real kitchen — and she could cook. (Molly kept house with a samovar and a toasting fork.) Anne could pan-broil real chops like an angel and serve them on a charmingly set table, with creamed potatoes, and crispissimus salad with chives and French dressing, and a plate of gingerbread (raisins and nuts in it — she made it herself) to follow, with a cup of hot coffee that had dripped in dark clarity through a chubby Belgian earthenware pot, and not be in the least flurried. And that after a hard day's work at the office, where she earned the salary that supported herself and the sister she was putting through Bryn Mawr!

But if you ate at Molly's — well, there would be some cold meat and pickles from the delicatessen, some French pastry, ditto, bread that had been lying for days in the crumbling though picturesque Venetian *cassone* that served her for a store closet, and butter that had been through the same process, greatly to its detriment, and a cup of tea brewed in a brass kettle, or vinegarish claret from Tony's. It would all be placed on the end of an old refectory table, without rhyme or reason in its arrangement, and with the additional drawback of insufficient knives and forks, and an embarrassing absence of all the condiments that the most ordinary meal demands. But Molly was an hospitable soul. After she'd done the Fandango and the Bacchanale and the Butterfly for a crowd of her friends, she wanted them all to stay and eat. But Grattan King usually cut in promptly with, "Oh, come on over to the Brevoort! You're too tired from dancing to go messing about preparing food for this bunch."

But he made no such demurrer when Anne suggested food. Indeed, he had been known to angle shamelessly for invitations to partake of Anne's hot biscuits, Anne's stuffed peppers, Anne's creamed chicken with mushrooms, Anne's doughnuts (yum, yum), Anne's old-fashioned rice pudding and Anne's lemon meringue pie, her *chef-d'œuvre*. It used to worry him that food cost so much, and he was always trying to repay Anne for the cost of the things he ate by sending her flowers, and fruit, and special delicacies that he had happened to see in the windows of fancy grocer shops.

Yet, with it all, he was quite aware that Anne was not pretty and clever and alluring like Molly. She was just a wholesome, comfortable sort of girl with one cunning dimple. And she *could* cook — honest-to-goodness food. A man who has to buy all his meals in hotels, clubs and restaurants ought not to be blamed for liking home food.

Moreover, Anne was not a great encourager of Grat-

Molly in scarlet and white doing the Bacchanale, or in her yellow Spanish costume with a high comb, fandangoing to the click of her beribboned castanets, was a most bewitching creature

tan's greatest talent. And having at last got up to that subject, which was merely hinted at in the first paragraph, let me say at once that Grattan King was probably the most artistic love-maker off the stage. He was just as good as H. B. Warner is *on* the stage. And *that* says *everything!*

If he helped a woman with her evening coat, the very way he held the coat was a subtle caress. He knew the reason why you should always kiss the palm of a woman's hand and never the back of it. He knew when to send roses and when to send violets, and even when to send orchids — which indicates super-intelligence. Also he knew when to send none of these, but to select odd and charming little posies with special meanings easily discernible in them,— flowers for moods and tenses, as it were.

And he could say things! And he didn't repeat himself, either. He didn't have a set of stock phrases ready to use at any time with any one. Not at all. He was an artist. And he always was at his best at dinner, after two or even three Golden Bronxes, and a glass or so of sparkling Chablis.

That was the time when he said the things that were simply inspired, lovely, graceful, whimsical little ardent things that would be remembered so long as she lived by the woman he said them to, and also by all the other women she repeated them to. The nicest part of it was that he wasn't, as I said at first, a roué or a rounder. He never said anything coarse, and he never offended. Even husbands didn't mind his making love to their wives! There is no greater test than that.

On the other hand, it is only fair to Grattan King to say that he didn't go about wasting his talents promiscuously. He very seldom made love to any one but Molly Tewksbury. Of course, sometimes, at dull parties, when he saw that his dinner partner was not very attractive, or not very happy, or not very much interested, then, provided there had been a preliminary cocktail or two of sufficient strength . . . you can imagine the details for yourself. It was no more than a right-minded man should do to rid his hostess of that anxious feeling.

But Molly . . . Molly was different. And at their special table at the Lafayette, and at their special table at the Brevoort, and at their special table at the Avignon — these were the three places they most frequented — he was at his most inspired. He was so good that even Molly, accustomed as she was to him, at times almost believed him. And then, being a sensible little creature, despite the studio and the Bacchanale, she would remind herself that Grattan always talked so when he had had two or three drinks. She put it just as crudely as that. And it was quite true.

FOR there was something about the Demon Rum, properly mixed and imbibed in certain quantities, that unlocked Grattan King's imagination and turned his thoughts into lovely winged fancies about Molly's eyelashes, and the quirk at the corner of Molly's mouth, and the beautiful line at the back of Molly's neck, and the adorable inconsequence of Molly's little hands with their round slender fingers. And far and away beyond Molly's mere features there was her lightness, her smile, her funny little look of worry, and her instant sympathy for every living creature. Naturally, with the Demon Rum properly administered, he, Grattan King, quite forgot that she couldn't cook. Anyway, he could afford to take her out to dinner.

Nobody ever realized that it was the Demon Rum who was responsible for Grattan's talent. Not even Molly, with her generalizations about "two or three drinks." They belonged to a set of people who drank respectably, and never too much. Some strict moralists will take exception to the word respectable used in connection with drinking, but, nevertheless, there is just exactly that sort of thing. There always has been. If you don't believe it, read Omar. He states the case far more convincingly than I can.

And it will probably disappoint a lot of these same moralists to be told that despite Grattan King's real and undisguised relish for the Golden Bronx and sparkling Chablis, and such-like, he was a perfectly healthy and very respectable young man and a good citizen. His penchant for picturesque love-making was merely his own individual manifestation of the poetic streak that lies in all of us. Some men show their poetic streaks in their choice of neckties, and others in the way they roll their cigarettes. Grattan King's merely came out in love-making.

I should really like to put down some of the things he said on paper, for the benefit of those who don't believe that it can be done, but it wouldn't be fair either to Molly or to him. The cold, hard, printed page is no place for them. They require *atmosphere.* They couldn't bear being stared at by the mocking and scornful eyes of those unfortunates whose poetic streaks do not show in the same way. What is needed is shaded candlelight on a little table for two, in a secluded corner, soft music in the middle distance, a sympathetic waiter taking a Golden Bronx off a little tray, and Molly Tewksbury sitting opposite.

Of course all of this time I am rather neglecting any mention of Anne. Anne did not believe in the Bartenders' Manual, but pinned her faith to the cook-book, and nothing stronger than Beverine or grape-juice or coffee was ever served with her food, but even at that her food was doted on by every one lucky enough to eat it. It takes an awfully good cook to get away with a strictly dry dinner, in the crowd that Grattan King and Molly and Anne belonged to. I make no invidious comparisons, but I will only say that Grattan King sometimes wondered why he never wanted to say to Anne the things he was always saying to Molly. Primitive male instinct, that enjoys good eating, told him that Anne would make a very superior sort of wife, and he was always wondering how it would be if he married and settled down.

But hang it, you know, it was awfully jolly to go about with Molly and be saying all kinds of dear things to her and watch how she appreciated them. It was even better than eating Anne's [*Continued on page 38*]

Easy Money

A Business Story with a Big Kick at the End

by Lee Foster Hartman

Illustration by Will Foster

HE had felt the stranger's eyes appraisingly upon him as he bent over the hotel register to write his name —"Willard Rumson, Allentown, Pennsylvania" — and when he handed the pen over to Bardsley, his companion, he turned to scan the thronged corridor of the big hotel without looking directly at the carefully-dressed young man whose hands, encased in immaculate chamois gloves, were folded upon the head of a light walking-stick as he sat just across the big gilt and marble foyer. To Rumson, in the swirl of noise and confused movement around him, the ordinary noon-hour activities of the great Van Courtlandt hostelry seemed like some vast public reception. From somewhere beyond banks of palms and ornate columns the strains of an orchestra mingled with the ceaseless babble of voices and the shrill, monotonous calls of the pages.

The room-clerk turned from his swift inspection of a board on which ranged rows of innumerable little white oblongs:

"Rooms eleven-forty-five and -six."

The bell-boy, waiting at Rumson's elbow with Bardsley's traveling-bags and his own, started to lead the way through the crowd toward the elevators, when the stranger got up and came forward.

"Pardon me. Aren't you Mr. Rumson of the Allentown Bridge Company?"

At Rumson's surprised nod of assent, a chamois-gloved hand was held out to him.

"My name is Brooke — McCormick-Brush Steel Company. Mr. Brush is lunching with me in the grill-room downstairs. I wonder if you would care to join us — quite by ourselves." Brooke's eyes lifted a little meaningly over Rumson's shoulder toward his companion, who was moving on toward the elevator.

In spite of his surprise, Rumson felt just a tinge of color creeping to his cheeks. It was not in the natural order of events that a big man like Brush of McCormick-Brush Steel should have anything to discuss with the young assistant sales-manager of Allentown Bridge. And "quite by ourselves!" The emissary's cold gray eyes had flickered with just a touch of insistence over the words.

"Why, thank you," Rumson managed to answer. "I happen to have a friend with me——"

"If you'd possibly excuse yourself —" suggested Brooke, polite, but a trifle supercilious.

'Oh, I guess so," Rumson decided quickly. "I'll get my bag up to my room and join you directly."

The sales-manager suddenly straightened up. Rumson came to his feet with quivering, blinking eyes

Overtaking Bardsley and the bell-boy, he meditated with puckered brow while the elevator shot them up to the eleventh floor.

The affair smacked of prearrangement. Rumson had come on to New York with Bardsley to file the bid of his company for furnishing the structural steel parts necessary in the building of the Wanotah Power and Mining Plant in the southwest. It was a million-dollar contract; and, while Rumson's present duty was only a matter of formal routine, the pages of tabulated figures stowed away in his suitcase for delivery to the construction company next day represented an important trust.

The contract for the Wanotah Plant, as Rumson very well knew, was sufficiently large to interest a big concern like McCormick-Brush Steel. It struck him as odd that, half an hour after his arrival in the city, he should have been singled out in this fashion and invited to luncheon. And yet, it was hardly conceivable that they could know what his mission was, for he was frequently in New York in the ordinary course of business.

A great hope seized Rumson, whose optimism had been sorely tested in the last couple of years by illness in his little family and by formidable doctors' bills, while his salary had stood still as the Allentown Bridge Company had slowly recovered from the lean years following the nation-wide slump in the steel business, and in spite of the "showing" which he felt he personally had made. For a moment it flashed upon him with a kind of joyful thrill that perhaps the McCormick-Brush people had been more awake to what he had accomplished than his own employers had been, and that this invitation was the prelude to the tender of a job. And yet, the thought of the papers carefully stowed away in his old battered suitcase, which the bell-boy was now carrying, set him to wondering.

On more than one occasion, as he happened to know, his own company had felt a very keen and natural curiosity concerning certain figures being compiled in the offices of some of their competitors, and had tried "to get a line on them" when possible. Business was business, and one had to keep informed. The better posted you were as to what your rival was doing, the better off you were likely to be. Eternal vigilance was the price of success in these days. Rumson had sometimes shrugged his shoulders disapprovingly at what seemed to him a too strenuous vigilance of this sort.

He could readily understand that the McCormick-Brush people might have a desire to know what bid Allentown Bridge was making for the Wanotah contract; for it was a big job, and the Allentown people were getting back into a financial position where their figures would talk, and talk loudly. And yet, this bold and open invitation to meet Brush in the grill-room of the Van Courtlandt — it was preposterous to imagine that there could be on foot anything like a nefarious invitation to play into the hands of the enemy — for a consideration.

Rumson frowned suddenly at the idea of any one presuming that he could be "bought," and instantly pictured himself indignantly spurning such an offer. He was not in the habit of indulging in day-dreams or visioning himself as the hero of mythical dramas; but for a moment he let his mind dwell on the cool temerity of Brush trying to bargain with him for a glimpse at the Allentown Bridge figures, and his own instant dismissal of the outrageous proposal. Five thousand dollars, in thin new bills of high denomination, was the amount that he saw himself waving contemptuously aside.

Why he thought of precisely that figure, it would have been difficult to say. It was a round imposing sum. It would clean up the remaining instalments due on the house that Rumson had purchased three years before the twin kiddies happened along and the incursion of doctors and specialists had begun, which had not yet quite ceased. Five thousand dollars would make a clean sweep of the whole pressing, dragging budget. It was more than the salary which the Allentown Bridge Company paid him in the course of twelve months.

Walking down the thick-carpeted corridor of the eleventh floor, Rumson followed Bardsley into the two connecting rooms thrown open to them.

"Look here, old man. There's a couple of chaps down-stairs who have been waiting to see me. I think I'll take luncheon with them and get them out of the way. Do you mind?"

Bardsley, idly contemplating [*Continued on page 59*]

"I Am Against Prohibition"

says Gertrude Atherton

I AM a woman. I do not drink. But I am absolutely against prohibition.

The reasons are so many that it is difficult to give them all within the limitations of a magazine article. It may be as well to begin at the end and work backward to the fundamentals.

Of course all reactionary laws are conceived and pushed through by men of limited understanding. They are either fussy "busy" people eager to make a little stir in the world, or they belong to the class called fanatics, although often of that mild non-self-sacrificing type that is best described as having "a bee in the bonnet." In no case are they read in history or in any but the most blatant phases of life. Of psychology they are as ignorant as the Germans.

Naturally, this class of men and women, who, in the United States, by their original activities and predilections, have made Europe scoff at Americans as half-baked sentimentalists, could not be expected to grasp the Bolshevik danger that threatens the world. To their limited vision it is something that is synonymous with the incomprehensible Russian language and has nothing whatever to do with the great and modern United States.

Well, we are not modern. If we were, the ignorant and reactionary of our one hundred-odd millions could not have obtained the upper hand and jammed through a law that would make a laughing-stock of any civilized country. And a country so reactionary, so unthinking, so ignorant, so swayed by gusts of sentimentalism, is an ideal breeding-ground for that form of anarchical revolutionism to which the latest Russian brand — fomented by two entirely sane German agents — has given the popular title.

Lenine and Trotzky are sane, but they have whipped up the passions of all the superstitious, the criminals, wastrels and fanatics in Russia, and have held on so long in that disorganized country that their highly-paid agents all over the world find it easy to persuade the ignorant and dissatisfied among the proletariat that Bolshevism has taken root and is destined to spread over the entire world. They have their agents everywhere, but their most accomplished (amply provided with funds looted from the Imperial Treasury) are in the United States, for no country offers such magnificent prospects for loot — and loot is the one thing they are after, the ultimate of their desire for universal domination. They may have to share with Germany, who originated the idea, but they will have quite enough left to satisfy even the unduped professional Bolsheviki. Even in the matter of killing, they are growing a trifle glutted. With every Bolshevik army division is a corps of Chinese mercenaries who act as professional executioners, when the Bolshevik stomach begs for a respite.

NOW, this is a fine time for the passing of a law for national prohibition in the United States of America! What are the distractions, enjoyments, pleasures that this country, either in its state or national government, has provided for the laboring class that it should deprive it of one of the few solaces poor men find for living? Beer gives a gentle stimulation that causes an hour's forgetfulness of the grinding day, the sordid home. In moderation it does no more harm that a symphony concert that exalts a woman's nerves. It has always been a mystery to me that any one could swallow the stuff, for I would as soon take a dose of quinine or any other bitter medicine; and although I once lived in Munich I never tasted its famous beer during my seven years' residence. But that is neither here nor there; millions of men love it as their one relaxation and pleasure; and as this is supposed to be a free country, it is enough to drive them to revolution to be deprived of it.

Has it occurred to these "reformers" who, through the criminal carelessness of wiser men, have temporarily obtained the upper hand, that the major part of the laboring class is composed of foreigners, who from birth have been accustomed to light wines and beer? These men have been encouraged to come to this country because our old American stock was so diminished that we must have foreign labor or come to a standstill as a nation; and it is not only a criminal lack of tact, but the height of insolence to denationalize their palates and stomachs and force them to wash down their monotonous food with water — ice-water, which has ruined the American digestion. It would be no less an infringement on the rights of man (although infinitely more beneficial) to pass a law forbidding the native New Englander to eat doughnuts and pie for breakfast. But it is the doughnut-pie-ice-water brain that is responsible for this most insensate and pernicious law ever passed in the United States.

Now, no one more abhors drunkenness — in any class — than I do. I have seen a great deal of it among friends and relatives and have always wished that, until men could be brought to their senses, or parents could be made to understand that the first thing to cultivate in their children was strength of character, something could be done to make liquor more difficult of attainment. It is the dropping in at saloon after saloon, where conviviality is an added attraction — the national institution of the Saturday night saloon above all — that makes drunkenness easy and progressive. To regulate drinking would be as much within the province of a paternally inclined government as to regulate drug-taking; abolish drugs from the world absolutely, and the sum of human suffering would cry to heaven for justice. Drugs — which possess healing as well as sedative properties — are now as much in the control of physicians as the law — always ineffective when up against diabolical human ingenuity — can be. It would be quite simple to abolish saloons and put every one, rich and poor, on the rationing system as regards alcoholic beverages — from champagne to beer. Every man could be forced to apply daily for his card, which would insure him his prescribed allowance. This would be a nuisance, and many would no doubt give it up altogether. At all events, no one could be a drunkard on such a system, with the best — or the worst — of intentions. All no doubt would drink less and prize their rare indulgence the more highly. Drinking is a mere habit with many people — even the drinking of ice-water or the deadly ice-cream soda-water — but people should merely be given a lift in regulating their habits, not be treated like irresponsible children while a full man's duty and citizenship are expected of them.

Mrs. Atherton says: "Regulation, the abolishment of saloons (the easy drink), would result in temperance; in many cases in indifference; but prohibition will irritate man in the deepest recesses of his self-respect, with a result that there will be more secret drunkards all over the United States than have ever been known in the history of civilization."

THERE is an old saying that prohibition does not prohibit. Internal revenue men have never been able to run down any but a small percentage of the illicit whiskey stills in the southern mountains. It is perfectly well known that there are "blind pigs" in every dry state. But nothing has ever exceeded the ingenuity of the farmers of certain states that shall be nameless.

As most people know, farmers stow away large quantities of corn for the winter. It has been recently discovered — in dry states, of course — that large jars of unglazed pottery, set in the middle of these corn deposits, absorb by natural distillation enough pure alcohol to give every member of the family a periodical jag for the rest of the year.

Then there is apple cider, which can be surreptitiously made in every household and upon which it is possible for the most pious to get comfortably and apologetically drunk.

In other words, determined men will have liquor if they want it. All the law-makers in christendom cannot prevent it. They merely encourage, by their fanaticism, profounder abysses of deceit in the human mind, and an excess which these cynical evaders of the law would never think of otherwise. Regulation, the abolishment of saloons (the easy drink), would result in temperance, in many cases in indifference; but prohibition will irritate man in the deepest recesses of his self-respect, with the result that there will be more secret drunkards all over the United States than have ever been known in the history of civilization.

It is quite well known that after vodka was suddenly abolished in Russia in 1914 there was a sudden increase in drug-taking, which gradually spread all over Russia and was, no doubt, one secret of the lethargy with which the masses succumbed to Bolshevism in 1917. Since the beginning of time a certain — and by no means insignificant — percentage of mankind has craved stimulation of some sort; a few hours' exaltation above the bare fact of existence — which is all that life means to the majority — forgetfulness, or a temporary sense of irresponsibility. One of the worst drunkards I ever knew, who disliked the taste of all liquor and had no cares to speak of, told me that he drank periodically simply because he was seized with a sudden desire to feel utterly irresponsible. Of course, although brilliant, he was a weak character; but then, most human beings are weak one

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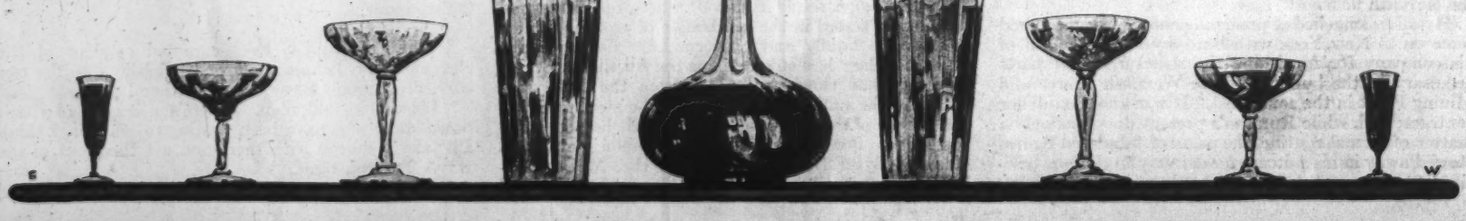

"While I Am For It"

says Dr. Frank Crane

THE last few years have been full of amazing happenings. Perhaps the most amazing of all, not excepting events connected with the War, is the passage by the United States of America of an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within the country.

The United States is the first nation to enact complete prohibition. Russia stopped the sale of vodka, but not of the higher grades of liquor. France adopted some stringent regulations, but they were not effective. It remained for this country to be the first one absolutely to put a ban upon the consumption of alcoholic beverages.

Naturally, so radical an action has been productive of violent extremes of opinions. It may be well, therefore, to state clearly the facts of the case and the principles involved.

First: This legislation has not been without its preparation. It was not done upon sudden impulses. The United States has been eighty-six years going dry. In 1832 Congress enacted a law forbidding the sale of intoxicants to Indians. In 1833 excessive use of alcoholic liquors was declared to be a bar to appointment under Civil Service rule. In 1890 Congress passed a law subjecting original packages to the police power of the states. The same year it banished liquor from military posts, canteens and premises used for military purposes.

During the next three years the sale of liquors to certain natives in the Pacific Ocean was forbidden, the sale of intoxicants in Platt National Park was stopped and liquors were banished from the Capitol building in Washington. In 1907 it was declared a crime to sell liquors to any immigrant station in the United States. In 1909 interstate carriers were forbidden to collect the purchase price of liquors, and this killed the C. O. D. business. The same year Congress barred alcoholic liquors from the mails. In 1912 it abolished the liquor business in Alaska under certain conditions. In 1913 Congress by an overwhelming vote and over the President's veto forbade the importation of liquors into a state the local laws of which forbade their sale. In 1917 Alaska, Porto Rico and the District of Columbia were made dry.

It will thus be seen that there has been a steady growth of prohibitory legislation. When at last the supreme legislative body of this people passed an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquors, it was not a sudden and unconsidered act caused by passion, bigotry or trickery, but was the final and mature conclusion of a great self-governing democracy.

NO amendment to the Constitution is valid unless it is ratified by three-fourths of the states. After the passage of this amendment by Congress the people had ample opportunity to defeat it in the state legislatures if they felt that their liberties were in danger. Within thirteen months, however, after the passage of the amendment by Congress it was ratified by the legislatures of thirty-six states, thus completing the legality of the amendment more quickly than had ever been done in the case of any other Constitutional amendment except the one abolishing slavery.

Let us then recognize the first fundamental fact, which is that the people of the United States after long deliberation and in due, proper and legal manner, with the greatest publicity, have taken this step.

This legislation has been fought at every stage of its progress. The wealthy liquor interests have spared no expense to defeat it.

Many prominent newspapers have bitterly attacked it. It has been opposed as a rule by organized labor. It has been fully and fairly threshed out. Now it is over. The American people have made their decision. And now comes the last frantic effort of the opposition. It is an effort to prevent the States and the National Congress from passing the necessary laws to put the amendment into effect. Up to the present time the opponents of prohibition have been within their rights. If they thought it was wrong to enact such a law they had a right to say so and to fight it with all the resources at their command. But now that they have been defeated and the decision has been rendered they have no right whatever to endeavor to nullify the will of the majority. They cease to be good American citizens and become rebels. They no longer follow the tactics of democracy and try to win the majority to their side, but they adopt the violent, unlawful and anarchistic methods of the Bolsheviki and seek to incite the minority to revolt.

Dr. Crane says: "Booze got in the way of Business. That is why it had to go. Long ago, Business discovered that alcohol spelt inefficiency. And Business directly or indirectly controls this people. In this decision, Business was backed up by science. Alcohol may have its place as a medicine, just as opium and cocaine have their place, but as a food, it has no standing whatever."

Colonel Henry Watterson, a veteran newspaper man, in an interview published in the New York *Herald*, says that the prohibition laws of the United States will not be enforced. "Constitutional prohibition may never be rescinded," he declares, "but like the Fifteenth Amendment in the southern states, it will become inoperative, and as an old Mississippi friend of mine says, it will be just as easy to get a drink as to keep a nigger from voting." Here you have the gist of the matter; having been defeated in a fair fight, the liquor interests, instead of gracefully acknowledging the corn, propose to defy the law of the nation exactly as certain portions of the south defy the law of the nation in regard to negro suffrage.

In other words, it is my passions and prejudices that I propose to follow and not the will of the majority and the law of my country. Mr. Watterson's attitude is shared by many prominent newspapers. While they charge prohibitionists with being fanatics and bigots, they themselves are perfect examples not only of fanaticism and bigotry but of what is far worse, a declared intention to set their wills and opinions against the declared will and opinion of the people.

This country has decided for prohibition. This is distasteful to a certain minority. By railing against it, by plotting and inciting opposition to it, they place themselves exactly in the class of the I. W. W. and the fiery soap-box orators who curse this country and its institutions. If Colonel Watterson and some of the newspapers and the rest of the liquor apostles do not like the United States, let them get out. They might go to free and enlightened Germany, where the Wurzburger flows and prohibition fanatics are unknown.

As a matter of fact, these rebellious gentry have utterly failed to grasp the meaning of the movement against alcoholism. It has not been caused by religious fanaticism, although, of course, the moral protest against liquor drinking has been constant and increasing. The real cause is to be found in the genius and spirit of the American people. The genius and spirit may be expressed in one word, Achievement.

AN American's idea of life is that he is put into this world to do something. That is why he magnifies Business.

The word which expresses the idea of life in the Old World is not Achievement so much as Enjoyment. Their ideal is not so much that a man lives to accomplish something as that he lives to enjoy himself. This enjoyment is not necessarily sensual. It may be artistic and esthetic. That is why the Old World always leads in matters of taste and culture. Perhaps Americans ought to pay more attention to this. But the fact remains that the Americans' god is Achievement.

Booze got in the way of Business. That is why it had to go.

It was not the preachers and reformers who abolished alcohol: it was the railroad companies, factories and life insurance associations. Long ago Business discovered that alcohol spelt inefficiency And Business directly or indirectly controls this people. In this decision Business was backed up by science, the whole ground has been gone over carefully and the unquestioned weight of authority in the scientific world is to the effect that the regular consumption of alcohol in any quantity is unnecessary to anybody and is positively injurious to a great many. Alcohol may have its place as a medicine, just as opium and cocaine have their place, but as a food it has no standing whatever.

Business backed by the college professor and pushed by the moral convictions of the people is irresistible.

The success of prohibition has another phase. It is the final gesture of the emancipation of America from the dominance of Europe. Drinking has from the beginning of time been interwoven with the Old World's idea of the enjoyment of life. Literature and legend are saturated with it. A very considerable portion of American people secretly despise their own country and worship in their hearts the things of Europe. To be American is to be vulgar; to be European is to be elegant. It is against this that the sound common sense of the great mass of the people has at last revolted. They know that alcohol is a poison. They know that it is a handmaiden to immorality, an ally to vice, chief among law breakers, and the main cause of inefficiency. And, at last, in spite of the sneers and

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The Trying Times of Peace

This Is Not the Moment for Reaction or Reactionaries

By **Samuel Gompers**

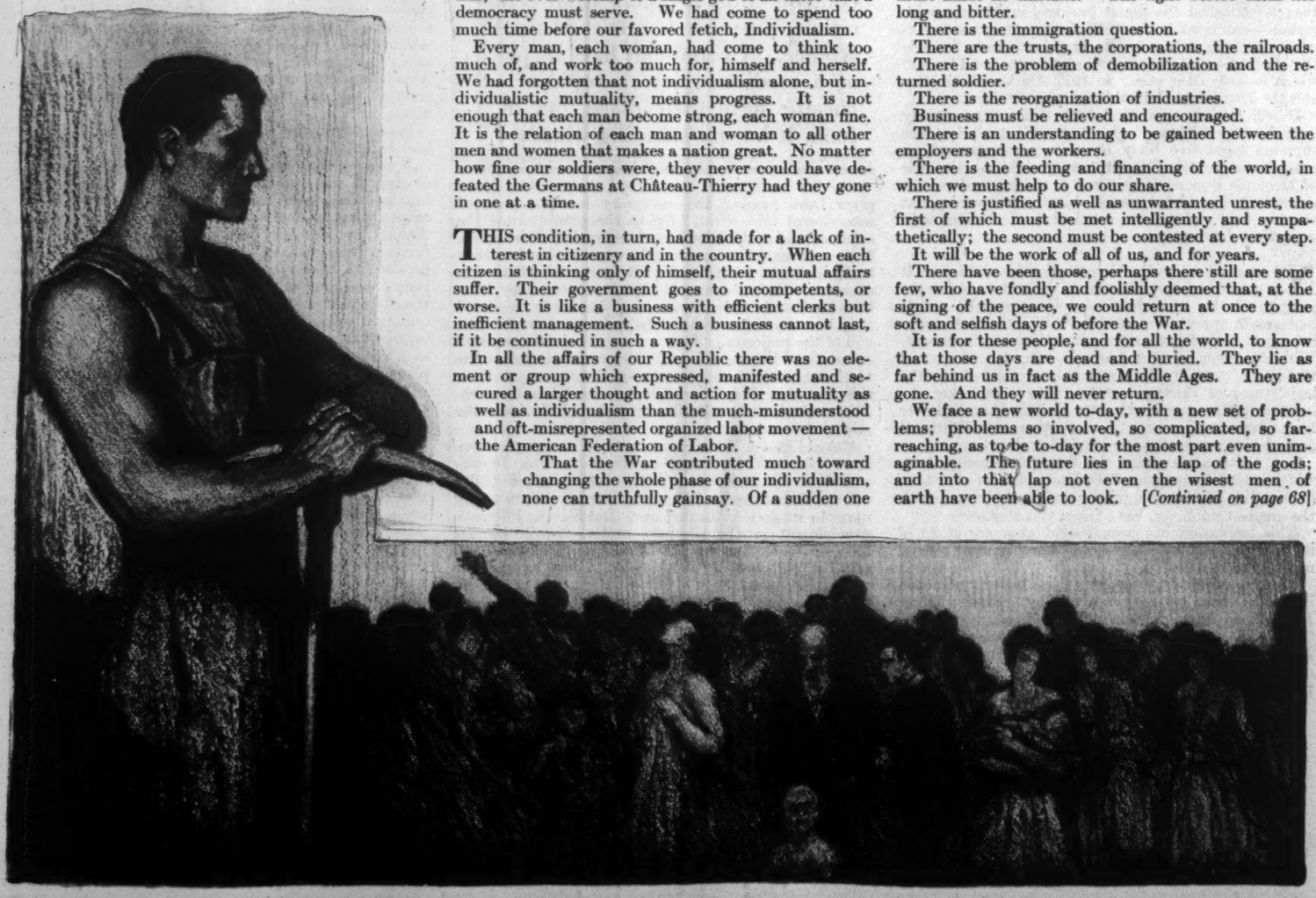
President of the American Federation of Labor

THE United States of America is the greatest democracy in the world. It is a vast, far-flung country composed of many races, many creeds, many opinions, many beliefs. It is a country that prides itself on the independence of thought and action of the individual. And because of that pride of, and glory in, individual liberty, it is a country foredoomed to argument, to struggle, to conflict.

This is not to be deplored. Quite the contrary. It is to be exulted in and encouraged — given, of course, that the argument be intelligent, the struggle constructive and the conflict for the welfare and betterment of all its citizens. In many counsels lies wisdom. In the harmonious reconciliation of varied opinions lies progress. And in the very effort of every citizen to improve himself, his fellows, and his country, lies the safety of democracy itself.

I am not of those who hold contentment to be the end of desire. Contentment, to my way of thinking, means stagnation. While a healthy discontent is the birth of aspiration for better things, and, even though we are the greatest and most successful democracy that the world has ever seen, it would be as foolish as it would be fatuous to deny our faults or ignore our weaknesses.

One of our greatest faults is that too many are extremists. Along the roads we follow, many are prone to go too far. Like our gallant boys in France, we are sometimes not content to stop at our objectives. We dash on ahead — and are caught in our own barrage!



This is understandable. It is in a way forgivable. It is because we are a young nation, full of enthusiasm and strength and courage. But it is dangerous, and costly. And even before the War this fault had led us into grave trouble.

Business organization, from reasonable limits, had grown into great and menacing trusts, combinations and corporations; they had gone beyond the legitimate field of development into the illegitimate field of manipulation, stock jobbery, and domination of our political and judicial life. The whole wealth of the land was being taken from the hands of the many and placed within the grip of the few. We were in danger of becoming, like the Mexico of a decade ago, a country of but two classes; the vastly rich and the pitifully poor.

That such a condition is both wrong and fatal is beyond argument. There is neither justice nor common sense in a condition that allows one man to have a hundred million dollars and a hundred million men to have nothing at all. A condition where the few possess much and the many possess little is not democracy. It is an oligarchy. Its further development could not, and would not, have been tolerated.

This condition was brought about by another extremism; the over-worship of a single god of all those that a democracy must serve. We had come to spend too much time before our favored fetich, Individualism.

Every man, each woman, had come to think too much of, and work too much for, himself and herself. We had forgotten that not individualism alone, but individualistic mutuality, means progress. It is not enough that each man become strong, each woman fine. It is the relation of each man and woman to all other men and women that makes a nation great. No matter how fine our soldiers were, they never could have defeated the Germans at Château-Thierry had they gone in one at a time.

THIS condition, in turn, had made for a lack of interest in citizenry and in the country. When each citizen is thinking only of himself, their mutual affairs suffer. Their government goes to incompetents, or worse. It is like a business with efficient clerks but inefficient management. Such a business cannot last, if it be continued in such a way.

In all the affairs of our Republic there was no element or group which expressed, manifested and secured a larger thought and action for mutuality as well as individualism than the much-misunderstood and oft-misrepresented organized labor movement — the American Federation of Labor.

That the War contributed much toward changing the whole phase of our individualism, none can truthfully gainsay. Of a sudden one day we found a thing big enough to make us forget all others. And it was then that democracy arose in all its magnificent might. All internal differences vanished in the face of an external danger. All national conflicts were subordinated to the exigency of an international task. Almost in a single day we ceased to be individualists alone. We had become Individualistic Mutualists and as such members of, and partners in, a True Democracy.

And during our eighteen months of war, we remained true to democracy. Labor, Capital, Business, Society worked hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder for victory. Never had the democracy of the United States of America risen to such an exalted height. It was the final test of our national abilities, and the last justification of our form of government. We had shown what a democracy could do, and how it could do it.

AND now what?

The Armistice has long since been signed. Before this is read the peace may well have been concluded. And we will be a country once more at peace.

Shall we prove ourselves to be less able, less noble, less courageous, less firm in time of peace than in time of war? Did we have to have a direct and dire menace hanging over our heads to make us do what was right and just and sensible? Shall we, once that menace is removed, flop supinely back to confusion, injustice, selfishness and the hyper-individualism that was once our bane?

I know the American people. And I know they will not be at once so lax and so misguided. But they must make no mistake. The fight before them lies long and bitter.

There is the immigration question.

There are the trusts, the corporations, the railroads.

There is the problem of demobilization and the returned soldier.

There is the reorganization of industries.

Business must be relieved and encouraged.

There is an understanding to be gained between the employers and the workers.

There is the feeding and financing of the world, in which we must help to do our share.

There is justified as well as unwarranted unrest, the first of which must be met intelligently and sympathetically; the second must be contested at every step.

It will be the work of all of us, and for years.

There have been those, perhaps there still are some few, who have fondly and foolishly deemed that, at the signing of the peace, we could return at once to the soft and selfish days of before the War.

It is for these people, and for all the world, to know that those days are dead and buried. They lie as far behind us in fact as the Middle Ages. They are gone. And they will never return.

We face a new world to-day, with a new set of problems; problems so involved, so complicated, so far-reaching, as to be to-day for the most part even unimaginable. The future lies in the lap of the gods; and into that lap not even the wisest men of earth have been able to look. [*Continued on page 68*]

Saying and Doing

Some New Words On An Ancient Truth

OF course, as everyone in this world knows, it isn't what a man says that counts so much as what he does. All the promises, all the confessions of faith in creation, don't amount to a tinker's dam unless the eloquence is followed up by action — the right kind of action.

I know a man who admits that he is not gifted in any particular way, and I think he has appraised himself correctly. But he is immensely successful. How does he account for his success? It is very simple. Listen to him:

"All I have ever accomplished in life I owe to one thing: I try to be thoroughly reliable. If I tell some one that I will be at a certain place at a certain time, I make it my business to be there. It matters not to me whether the other fellow keeps his word or not: I cannot rest unless I keep mine. Sometimes — often — he doesn't turn up at the appointed hour. He has wasted my time, perhaps; but I have the happy consciousness that I, at least, have not wasted his."

He is the type of person who would rather be a host than a guest. He would rather dispense hospitality than receive it. He would rather wait a little than have you wait. That sense of generosity, that sense of fineness and kindness, gets him a long way. People have gotten to count on my friend John Smith; and when they are in trouble they send for him. They also send for him — they do not forget him then, as they forget so many others — when they are joyful. They want him to share their happiness as well as their pain. Isn't that an indication of how well they feel toward him? Because, while you have to be intimate with others to share their griefs, you must be equally intimate to share their happiness. Tears are sacred; but so also is laughter. And the holiest bond two people can have is the bond of mirth and gladness. If you have laughed with a friend, it is hard to quarrel with him. For you have been wholesomely glad together; and you find it difficult — well-nigh impossible, I should say — to be unwholesomely sad apart.

SO John Smith is many things to many people; and when I spoke of his success, I meant not so much his success in the world of business — though he is successful there, too — as successful in the sense that he is liked everywhere he goes. And it all comes down to one thing: reliability. In other words, he keeps his promises. He means what he says. And then he does it.

The reverse side of the shield is another man — let us call him John Jones — who wrote the most wonderful articles during the War, and gained a tremendous reputation both as a clear thinker and a clean man. His viewpoint, during the conflict, was that of one who sees issues distinctly. He could not go wrong. I admired him as I have admired few people in this world. I had long talks with him, and found him sane and wholesome on every subject we discussed. But — and here is the tragedy — immediately upon the signing of the Armistice he did an ignoble thing: he let those who had been the avowed enemies of his country control his mind — if not his heart. He permitted himself, in other words, to be taken up on a high mountain; and he could not resist the voice of the tempter.

In plain, unvarnished English, he said one thing, and did another. And every word he wrote during the War has lost its force now. We always come back to the old bromides — who was it that said, "Life is nothing but discovering the truth of platitudes"? — and here we find ourselves facing, in the case of John Jones, the ancient truth that "actions speak louder than words." His beautiful words were false; his actions were an indication of the real man.

If you sell yourself for a mess of pottage, I don't care whether you have written the finest literature in the world, you are not true. And if your principles are not greater than a few paltry dollars, then the sooner you reveal yourself in your true colors to your friends, the better it is for your friends. They at least have the privilege of withdrawing from your environment.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

"Go-Look-See"

The Story of a Scarlet Door that Was Slammed in a Man's Face

by Katharine Fullerton Gerould

Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg

THAT was not his name, but his nickname; and, at that, few used it. Luther Cardinal was his official cognomen. He had sometimes, to stave off curiosities that bored him, used the phrase himself; giving it as expression of his sole guiding purpose. Usually he signed merely "Cardinal," for he was apt to spend his days in places where one strange name was enough, and no one could pronounce even that.

Cardinal nosed about as instinctively and inveterately as a dog. Something in him said, "Smell it, worry it, follow up that entrancing squeak over there and see if it's a cat or something you'd better let alone"; something, in other words, said "Go-look-see."

He was as curious as a setter pup, and as easily satisfied. That is the point: he never took the trouble to round out an adventure; either he was drawn off by something else, or he became profoundly uninterested a little too soon. Apparently he did not care to get to the odd heart of oddness. Yet for his mere look-and-run-away, he would occasionally take the biggest possible chances. That was wherein he differed completely from the real adventurer. And there was a streak of pure fastidiousness in him; he did run away after one look-over, though he would endanger his neck to get one authentic sniff.

And then, when he was thirty-five, he had a change of heart — or rather a change of philosophy. His own phrase rose to smite him. It made him feel too detached, too aimless; an inquisitive child rather than an adventurous one. He was too old for mere inquisitiveness, and Cardinal, "Go-Look-See," began to think it was time he did something.

All such inward processes are of slow development, and the immediate cause is never wholly responsible. Something had been stirring in Cardinal for full five years; but he did not definitely suspect it himself until he drank a gin-fizz on a sultry afternoon with Toad Peters at the Blue Cat; and he did not definitely know until that evening when a scarlet door was slammed in his face.

Even in the most languorous purlieus of the minor East, the War had its quick effect. Manoel and Hop Sing, partners in one of the dirtiest of the city's prevailingly dirty businesses, felt it almost as much as did people who considered themselves civilized. The town — we will not name it though it is on all the big maps — was a port known to commerce; local, to be sure, rather than foreign. It is one of those places where Asia disputes with Europe for sovereignty, and the dregs of both continents dispute for cash. Politically, the city was in an equivocal position; for two or three centuries it had passed, as a matter of habit, from one flag to another. Because of the eternal wrangling, it has been shorn of its ancient glories and is now quite unprogressive. Yet it is only a short journey from various places where there are British Clubs, and Cook's tourists.

The news of war did not have to reach Manoel and Hop Sing by slow jungle-routes or tramp schooners. They got it conventionally, without too much delay. But they paid no attention to it until the fluctuation of credits, the increasing spottiness of steamer schedules, and the cessation, in the matter of certain commodities, of either demand or supply, began to affect them and their like personally. The few European officials looked worried; a stray Frenchman and a stray German fell foul of each other on the promenade; but what was that to the city at large?

YOU go into the Blue Cat by a carved lattice-work door which lets in the air, but not the gaze of the pedestrian. At least, that was the original theory of the door when the Chinese artisan fashioned it. Usually, some of the lattice is broken, and you can stare through if you like. The stare is unrewarding, however, because it is frustrated at once by the narrow tunnel that leads away from the door in stinking, impenetrable darkness. If you are unacquainted with the Blue Cat, you probably pass on. If you are an habitué, you push your fist through the most convenient hole, feel for the latch and lift it, and strike out boldly into the tunnel, which you know to be smooth and free of obstacles. You may have to break some pasted strips of rice-paper to do it; but Toad Peters will mend the lattice again to-morrow with more rice-paper.

The first time you walk down the tunnel it seems interminable; but if you are used to the place you hold it to be only a step to the sudden turning where the smells abate and light appears. After the turn it is really only a step; and you are free of the scarred teakwood tables, the mats and benches, the bright blue house walls, and the view.

Perhaps you see the Cat herself, for whom Toad Peters named the place. You do not pat her until she jumps into your lap and asks for gin without seltzer. If you are a real habitué, you pour a half-teaspoonful into a saucer and give it to her. Then she walks away hiccoughing, with trembling tail. She is not really blue, of course, that is only Toad's fancy, but once within the shade of the blue house wall she develops a kind of protective coloring which might pass for a touch of sympathetic indigo. Toad picked her up on his last voyage, and until she dies of delirium tremens, the fantastic eating-house will live its life.

Bar the consul and the branch manager of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank — gentlemen of whom I know little, and assume all good — Toad Peters was as noble a representative of Great Britain as the city counted among its permanent residents. Toad had lost one leg and had bad luck with the other — all through expressing a purely formal religious prejudice at the wrong time and in the vernacular. It must be confessed that Peters had not provoked the scrimmage in the missionary's temper. He had not in any sense "borne witness"; he had merely hit out in an instant of loathing. The other creature's religion happened to be the thing that came into his head. The result was his enforced abandonment of the sea-faring life, and the deformed squatness of his thick figure, which led inevitably to "Toad" as an appellation.

The Blue Cat was frequented chiefly by sailor-men, and there is no doubt that Toad let them get as drunk as they liked. But no signal of the Asiatic underworld could have procured them opium on the premises, and there was not a girl about the place. Toad could not be responsible for everything that happened, and any one was at liberty to be a customer or to play games of chance at the dirty teakwood tables; but no one was ever robbed by the house. The drinks were of the best, charged for at a fair price, and you could get good Chinese food, not a varied menu, but enough, if you were a wise man, to cut your liquor hygienically. Toad was a respected citizen, and looked down on Manoel and Hop Sing from heights of what, in that scene, might well pass for rectitude.

So you must admit that Cardinal might have done worse than look up Toad Peters to discuss the world with.

Cardinal offered his libation to the genius of the place; and, it being a slack hour, Peters joined him in the second gin-fizz. It was not raining; but it was very hot, and the blue walls steamed gently in the sun. The Cat walked away, her tail trembling, to rest in the shade of a stunted bamboo.

"How about the War, Toad?" Cardinal began.

"Goin' to be a little bit of hell."

"Anything to worry a white man out here?"

"Not a white man like you, with 'is money comin' reg'lar from a country that ain't likely to mix in. Nor for a chap like me, wot the 'eathen marked up good and plenty when 'e got the chance. But it'll be a dry time for the old Blue Cat."

"How so? This town doesn't belong to Germany or her friends, and this town will never be dry."

"I suppose you wouldn't 'ave worked it out, not bein' concerned," vouchsafed Toad, tolerantly. "My customers, as you can observe on any fine evenin', is mostly sailors. Well, now, I ask you, what country do seamen mostly belong to? Does Britannia rule the waves, or don't she? And is 'is Majesty, King George, likely to waste ships on a harbor like this when the Germans is tearin' up the North Sea?"

"YOU don't entertain the crews of battleships very much, that I've noticed."

"Did you never 'ear of the British merchant marine, Mr. Cardinal? This ain't Hong-Kong, by a long shot. We're kind o' out of it, nowadays, over 'ere, an' it don't stand to reason that the Blue Cat'll be overpopulated with British seamen for some time to come. There'll be others — Hollanders and Italians, an' everything yellow. An' now an' then a tramp blowin' in from Java or Thursday Island. But it looks to me as if this town was goin' to be pretty dead for a while. Money ain't as easy as it was last week, and they've cut down the Canton service already."

"What has become of your permanent guest?"

Toad's eyes roamed the courtyard. "Left us yesterday — for Hong-Kong, I expect."

"Mysterious beggar. Not that I want to ask questions, as you know, Toad; but — it always looked as though he felt safer here."

Peters hitched his leg out from under the table and stretched it upon the gravel, staring at it as though it were a work of art instead of the badly botched job of a first officer new to surgical emergency.

"'E's English. Which means 'is arms an' legs an' lungs an' liver is English. They're askin' none too many questions, these days. Glad to get a man in good 'ealth to fight the Germans. 'E didn't tell me 'is next port o' call, but I sort o' surmised 'e was 'eaded for a recruitin' station. It's no time for a chap with a clean bill of 'ealth to be sittin' round the Blue Cat. No offense to you, sir — your President 'avin', as I understand, proclaimed nootrality. Which is a fine word to caulk up with when the lingo springs a leak."

Cardinal mused a moment. "I don't pretend to be up on international politics, Toad, but I don't see that it is our job."

"Nor I, sir, though I don't set up to be weather-wise in that partikler latitude. I'm only thinkin' of it bein' hard on you. I don't suppose you can go-look-see without orders from the cap'n. Though I never saw a real white man yet who could get within a boat's length of a German without bein' riled. If the Blue Cat played favorites, which she don't, I'd never let Hoffman inside the place. I don't know but I kind of welcome this war. It makes Hoffman an enemy craft. I ain't lookin' for riots, but the Union Jack is goin' to be visible to any man who comes in for an honest drink. As I figger it, the Union Jack won't keep anybody away but Hoffman."

"What about some of those men on the *Hansa*? — on the Shanghai run?"

"'Ave you never noticed that the Dutchies don't come 'ere much?"

"Want to smoke, I suppose."

"'Tain't that. But they do want women. They're treated bad by their orf'cers, and when they get ashore they like to take it out on somebody else. A pipe's all very well for those as hanker for it, but, as you know, it don't go with a spree. A pipe is the laziest kind of drunk. No, sir, the Blue Cat was inaugurated, you might say, for lone seamen what might get stranded on this poppy-colored shore, owin' to the kinks in the tea-trade. And I calc'late, till they come back, me an' the Cat will kind o' rest up."

Cardinal's face had grown somber. "Is cash very tight? I was thinking of raising some. But I shouldn't like to inconvenience that very lordly compatriot of yours up at the bank."

Peters looked at him with a hesitating shrewdness. "Thinkin' of weighin' anchor?"

"I've no plans, but I like to have a little extra money in my pocket in case something should turn up."

"Because the Cat owes you a few drinks. Can't think where she got the 'abit, but she's a 'opeless case. We don't set up to be an 'otel, but there's the room with the balcony which the gentleman vacated yesterday. It's not what I'd call shipshape — me not goin' in for lodgers — but there was new mosquito-nettin's in June."

"That's good of you, Toad." Cardinal smiled at mine host. "But I don't need to sponge on you yet, and my plans are uncertain."

"As you remarked. Well, the bunk's there if you change your mind, Mr. Go-Look-See."

Cardinal frowned. "Thanks. I may want to have a look-in somewhere. Can't tell. So long." He felt his way absently down the stifling passage. The Cat arched her back invitingly at the entrance, but he did not notice her.

As has been said, Cardinal's discontent had been stealthily enlarging within him. This, however, was the first symptomatic stab of pain. Toad's expressed conviction, that is, that all the white men who counted would be somewhere else for a long time to come, "mixing in," doing something. And he, Cardinal, "Go-Look-See," was held fit to wait, stagnant, with Toad at the Blue Cat until the War blew over and the sailor-men returned.

He swung the lattice-door to behind him and stared into the arcaded street.

"Might get down to Penang," he mused. But was Penang any better than this? Worse. There might be transports. The Praya Grande was at least free from the sight of those. If you were going to stand with your hands in your pockets, you did not want to look at transports. And even to get to Penang, now, he would probably have to have a passport. Go to Hong-Kong, and look up an American consul, and see British officers in uniform, out of the tail of his eye? Not he! But he stretched his muscles slightly as he stood there, and felt it imperative to do something — do it blind, neither looking nor seeing.

Before going to his room, he would have another drink, he thought, something with fruit in it. He could have done himself better by turning back to the Blue Cat, but that idea did not commend itself. He would go to some place where the British Empire was not represented; to Manoel's, though it was a dirty dive, and he did not know just what did go on in the warren of hutches and *godowns* at the back. They were Hop Sing's affair.

Manoel squinted and smirked in the front café, dressed in dirty white, with a faded orange *cummerbund*. The white clothes were sometimes washed, the *cummerbund* never. It looked like the skin of a mangy leopard. The tables were greasy, the very glasses cloudy with suspicion; the lady behind the bar was oiliest of all. Nina was a portly devil, decked out in colors that were possibly meant to blind one to irrelevant accretions of perspiration, caked face-powder, cheap brilliantine and rouge gone wrong. But the grease showed through the garishness, and her evil eyes, her thick, brutal hands, dominated her gorgeousness. Cardinal was not squeamish, but when he considered that the pair represented the respectable end of the concern, he could have wished he had gone back to the Blue Cat and put up with moral discomfort a little longer.

He got his drink — a very inferior one. Instead of the clean flavor of tangerine and pineapple, something acrid and heavy furred his tongue even as he drank. He looked round in disgust. The sun was preparing to sink heavily somewhere beyond the harbor, and the swift twilight raced into all the corners of the café. Manoel lighted the oil lamps. Nina bent over a cracked mirror and stuck a huge jeweled comb into her hair, nonchalantly, with her left hand, while with her right she shook up a drink for a Lascar. The Blue Cat might be strictly democratic, but Manoel's place invited dregs that even Toad Peters' tolerance would have flung out through the lattice-door.

Bodily inertia sank down on Cardinal, and he ordered another drink. Better to wallow in the factitious virtue of his own disgust than to go on to his room and give himself up to introspection. He was careful not to drink too much. He sipped slowly, with no pleasure, merely for an excuse not to move. The talk, in many tongues, went on round him. He did not even listen; merely noted the polyglot oaths as they swirled past him, the swarthy faces that rose, djinn-like, out of the blue cloud of his cigarette-smoke. A Norwegian, so fair that he astonished the gaze, lurched over to the back door of the café and disappeared into Hop Sing's domain. Two girls in torn mantillas, with flattish Mongol features, followed him. Cardinal, saving his liquor lest he should have to order more, fell to thinking of Toinette, over in Saigon. Another case where he had run away. Just as he had reneged on the treasure-hunt in Upper Burma, where the ruined temples were built with round doors because devils are square. He wondered how those fellows had come out. He had refused a partnership with Quong Wah, as decent a Chinaman as ever stepped, who would have made Cardinal's everlasting fortune in the way of honest trade, by now, down in Singapore.

Why? Because a vision, a sound, a scent from strange places, might tempt him at any moment to break his contract. He had pretended to save himself all along, he saw, for a bigger adventure which had never come his way.

Now it looked as though all wandering gleams, the world over, were to be merged in the red light of Europe. There would be nothing, anywhere else, but the rioting of slackers and degenerates, far from the battle-line — like this.

Only three sips left, according to any reasonable view of the matter, and Manoel looking at him not too kindly. The place was crowding uncomfortably. Either he would have to run the risk of clouding his brain with some of the filthy stuff, or get out. For an instant, he thought of drinking himself under the table, and then letting Hop Sing decide for him; but his old fastidiousness clutched him. He never had abdicated his will in that way, and though life had gone flat, he would not do it now.

"Let me think," he murmured to himself; and he lifted his glass high for the next to last sip, so that the stout Nina, at all events, should see. A faint note of music cut the babel — just the band up at the fort, playing the flag to sleep; but the ritual sound brought him back to Toad Peters, and the mysterious guest of the Blue Cat (an Australian, he was pretty sure) who was headed for a recruiting station.

WITH the rank fire of the liquor in his mouth, he wondered frankly whether the War could draw him, an outlander. At Saigon, they would take him on, doubtless, for the Foreign Legion. But Cardinal knew the Legion only as a refuge for broken men. It would be too false a gesture. Enlist in the British forces, renounce his American birthright and become a subject of the King? Well, he couldn't exactly see it that way. Cardinal's neutrality was complete. Of course he would like to see the Germans licked. But it wasn't his fight. Caught in Canada or Australia, he'd have gone, perhaps; but it was asking too much of a man to suggest that he go to a treaty port and get himself naturalized, and sail across half the world to pull the ancestral foe's chestnuts out of the fire. He was not yet magnetized to feel the pull of the Western Front. If he had been in Saigon, it might — what with Toinette — have been the Legion and the tricolor. But here, and above all now, Toinette's was too faint a pull. Toinette had never been his, and by the same token, he had not been hers. [*Continued on page 65*]

PERHAPS you think everything has been said that can be said about the daring and the glory of our air service in the Great War. We have discovered something new, something thrillingly young and romantic. In August we will begin a series of articles entitled "The Dawn Patrol," by Robert A. Anderson, First Lieutenant, U. S. Air Service, who was captured by the Germans. These articles are being illustrated by Wallace Morgan, who went to Europe as one of the official artists of the War, and who was stationed at Neufchâteau. These pictures will be the real stuff, just as these articles from the young airman's pen were born of hot-headed, plucky adventures.

"What is money on a night like this?" She clutched his hand. "We are dying, both of us, for something new!"

Justine Johnstone has forsaken musical comedy to go into a stock company for the summer to learn "real acting." Miss Johnstone hasn't got that steadfast and ambitious little chin for nothing

Three Faces Fair

Photograph by Arnold Genthe

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

This is Constance Binney who lives at "39 East," and—

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Edna Hibbard, a temptation to "Tumble In"

No Wonder Germany Quit!

An Intimate View of European America From the Atlantic to the Rhine

by

Frederick L. Collins

EDITOR'S NOTE: — Many observers have gone through war-time Europe with the speed of a cannon-shot after it leaves the gun; but Mr. Collins, so far as we know, is the first American journalist who has followed the long and tortuous course of that projectile from Bridgeport to the Argonne. Armed with authority from Secretary Baker, and with every door flung wide, the writer of this article has literally penetrated to points that no other civilian has reached since the beginning of the War.

HAVE you ever seen Seven Hundred Million Dollars? I have — in a little town called Gievres in a country that used to be France — where the S. O. S. of the A. E. F. have concentrated seven hundred million reasons for the sudden crumbling of the Boche.

S. O. S., in the early language of the wireless, meant H-E-L-P, and to the two million fighting men at the Front, the Service of Supply has meant just that thing. These thousands of loyal, enthusiastic Americans who, like their fellows in the combat divisions, started for Berlin and stuck in the mud at Bordeaux, are the unsung heroes of the War — the men who helped the fighters to fight. *Service* is their spirit. *Supply* is their business. They deserve a monument to their glorious deeds.

Gievres is one of many such monuments between the Atlantic and the Rhine. Mehun is another, and so are Is-sur-Tille and the great base depots at the ports of disembarkation. None of these places has ever seen a German since the War began, except in the bright green jacket of a prisoner of war, and some of them are not known even by name to the men at the Front, but they are to-day the most convincing evidence in France of America's contribution to the winning of the War They represent America. They are America — the indisputable evidence of her energy, her resourcefulness, her commercial and industrial supremacy, her determination to fight it out on this line if it took an industrial miracle to do it.

If you have any doubt of the kind of super-war we were prepared to hand the Hun in 1919 and beyond, you should stand at the top of the "hump" in the center of the railroad yards at Gievres where twenty-nine tracks diverge to the far corners of that vast area, over two hundred miles of rails, to the waiting platforms of two hundred warehouses and acre after acre of open storage. It is Pittsburg and Fall River and Omaha and the stock-yards of Chicago rolled into one. It is America at war.

Here comes a train of fifty cars. A few months ago it would have come from Bordeaux bringing supplies from the base depot at the port to this intermediate depot at Gievres. To-day the train is most likely from the advance depots at Is-sur-Tille or from the ammunition dumps behind the lines in the Argonne, filled with a motley collection of used and unused supplies that must be sorted and checked and cleaned and disinfected and packed for shipment home. This is the same stuff that the twenty thousand officers and men at Gievres racked their brains and broke their backs over not many months ago to send to the fighting men ahead. Now the flow Eastward has been checked — dammed by the Armistice — and the flow Westward has begun. If you could have the experience of going to sleep of an evening as your train pulled out of Cleveland to find yourself in the morning not pulling into Chicago, as you expected, but backing into the same old Cleveland, you would know how the boys of the S. O. S. feel in these rainy days of the spring of 1919 when their jobs have changed from the salvation of humanity to the salvage of an international dump. Packing your valise with soiled clothes takes all the joy out of the most enthusiastic tourist, and increases the seeming burden of the load a hundredfold.

But the train is approaching the apex of the "hump," pushed by an American-made engine to a height from which the momentum from the downward grade will send each car or group of cars — they are skilfully detached by American trainmen as they reach the top — along its proper track to its proper destination. This latter may be that gigantic cold storage plant where meat is refrigerated, or the Medical Supply Subpost, or the Motor Transportation Park, or the Quartermaster's Warehouses, or the Remount Station, or the Gasoline and Oil Depot, or the Searchlight Repair Shop, or the Engineer Depot, or the Veterinary Hospital, or the Ordnance Depot, or one of three large warehouses packed to their metal roofs with Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross supplies, or any one of the two hundred or more great warehouses that constitute this general Intermediate Storage Depot of the United States of America in the land that used to be France.

These American freight-cars traveling under their own momentum unerringly to their allotted places of usefulness typify the entire work of the American army in France during the months immediately preceding the Armistice. Even the freight-cars themselves seem to know their place and to possess the power to go to it. It is a wonderful picture of American efficiency. And like all great pictures it cannot be judged by the number of square feet of canvas it contains or the number of pounds of paint entering into its creation. It is, however, significant that the warehouses of this one depot conformed to a fifty-foot width and placed end to end would extend for twenty miles, and that if all the cars that run on the tracks of this one depot in one day were hitched together, the train would reach from New York City to Stamford, Connecticut, with the engine sixty miles ahead of the caboose.

Starting on the long, long trail back to the U. S. A.

"Over there" — the Commanding Officer at Gievres is pointing to a field piled high with small red barrels — "is a million dollars' worth of castor oil." A million dollars' worth — why, if that oil were diluted into that well-known family remedy for which children are alleged to cry, and the wail that would go up from infant throats was in any way commensurate with the supply of the medicine, the shout would be heard from Boston to Potsdam.

No wonder the Germans quit!

It is a popular saying that all the great men in the Democratic administration during the War were Republicans, and that all the efficient officers in the A. E. F. were non-military recruits from the professional and industrial ranks of civil life. But the Charles M. Schwab of this overseas Bethlehem at Gievres is one of those cavalry colonels of which there is said to be no body of West Pointers so thoroughly and sharply Pointed. The mantle of nearly thirty years in the routine of an almost exclusively peace-time army dropped in the hour of necessity from the shoulders of this man and dozens like him, and enveloped an honest-to-God American go-getter, who parked his army prejudices and formalities with his horse and settled down to the job in front of him.

"I am still a cavalry officer," said he, a bit grimly, "but a horse is too slow for me

in these times." And with that he jumped upon a flat car hitched to a snorting locomotive and was off to a distant part of his dominion.

And while we are on the question of personnel, a word shall be said for the old enlisted men, the privates and corporals and sergeants of the little smiled-at army of the pre-war days, all of whom have served faithfully and undramatically, and some of whom have risen to the occasion and made themselves the most efficient of commissioned officers.

Three old Ordnance sergeants in the S. O. S. come to mind in this connection. These men are first or second in command at some of our most important and most efficient Ordnance depots. I watched one of these old soldiers — formerly a sergeant but now a major — on what was probably the proudest day of his life when, after conducting an inspection party of Ordnance chiefs over the scrupulously clean and orderly precincts of his depot. He sat at the head of his own mess with a major general on his right and a brigadier on his left and a tableful of his own junior officers, mostly collegians and professional men, who lived obviously only to honor and serve their big, rough, smiling boss. He entertained his distinguished guests with the manner of a Chesterfield and the dinner of a Louis Sherry or an Oscar Tschirsky!

Between the courses, an American-made phonograph tore-off such trifles as "Pack Up Your Troubles" and "The Long, Long Trail" from American-made records, the whole equipment having been salvaged from the captured material of a Boche general. Anything you find attaching to an A. E. F. man that is not strictly regulation can safely be set down to Salvage. Kitchen stores and range-finders, oil paintings and gun carriages pile together in that classification of the unclassified. All that these men at the base depots know is that they get this stuff in huge quantities on its way back from the Front, and that it is their duty to throw away the useless and save the valuable. But behind the trainloads of apparent rubbish is a great system of scavengering that has never been equaled in the world's history. It is the aim of the A. E. F. to leave that part of France which they have occupied — and substantially a tenth of the entire republic is American ground — as clean and as safe as they found it, or, better still, as the Germans found it when they poured into France the filth and refuse and waste of war.

Every department is working on this job, but perhaps the most interesting and certainly the most dangerous work is that of the Ordnance Department which has undertaken to clean the battlefields of abandoned guns and ammunition left by the Germans, the French and our own men. Much of the ammunition is in the form of "duds," projectiles that have been fired but owing to some defect in the fuse have not yet exploded. The Germans fired vast quantities of these in the last weeks of the conflict, and they still lie buried in French soil, a menace to agriculture and reconstruction and human life. The Ordnance Department have performed this service to humanity throughout the Argonne district with astonishing rapidity and so far, without casualties, although vast quantities of wasted ammunition has been blown up in the attempt to sterilize the battlefields of France.

AND this is but one of the little jobs, each of which would tax the resources of our most efficient industrial organizations, that our Department of Ordnance has tucked away under its capacious belt. And when you consider that the personnel of this department that accompanied General Pershing to France consisted of one lieutenant-colonel, one clerk and one enlisted man, its achievements are little short of miraculous. It is not my purpose to catalogue these achievements, or even to suggest their multiplicity and importance, but perhaps the greatest accomplishment is to be learned from the lips of the men who actually fought the Hun. Here and there in the home camps we have heard the complaint that the men had insufficient equipment for their early training. In France, also, the first few thousand men were without modern equipment for their preliminary schooling during the first weeks of their training. But never from the men who actually fired a gun against the Germans has come the complaint that ammunition was not always forthcoming to follow the projectiles that had already been discharged, that the new gun was not always ready to replace the gun that had ceased to fire. *Never, so far as is known, was an American gun idle on the battlefront for lack of ammunition to fire against the enemy.* The statement is made without fear of challenge by any one of the many hundreds of thousands of men who handled large and small arms in the American battlefront, but perhaps it will be still more convincing if confirmed by the man of few but weighty words to whom every man in the A. E. F. was responsible:

February 19th, 1919.

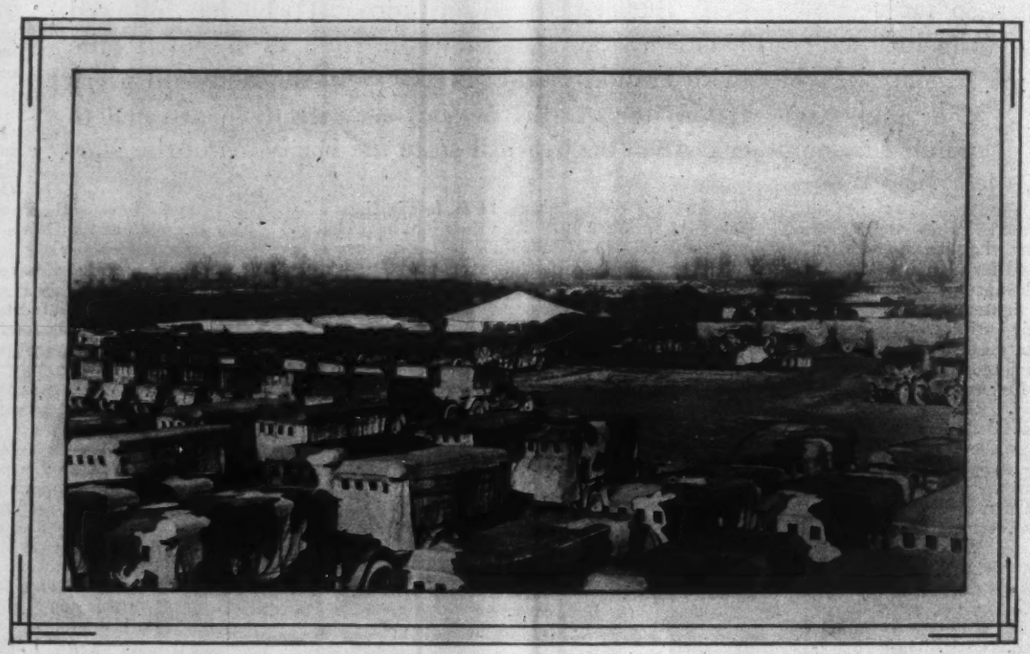
BRIG. GENERAL JOHN H. RICE,
Chief Ordnance Officer,
A. E. F.

MY DEAR GENERAL RICE.

I desire to commend and give my personal thanks to the officers and enlisted men of the Ordnance Department of the American Expeditionary Forces for their untiring efforts and loyal support which were so vital to the successful efforts of our combatant units.

During active operations extending from January, 1918, when our first Division entered the line, until the close of hostilities on November 11th, our troops were supplied with the equipment and ammunition necessary to carry their work to a successful conclusion. I realize the tremendous difficulties of organization and administration which had to be overcome for your Department to properly fulfil its functions in this respect. The repair and maintenance system that you established was a great success, and the result obtained under existing circumstances reflects great credit upon the officers and enlisted men of your Department.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING.



Still with their war paint on, these motors are resting after their splendid work before being shipped home

In the beginning, most of this material was British and French; in the end most of it — at least behind the lines — was American. And if you could see the storehouses at Gievres and Mehun and Forey and Issur-Tille you would know that beginning with 1919 every American fighting man would have been equipped with an American-made gun firing American-made projectiles. This statement is based not on claims of what might have been, but on the goods themselves piled high in the American warehouses in France waiting to tear great holes in the Boche defenses.

It is hardly possible to get these facts from dry reports and labored statistics, but if you will imagine yourself standing on the top of what the French consider a hill in a place called Forey, and rest your eyes on eight gigantic warehouses, each fifty feet wide and a thousand feet long, providing a total storage space of four hundred thousand square feet, and learn from the Commanding Officer that the capacity of the covered storage was far too small to carry the stock he had on hand at the time of the Armistice — if you can imagine yourself there at Forey gazing at tin on tin of explosive at sunset of a day in which you have tramped miles and miles through similar camps, you would say what any other proud American would say:

"No wonder the Germans quit!"

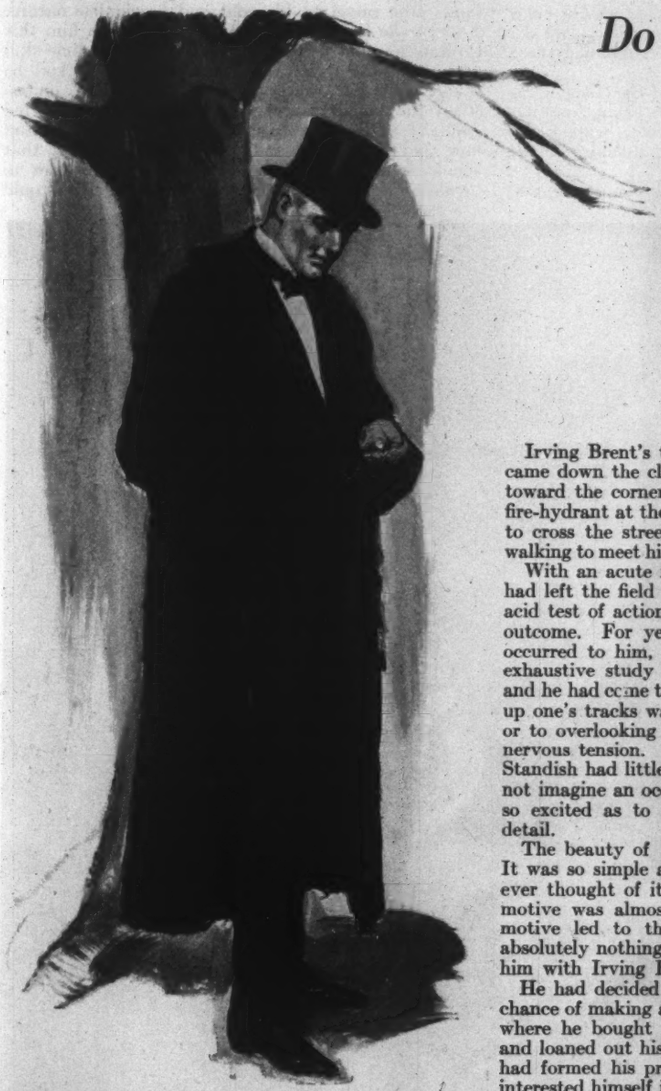
THERE is something about the actual ammunition that was intended to hit the Boche that fairly fascinates one. Of course, the Quartermaster's Warehouses are far larger than the Ordnance — for armies eat more than they shoot — and in a way more varied, including as they do the products of the wide field of industries that supply the material human needs of the human fighting machine; but the Ordnance activities spring from the very groins of the War. They do not and should not exist in times of peace. They are of necessity conceived and born and raised to their present maturity and strength to strike America's blow against the Hun.

The Ordnance Depots are the mainsprings of the A. E. F. mechanism. And of all the Ordnance depots the one at Mehun is the most unusual and the most interesting — unusual only in the complexity of its problems and most interesting chiefly because it alone is still performing to some extent the function for which it was designed. Mehun is the repair shop, the great hospital of the Ordnance Department — at present the peculiar shrine of the great god Salvage.

Mehun, like Gievres, is a hole in the ground that was never registered even as a depression in the topographical map of Europe, until the S. O. S. of the A. E. F. put it on the military and industrial map of European America. In the first days — those awful days when a handful of Ordnance veterans and industrial experts found themselves building warehouses and repairing roads and wallowing in Gallic mud — Mehun was known as a Hell-hole of disease and death. Orders to report to Mehun conjured visions of red and black crosses. The Mehun flag, so the story went, was ever at half-mast. All this was exaggerated — stories of rottenness are apt to be so — but it was true that Mehun was a bad hole.

The first Ordnance troops to arrive found a sea of mud on which floated the makings of several monster warehouses. These men — the pick of the supply service, who had enlisted to give their country the particular abilities for which they had won recognition in their various trades — went to work with picks and shovels and sledge-hammers to build an American city on a French dump. And they succeeded. They couldn't help succeeding. They were go-getters, American go-getters, the most virulent type of that primitive breed. They built the warehouses — great structures like the Union Station in St. Louis or the South Terminal in Boston — and they built railroad tracks to their doors and roads on which motor-trucks could pass through the rainiest of France's almost daily rain-storms. They re-created Pittsburg in a sea of mud; they brought forth Kansas City in a long, dark night of labor; they transplanted Camden, New Jersey, to Mehun, France. The frog pond disappeared. The industrial community arose with its neat houses for officers and men, its daily newspaper, its evening entertainments, its baseball team in which the Camp Commander plays second base — and bats with fair success against the star negro pitchers of the soldier's scrub.

A warehouse with steel girders and metal sides and roofs, with railroad tracks on either side and through the center aisle, with many thousand feet of floor space and an infinite variety of material contents — such stupendous solidity does not lend itself to the written word. No picture, verbal or photographic, can do it justice. But the people who work day in and out on the clay floors of these enormous [*Continued on page 64*]



Do You Like a Thrilling Murder Story? Well, then, Here It Is!

Covered Trails

by Robert McBlair

Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood

GAYLORD STANDISH buttoned his fur-lined overcoat so that the white shirt bosom beneath his dinner jacket would be less conspicuous, and stepped a little further into the deep shadow of the large oak tree near the curb. He was a distinguished-looking man, with a close-cropped mustache, quite gray at thirty-five, a steel-gray eye, a colorless skin, and a smile that some clever débutante had said resembled the silver plate on a coffin.

Except for an occasional smoothly-gliding limousine, the wide asphalted street with its opposing rows of handsome residences was almost deserted. He had moved for a moment into the light of the corner arc lamp in order to refer to his watch. It was nine-thirty.

The tree beneath which he stood was about fifty feet from the corner, but he had a clear line of vision to where on the street running at right angles the porch lights threw into white prominence the broad stone steps and soaring doorway of the club.

Standish knew that, in accordance with his usual custom, Irving Brent within a few minutes would come down the club steps and walk briskly toward this corner, where his car was parked. And he knew, from repeated experiments with a stop watch, at exactly what point he should leave his shadow so as to meet Brent, as if by accident, at the outer rim of the corner lamp's radiance. He stood and waited with characteristic coolness and patience. With his gloved left hand he could feel through the folds of cloth the automatic revolver, capped with a Maxim silencer, lying snugly in the left side pocket of his dinner jacket.

He was cool because in his brilliant and orderly mind the perfectly joined details of his plan stood out with the distinctness of a blue-print. And he was patient because his plan was flexible. If it did not work to-night, it would work to-morrow night, or the night after.

He did not call his plan "murder." Of course he realized that society would call it murder, if society ever discovered the facts. But his plan to him was merely the logical next step in his inexorable determination to achieve for himself the material luxuries and the leisure that he felt were due him.

Irving Brent's tall thick figure, easily recognizable, came down the club steps, turned and began walking toward the corner. When he should reach the brass fire-hydrant at the end of the club property, and start to cross the street diagonally, Standish would begin walking to meet him.

With an acute flash Standish realized that his plan had left the field of theory and was to be put to the acid test of action. He had full confidence as to the outcome. For years, long before his own plan had occurred to him, as an amusement he had made an exhaustive study of cases of premeditated homicide, and he had come to the conclusion that failure to cover up one's tracks was always due either to lack of skill or to overlooking some important detail in a time of nervous tension. In a word, it was due to stupidity. Standish had little toleration for stupidity. He could not imagine an occasion upon which he might become so excited as to overlook a previously thought out detail.

The beauty of his present plan was its simplicity. It was so simple and obvious that no one before had ever thought of it. In all previous homicide cases a motive was almost immediately apparent. And the motive led to the culprit. In his plan there was absolutely nothing in the form of a motive to connect him with Irving Brent.

He had decided some time since that there was no chance of making any money out of his small business, where he bought and sold securities on commission, and loaned out his own limited capital. And then he had formed his present plan. Irving Brent had just interested himself in the Consolidated Steel Foundries, and its stock had shot suddenly skyward on the exchange solely by reason of Brent's reputation. Brent was known never to interest himself in a venture unless it promised large returns; and he had never scored a failure. If Brent should suddenly die (commit suicide, for example) the Consolidated Steel Foundries stock would drop in the same rocket-like fashion that it had ascended. If one were to have secret advance notice of Brent's death he could sell Consolidated short on the exchange and clean up a fortune.

This was one reason for selecting Brent. The second was that he and Brent had no interests in common that might possibly suggest a motive. He knew Brent and Brent knew him, quite casually. They would see each other occasionally at the theatre or across the room at the club. And that was all. They did not call upon the same woman. They had never played cards or even billiards together. No one had ever seen them alone in conversation. There was absolutely no connection between them except the accidental fact that they happened to belong to the same club.

WHEN Brent reached the brass fire-hydrant he turned and came diagonally across the street toward the corner. At the same time Standish walked to the corner, turned to the left and crossed the street. His course met Brent's just where he had planned. There was light enough for Brent to recognize him, but not enough for the two of them to be distinguishable from the club porch.

"Hello, there!" he said to Brent. "I was just thinking about you."

"Yes?" Brent swung to a stop in a fashion characteristically vigorous.

"Aren't you interested in rare coins?"

"It's my only hobby. I'm not interested in them, I am raving mad about them." Brent's teeth showed white in the dusk as he laughed shortly.

"How would you like to see a copper coin issued by some Egyptian emperor before the pyramids? It is stamped with a pyramid in process of being built."

"There ain't no such coin," chuckled Brent. "If you've really got it, it's the discovery of the century. Where is it?"

"At my office."

"When can I see it? Where is your office? What's the matter with going down there now?"

Standish had counted upon just such typical impetuosity.

"All right," agreed Standish. "Have you got your car?"

"Right over here." They walked over to a blue roadster parked with both side wheels to the curb. "Hop in," said Brent. The engine started on the first turn and in a moment they were spinning through the thin fog that had drifted in from the river. Standish told Brent the building in which his offices were located, and Brent plunged into a description of three rare coins that his brother had secured for him when a member of the expedition for Armenian relief.

STANDISH listened perfunctorily. His mind was engaged upon the next detail of his plan. Although apparently a minor feature, this had really been the most difficult item in his entire scheme to figure out. The problem was that no one must see him and Brent enter the building or go up in the elevator together, or even get off the elevator on the same floor.

"Park over there," he suggested to Brent as they swung into the block in which the building was located. He had indicated a space at the intersection of an avenue and the street, several hundred feet from the building entrance.

Brent did as directed and switched off the engine. They got out of the car and began walking toward the office building. The center of the street was not well lighted, and Standish was confident that they had not been recognized.

"Oh, by the way," said Standish, suddenly stopping, "I have a rather important telegram to get off, and I was almost forgetting it. Was going to send it from the club."

He took out his keys and handed them to Brent.

"Would you mind just going on up to my office, old fellow? It's on the eighth floor, at the end of the corridor. It may take me a few minutes to compose this blooming thing, but I'll promise not to keep you waiting."

He assumed acquiescence and started toward the lighted window of the telegraph office on the corner. Brent, with an "Oh, all right," continued toward the office building, twirling the key-ring on his finger and whistling.

As soon as Standish, over his shoulder, saw Brent disappear into the entrance of the building, he turned and walked rapidly back to where from the pavement he could see him proceed along the corridor and enter the elevator.

At that hour only one elevator was running. He watched from the street till it had returned from its journey to the eighth floor. The operator came out and sat down in a chair next to the watchman. Still Standish waited. If the elevator bell should ring, he would know it was Brent calling the operator for directions as to Standish's office; for he had told Brent the eighth floor, whereas his office was on the ninth. But he gambled safely upon the supposition that Brent was wandering about at the end of the long eighth-floor corridor examining the names on the doors.

He referred to his watch, and at the expiration of the period that he had calculated might safely be allowed, he entered the building, went into the elevator and said to the operator:

"Ninth floor, please."

As soon as the lighted cage had descended after leaving him on the ninth floor, he ran down the stairs to the eighth floor and found Brent just approaching the elevator bell.

"Awfully stupid of me, old chap," he apologized, smiling. "I have just moved to the ninth floor, after several years on this floor, and I can't seem to get my low mind accustomed to the higher altitudes. I hurried down to find you. Shall we save time and walk up this one flight?"

They ascended the stairs to the ninth floor and walked half way down the corridor where Brent gave over the keys and they entered Standish's offices.

In the first room on a gray rug stood a stenographer's mahogany desk in one corner and five mahogany chairs against the walls. It was the reception-room for the customers who seldom arrived. Standish opened the frosted-glass door at the left and led the way into his private office, switching on the light. It was a small room. Mahogany bookcases with glass fronts lined the wall opposite the door and the wall on the left. In the corner was a bag of golf sticks. At the right against the single window, over which a green shade had been completely drawn, a large flat mahogany double desk left space only for a comfortable chair facing the door, and one on the opposite side. On the wall at the right of the door hung a couple of framed woodcuts.

"Have a seat." Standish indicated the chair facing the door so that he might approach Brent from his right side — the side from which Brent, being right-handed, would shoot himself if he should commit suicide.

Brent sat down, threw open his top-coat, and dropped his soft hat on the desk. He was a rather handsome man, with curly iron-gray hair, the nose of a born leader, and prominent brown eyes.

Standish leisurely took off his overcoat.

"Have a cigar," he suggested. He pushed across the desk a humidor containing his own monogrammed brand, blended at the factory according to his own specifications. "I can recommend them."

He was surprised at his own coolness. So far from being nervous, he experienced only a pleasant exhilaration, quite novel to his cold and passionless nature. Nothing he had ever done before had given him this thrilling sense of power. He was setting his lone skill against all the forces of organized society. And he would come off victor. For a moment he understood the blood lust of those perverts who are led annually to the electric chair. He could understand how they might kill, and then kill again. But that should not be his way. The gambler who tries to break the bank always comes a cropper. He would quit on his one lucky play, and stay ahead of the game.

Brent selected a cigar.

"Where is that coin?" he demanded.

Standish drew open a drawer of the desk across from Brent and took out a small oblong box of sandalwood with Japanese inlaid work on the cover. Inside was a coin manufactured to his design, answering the description that he had given Brent. But the chances were Brent would never see it. [*Continued on page 57*]

As the body sagged forward, Standish caught the limp head and deposited it carefully on the desk

It Took 20 Years To Build This Tire

The Oldfield Tire is more than just another new tire. It is not a new tire at all.

It is a development—a development of nearly 20 years of study and test, by the greatest tire user in the world.

Barney Oldfield had to have tires he could trust—tires that would stand the terrific strain and grind of the race track and transcontinental trail.

So he developed Oldfield Tires—improved them, year by year, till they showed themselves fully worthy of the trust he placed in them.

Now The Oldfield Tire Company brings to you the benefits of this unique tire research and experience.

A tire that has answered Barney Oldfield's requirements will answer yours.

A tire Barney Oldfield trusts is worthy of your fullest confidence.

Your experience with O dfield Tires will bear out everything the "Master Driver" says when he pronounces them "The Most Trustworthy Tires Built."

Ride on Oldfields. You will learn to trust them as Barney Oldfield does.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO.
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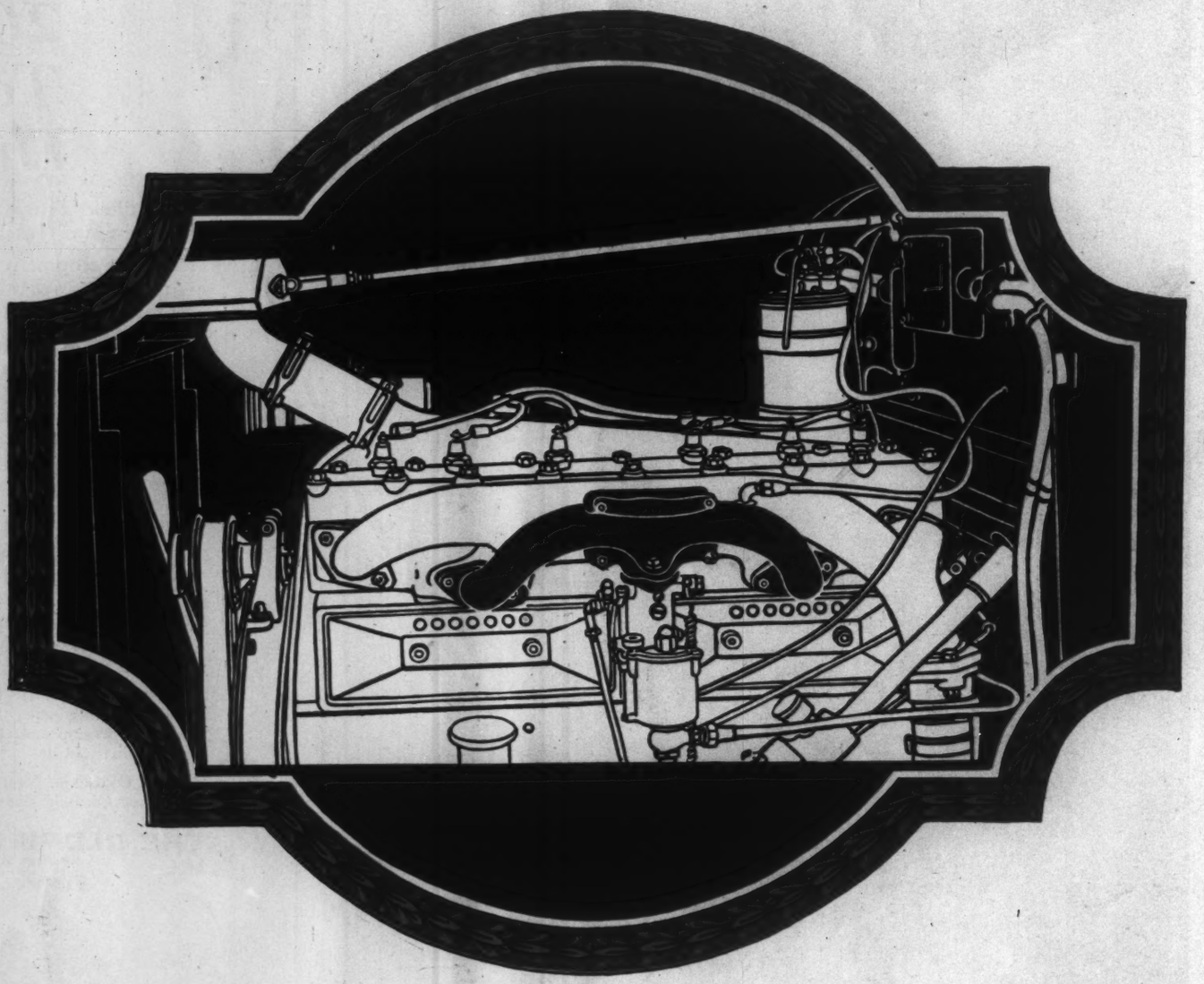
"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

OLDFIELD TIRES



The Engine of the Hot Spot Chalmers Has Made Many Other Engines Obsolete

THIS is the Day of Gas. And gas isn't what it once was. It has gone down and down in grade. Many experts believe that the fine gas of four, three, even two years ago will never return.

Yet most engines in automobiles today are untouched, unchanged to meet a condition which is being discussed wherever automobile engineers gather.

It is very much like a person who has been used to fine food and then of a sudden given nothing but coarse food. He can't digest it.

Most engines in cars you buy today are trying to "digest" a lower grade gas, a heavier food, than that which they were designed for.

Chalmers is not among these. The improvements made in the engine of the Chalmers have lifted Chalmers from the multitude and made it one of the few great cars of the world.

Two great devices have been added to the Chalmers engine, while the interior recesses and working parts have undergone important changes.

Experts on fuel will tell you there is just as much power in a low grade gas as in a high grade gas—if you can get the power out.

Hot Spot and Ram's-horn do this trick.

First of all this low grade or heavy fuel must be vaporized finer than ever before. Therefore, after it leaves the carburetor it must be "cracked up" finer.

Hot Spot (a word coined by Chalmers engineers to describe the device that performs this trick) is located at the throat of the intake manifold.

The raw gas in passing Hot Spot gets a terrific "beating" and then is passed on into the Ram's-horn (which is also a coined word to describe the peculiar yet very efficient intake manifold).

Ram's-horn is gentle with the gas but hurries it faster than lightning to the cylinders. It has "easy air bends," no "corners," nor "pockets."

Gas cannot lodge or collect in "puddles" there. In nearly all manifolds of the day puddles of gas collect—and cause untold troubles.

Hence the cylinders of the Chalmers get a very fine, very delicate gas from which it is easy to extract nearly all the power that nature put into gas.

Naturally, when you are driving a Hot Spot Chalmers, you feel the thrill that goes with well-nigh perfect power.

It is throbless, joltless, noiseless, and most anything you ask for you get, whether it be power for a hill, power for a quick getaway, or that easy 35-mile-an-hour speed that makes you feel you are going but 20.

Some things you don't get in this present day Chalmers, the chief of which is trouble.

Someone said recently, "Your troubles never happen in a Hot Spot Chalmers."

This is due to a lack of lubrication ailments. Most engines of the now obsolete type permit raw gas to flow down past the pistons into the crank case.

That means engine trouble, overheating, back fires, burned bearings, vibration, and endless annoyance.

They used to blame it on carbon deposits and say, "Oh, that's a carbon knock."

Not so. The blame is on the old type design—not modern, up-to-date to cope with present day fuel.

Once you have driven a Hot Spot Chalmers you'll readily understand why it

—gets long tire mileage —starts quickly on a zero day
—gets long gas mileage —runs cool on a sizzling day
—shies at the repair shop —seldom has lubrication trouble

You, too, will say that the Hot Spot Chalmers is one of the few great cars of the world. Price $1565 f. o. b. Detroit.

CHALMERS MOTOR CO. Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.

Quality First

CHALMERS MOTOR CAR COMPANY **DETROIT, MICH.**

CHALMERS MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

After the day, a plunge, and after the plunge, cool clean B.V.D.

B.V.D. quality can only be obtained in B.V.D *Underwear*

If it hasn't this Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

It isn't B.V.D. *Underwear*

THE B. V. D. COMPANY
NEW-YORK

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirt and Knee Length Drawers, $1.00 the Garment.

B. V. D. Sleeveless Closed Crotch Union Suits, (Pat. U. S. A.) $1.75 the Suit.

Remember, all Athletic Underwear is not B.V.D.

Seeds of Victory

More Food for Less Money

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

THE addition of a single kernel to the ear of corn would, in the United States alone, produce an extra annual crop of 5,200,000 bushels of corn."

According to Luther Burbank, recognized perhaps as the greatest authority on plant life in the world, "the vast possibilities of plant breeding can hardly be estimated." It would be comparatively simple, he claims, for one man to breed a new and superlative rye, wheat, barley or oats — a super-plant — which would produce one grain more to each head, or a new Indian corn, which would produce an extra kernel to each ear, or a new potato that would add another tuber to each plant. And the result? The addition of a single grain to each head of wheat, or oats or barley would mean 15,000,000 extra bushels of wheat, 20,000,000 extra bushels of oats, 1,500,000 extra bushels of barley. One more potato to each plant, and we would have an extra 21,000,000 bushels of potatoes, or one bushel for every home in the country. One grain, or kernel, or potato only — and bushels and bushels of needed food. And this merely by the planting of selected seed, from plants specially bred, without costing the country or the farmers one additional cent for land, labor or fertilizer.*

But this estimate, with its implied prophecy, was made in 1902, and since the average yield of these leading foods, due largely to increased planting, for the two critical years, 1917 and 1918, exceeded that of any other year except 1915, overlooking the new harvest, the above figures revised would be startlingly larger, and, if they could have been realized, the whole story of "war bread" might have read very differently in the future pages of history. Equally valuable results can be obtained from apples, plums, peaches, oranges, berries, nuts — countless other plants — if the philosophy of better breeding is applied. And these vast possibilities "are not alone for one year, or for our own time, but are beneficent legacies for every man, woman and child who shall ever inhabit the earth."

Further, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, the estimated national loss due to wheat smuts alone in 1918 was 25,500,000 bushels; the estimated national loss due to oat smuts in the same crop was 110,000,000 bushels, and to barley smuts 6,000,000 — a total loss of 141,500,000 bushels of grain, or an amount approximately equal to all the wheat shipped by the United States to the Allies in the year 1917 to 1918.

Whichever way we look at it, either as loss or gain, the thought is the same. It is quality that counts.

While a definite campaign is under way for smut eradication, and the battle against other and all plant diseases goes on unceasingly, care and cultivation and increased acreage are all costly. What we want now, must have, is not only more food, *but more food for less money.* Although the cry to grow, to spare, to save may be momentarily quieter, with the passing of the months and the War our need for food has not grown definitely less. The world is still a hungry place. There are millions of undernourished people who must be brought back to health and normal happiness, and the bringing back means food — high in quality, unstinted in amount, good to taste. Proper food in sufficient quantities, easily obtainable, is the primal cure for the present nervous unrest in the world, the keystone of future peace.

Food as still needed, can and must be obtained not only through greater knowledge, more extended planting, lack of all waste in every stage of food handling, but through improved breeding and the use of better stock, generally and persistently, not only in the animal world — as our meat, dairy and poultry industries are proving — but in the plant world as well.

"By breeding, plants may be brought into existence which will do better work always in all places and for all time. Plants can be produced," and must, "which will perform their appointed work better, quicker and with the utmost precision. Science sees better grains, nuts, fruits and vegetables, all in new forms, sizes, colors and flavors, with more nutrients and less waste, with every injurious quality eliminated, with power to resist sun, rain, wind, frost and destructive fungous and insect pests; fruits without stones, seeds, or spines; better fiber, coffee, tea, spice, rubber, oil, paper and timber trees, and sugar, starch, color and perfume plants. Every one of these, and ten thousand more, are within the reach of the most ordinary skill in breeding."

This is the philosophy preached by Burbank. This is the practical philosophy which years ago, in the hungry reconstruction days following our Civil War, made "four measures of potatoes grow where only one had grown before," by transforming an inferior, uncertain, scrubby, dark-skinned little tuber into the white, mealy, thin-skinned abundant food we are so dependent upon today. It is this same philosophy which since that time has increased the prune exports of California from 50,000,000 pounds to 300,000,000 pounds — giving our soldiers all the prunes they needed during the Great War. It is this same philosophy which has made possible strawberries all the year round, turned a blackberry white, taken the stone out of a plum, added sugar to another, put speed into the walnut tree so that it has become a practical food plant, and tamed numerous wild plants until they are to-day a prolific source of food and wealth throughout the land.

And all this increased, improved food without increased cost, merely by the use of selected seed. More food for less money — as an actual possibility the combination is not only alluring, it is tantalizing! Better stock in both the plant and the animal world is doubtless the best way to get it. The seeds of victory insure the fruits of peace!

* Fundamental Principles of Plant Breeding. Burbank.

It's POSTUM!

Surprisingly like a high-grade coffee in flavor and looks, but wonderfully superior for comfort and health. POSTUM contains no caffeine.

Children may drink it freely.

Untrammeled

Loveliness

FULL PLAY OF ARMS and unrestrained action are natural to the user of Delatone. Unreserved and simple grace is desired by sensible persons. Use Delatone and you can follow the present fashions at the seashore, in the ballroom, at dinners, parties —anywhere. It encourages untrammeled movement, unaffected elegance and guileless grace. That is why—

"they all use Delatone"

Delatone is an old and well-known scientific preparation, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.

Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for the removal of objectionable hair from the face, neck or arms. They know of nothing to remove hair permanently without injury.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1-oz. jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of $1 by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.

Dept. KA 339 S. Wabash Avenue Chicago, Ill.

"I Love—I Have Loved" — *Continued from page 20*

lemon meringue pie. Yet, again, when he ate of Anne's lemon meringue pie and reflected on a lifetime liberally dotted with those confections, there was something singularly attractive in the picture. It was indeed a serious predicament.

But Fate came right in and took a hand in the matter, as Fate frequently has the habit of doing, even with the smallest affairs of life. The fate in question was represented by the War. The War came along and Grattan King, being a thoroughly self-respecting young American, and a Plattsburg man to boot, leaped into uniform with such rapidity that he didn't even have a chance to say good-bye either to Anne or Molly. He did try to call Molly up, but her line was busy. And after he got to camp he sent Anne a Y. M. C. A. postcard with some bitter reflections about camp cooking on it. And he wrote Molly a short and uninteresting letter that was all about mud and rain and pup-tents and the scandalous stupidity of the young West Pointer who was his immediate superior, and how he had gained five pounds the first two weeks, and other thrilling details like that.

Shortly thereafter he began to get wonderfully-made sweaters, socks, helmets and other knitted goods from Anne, and boxes of her own fudge and pound cake. And he got letters from both Molly and Anne. Molly sent him things to eat now and then, too, but she bought them at shops, and he was glad when she confined herself to cigarettes, and all varieties of comfort-kits. Lots of the men in his company had no comfort-kits, and as Molly sent a new one every few days Grattan distributed them far and wide. The knitted goods Anne sent went the same way. But he was awfully stingy with Anne's fudge. He would give away Molly's gumdrops and chewing-gum with both hands, but when a box of Anne's own justly-celebrated fudge arrived, he would sneak off with it and eat it up before any one could discover his outrageous meanness.

But pretty soon Grattan King's regiment was ordered overseas, and as he sailed from Newport News he had no chance to see either of the girls before he departed.

And thereafter events moved very rapidly for Grattan King. So rapidly, in point of fact, that none of the various letters sent him by Anne and Molly ever reached him. He was in action early, and got a nice clean wound that put him in the hospital for a few weeks, and then he went back to the line again. He got promotion — no, he didn't win a decoration or anything like that, but he was just as brave as some who did — and he had, all round, a wonderful time. A strenuous, uncomfortable, dirty, bare, satisfying sort of time. He reduced life to its essentials, and enjoyed it. He used to look back and think of his fireplace and his comfortable little apartment and wonder if he ever had lived in such a place, or if it were just a pleasant dream. The only thing he was conscious of regretting was the bathtub. "*Hot* water—oh, my God!" he sometimes said longingly to himself. "*Lots* of hot water. Shucks, there ain't no such thing!"

HE did not think very much about Molly and Anne, though of the two Anne was perhaps more often in his thoughts, because he got so frightfully hungry and the army ration was not always satisfying. Once, when he passed by a Salvation Army girl giving doughnuts to doughboys (most appropriate) he could have burst into homesick tears for Anne.

And when he got his first leave and went up to Paris, he was wishing for Molly to pal round with him every minute. There were lots of little restaurants where the tables for two seemed simply made for Molly and himself.

But this story is not so concerned with what happened to Grattan King while the War was on, as what happened after he came back. His unit was selected as part of the Army of Occupation, and it was not until late in the summer of 1919 that he finally returned. He was an inch taller, considerably wider and heavier, hard as nails, and as fine and upstanding a young soldier as you could wish to see. He wore a Captain's bars, and he was every inch the smart, spruce, military man of the best type.

AND maybe he wasn't glad to see New York! And maybe he didn't leap into that tub of hot water the very first thing! He told it on himself that he took a hot bath every hour for the first four after he got back, just for the sheer delight of knowing that he could.

But having exhausted the novelty of the bathtub, he immediately bethought himself of Molly Tewksbury. He had thought a good bit about Molly and Anne on the way back. Shipboard, especially on moonlight nights, is a wonderful place to feel sentimental. And right under the eyes of the moon Grattan King had determined that his first evening in New York should be devoted to taking Molly out to dinner. The next day would be time enough to go and see Anne — anyway, they were getting pretty good food on ship.

So he and Molly would go to the Brevoort — no, to the Lafayette — and they would have their own little table, and if any one else had it, he, Grattan King, would personally throw the unfortunate usurper out into the street, and they would sit there and have wonderful Golden Bronxes and he would look at Molly and look at her and look at her, and they would talk and talk, and he would say things — such wonderful things! — and in all probability he would come away from that dinner an engaged man. He didn't admit this last, but it lurked in the back of his head and lent a delicious glow of uncertainty to the prospect of the evening. Grattan King knew that he was going to make love to Molly in a way that he had never equaled before. And if she . . . but hang it, she certainly *would*.

He tried several times to get Molly on the telephone, but there was no response, so he sent her a telegram, and when the dinner hour approached, he fairly ran round to her studio, and up the three flights of stairs. His impatient knock at the door was answered by Molly herself.

She was wearing a lovely dress of Indian red with a belt of cloth-of-gold, and she looked — oh, gorgeous!

"I just got your telegram a second after I came home, and I was afraid you'd come before I got dressed," she said, after the first greetings were over. "We're still in uniform, you know."

"You in uniform — why, what on earth —?" he began.

"But surely you got my letters!"

"I haven't had a letter from you since I left this side, nearly fifteen months ago," he declared. "I didn't even know if you'd still be here, but I took a chance."

So while they went around to the Lafayette, and Grattan King feasted his eyes on her slender dark loveliness and her flaming chiffons, which exactly suited his mood, she explained about the Motor Corps she belonged to, and all that sort of thing. He didn't pay the least attention, for he was too busy looking at her.

Fortunately they could get their own table, and the head waiter spilled tears and French all over Grattan, he was so glad to see him again. And he waited to take the order himself. And Grattan spoke up cheerfully.

"Bring two double Golden Bronxes first," said he, blithely, just like that.

And then they broke it to him, Molly and the head waiter. He couldn't get a drink of any kind, anywhere. Prohibition was an accomplished fact. Bars had become soda fountains. Corner saloons were extinct. The Demon Rum was all through Demonizing so far as the good old United States was concerned.

It took quite a little while to make Grattan King fully comprehend all this. He kept asking futile questions, such as: "But can't we get anything — not even a bottle of sparkling Chablis?"

At that the head waiter put his hand on his forehead and groaned. Chablis! The mention of the word was almost too much for him.

And after they had all rallied a little, and in a miserable shocked way Grattan King had ordered some clams and some soup, and some other stuff which was just about as negligible, he found that Molly was prattling away about lots of people who had bought stocks of liquor and put it away, but they were awfully mean with it. Even the Davenants — a hitherto open-handed pair of young married folk, who had been ornaments to their old crowd — even *they* would serve only the weeniest little cocktails, and only to people at whose homes they were sure to get a drink in return.

This and much more did Molly relate. And as she did so, and their dinner came and they ate it, Grattan King tried to pull himself together a bit and gather his wits. Of course he had known in a vague sort of way that prohibition had come in, but he had somehow not expected it really to prohibit. He couldn't *imagine* it. This was the sort of thing, was it, they put over on poor defenseless patriots who went far across the ocean to fight for America!

Grattan King ate the rest of his dinner in a gloomy haze. Now and then he was tempted to laugh sardonically when he observed how different the reality was from his imaginings. He had intended to make love to Molly, had he? He looked at her intently, and his subconscious mind told him that she was certainly ravishingly easy to behold — but somehow it didn't register.

Still, he thought he ought to make an effort. When they got to the sweets, sugar being a stimulant, his dazed condition somewhat lifted. What was the use of disappointing Molly? She always *had* liked his love-making, and no doubt she would still.

He opened his mouth to say something perfectly delightful and whimsical and clever that would make Molly lift her long-lashed eyes in that adorable way she had. But the delightful, whimsical and clever speech did not come. He couldn't think of anything to say. He closed his mouth and then opened it and tried again. This time he heard himself remarking, "That's a very pretty dress you're wearing to-night." And he could almost have moaned, as the head waiter did over the mention of Chablis, at his own horrible failure. Of all the imaginable bromides!

He dropped the subject of Molly's dress and put his wandering thoughts under martial law. Now, at last, the truth was beginning to reveal itself to him. It was Demon Rum, and no other, that had been his inspiration. He blurted out the truth, and his voice was pure anguish.

"Molly — I can't make love to you any more, now that prohibition's in! I can't think of anything to say! It must always have been alcohol that — that made me do it!"

Well, I will spare you the further account of the evening. It was a gloomy hour. Molly was not overly sympathetic, and there were moments when Grattan felt that she was even cool and rather questioning toward him.

Some wretched little devil of logic and lucidity (and there are no worse) had instantly suggested to him when he made his discovery that his talent for love-making sprang entirely from strong drink, that since this was so, and prohibition was really in, he'd better go right around and propose to Anne. He would be sure of good food, at least, and that would be *something*.

Of course, that wasn't a pretty thing to have Molly read in his mind, but Grattan King was almost sure that she was doing it. Anyway, they finished their dinner, and went back to her studio and talked a lot about anything but what was uppermost in their thoughts, and finally he left and she watched him go down the stairs, very wistfully. It was early — only half-past nine. She recalled many evenings when he had stayed until half-past eleven and then had to be literally turned out. But that was in the days of the Golden Bronx and other extinct species of inspirers to sociability.

So Molly came back into her studio and put her head down on the table and cried and cried and cried, looking very much like a poor little broken flame-colored flower.

As for Grattan King, he walked round the block and hastily toward Anne's apartment. But when he got there he paused. Oh, yes, Anne was a nice comfy girl, and a good cook, and all that, and lemon meringue pie was lemon meringue pie, but . . .

So he walked round the block and came back again to the door of Anne's apartment, and stood there and thought it all out again.

He did that exactly eleven times. At the end of his eleventh round he looked at his watch. It was now almost half-past ten. With one last grand effort he wrenched himself away from Anne's door without ringing the bell. He ran to the nearest corner drug store and sought the telephone.

Stuyvesant 4118 was the number he called. After an endless wait, he heard Molly Tewksbury's little voice, all drenched in tears. "Yes, who is it?" she asked, drearily.

"It's me, Molly," he said. "Say, can't I come back for a moment — please?"

He hardly waited to hear her say yes, but dropped the receiver and sprinted round to the studio. He took the stairs four at a time, and arrived, breathless, at the top. Molly had done what she could with cold water to make her eyes look all right, but she hadn't been very successful. She watched him enter spiritlessly.

HE shut the door behind him, and took both her hands in his.

"Molly darling, I can't make love to you prettily any more — but I love you, and that's the main thing, isn't it? Will you marry me, right away?"

Molly backed away from him and a spark appeared in her eyes.

"Did you go round to Anne's?" she asked.

"I went, but I didn't go in," he confessed. "I — oh, hang it, Molly, a man wants good food, you know — but that isn't everything. We can hire a cook. And anyway, I never did like the way Anne looks. She's too fat."

Molly's washed-out eyes brightened still further. She disengaged her hands and walked over to a side door. She threw it open and snapped on the electric light. A neat and nifty little blue and white kitchen, with every culinary implement known to womankind, was revealed. There was a shining black stove and a shining white ice-box. There were seemingly hundreds of neat white cans labeled with lovely edible words, such as "Rice," "Powdered Sugar," "Raisins," "Coffee," and so on.

"I had that kitchen built in there," said Molly, fiercely, "and I can cook just as well as Anne can. I learned while you were away. Any fool can cook. It isn't hard to do."

"But why — why — ?" he stammered.

She snapped off the kitchen light and came and walked straight into his arms. "I loved you," she said, "but I thought if you really wanted only food, you could just go, and Anne could have you. So there!"

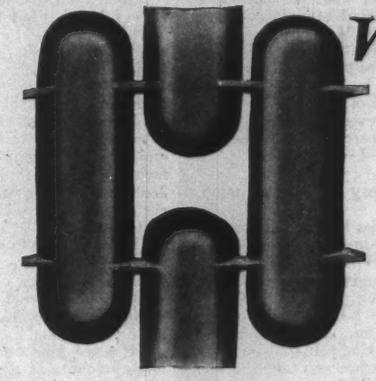
I think they are going to be very happy. Molly's lemon meringue pie is really superior to Anne's.

And if this isn't a true-blue prohibition story — what is?

In the August number we will begin a two-part story by Holworthy Hall, called—No, we cannot give the title away here! It is such a whacking title that long before the August number will be on the newsstands or reclining peacefully on your library table, everyone who has brains enough to know a good thing when he sees it, would be going around using that title somehow, and getting a reputation for brilliancy. So, we'll keep the thing to ourselves for a month. But, after all, the story isn't all title. It is a rattling good yarn—this tale by Holworthy Hall. You don't want to miss it.

REPUBLIC TIRES

With STAGGARD *Studs*



That users of Republic Tires should find they *do* last longer, was planned deliberately and precisely in the Republic construction.

Our exclusive Prodium Process insures to Republic Tires the slow, even wear of steel.

The Staggard Tread is not an accidental pattern, but a scientifically designed non-skid device.

Because the Staggard Tread gives maximum grip with a minimum of friction, it contributes to the slow, even wear of the tire.

The result is a steel-like resistance to road-cuts and pavement-grinds.

Republic Tires *do* wear more slowly, more evenly—and last longer.

Republic Inner Tubes, Black-Line Red, Gray, and Grande Cord Tire Tube have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio

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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

Take a nice, clean cup. Put half a teaspoonful of Soluble Barrington Hall Coffee in it, add hot water and witness the magic of instant coffee making.

What Are You Paying For Coffee?

In addition to convenience and finer flavor, you will be delighted to know that Soluble Barrington Hall costs no more per cup than you paid when a fair quality of ground coffee could be bought for 30c a pound.

May we send you our booklet explaining how a new and wonderful process eliminates the unavoidable loss in home brewing by scientific preparation of the coffee at the factory?

Upon receipt of 30c, we will send you, with this booklet, a Standard Tin of Soluble Barrington Hall. Clip the coupon today and try this new, better and more economical way to make coffee!

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TEAR OUT AND MAIL TODAY

Enclosed find 30c for which please send one 25 cup standard tin of Soluble Barrington Hall Coffee to:

Name_____

Address_____

Grocer's Name_____

Grocer's Address_____

Something for Nothing

[*Continued from page 14*]

of his inventions, was bamboozled off to bed, very gently and adroitly, by Miss Blair. When he had left the room she said, in a whisper:

"I hope daddy hasn't pestered you, Mr. Jurian. He's really the most considerate and sweetest soul alive; only he just doesn't get anywhere — you know. He doesn't think about business the way most people think. I'm afraid a good many people in Foxlake believe he's not quite right in his head. They're mistaken, of course, but he is a little odd in his ways. They've called him 'Andy the Mender' for years. Nobody ever calls him anything else."

"I like him," said Jurian, promptly.

She made no reply to that frank avowal, but the look that came into her eyes was thanks enough.

THEY talked a little while of Miss Hesketh, soberly and subdued. But, as Dorothy said, "there was something about her that makes me feel very brave and strong when I think of her. I scarcely even cried." Jurian knew what she meant by that. He had received a touch of the glorious old woman's strength of purpose, too.

Then the girl went on: "I know you must be wanting to know all that I can tell you about these things, Mr. Jurian. The village corporation has already accepted Miss Hesketh's home place as a library. This property is yours, so father and I are tenants of yours. I don't suppose you've made up your mind about the store?"

"I'm going to run it," replied Jurian.

Already he had resolved that it would be fatal to his plans to utter a word about his real social position in the world. Unless everybody in Foxlake felt sure that he was a young man who must work hard for his living, the whole proceeding would become a farce. He trusted to his carefully-laid plans with Tommy Urquhart that no hint of his past existence should reach Foxlake; and that his friends in New York should not know of his whereabouts. He meant absolutely to bury himself from sight for at least three months. He must definitely forget that he was Frederick Jurian, the nephew and prospective heir of P. C. Jurian. He must throw himself into this work as though his daily bread were at stake.

"How many employees did Miss Hesketh have?" he inquired, in what he considered the proper brisk, businesslike manner.

"Just myself and Joe McKenzie."

"Joe McKenzie? Was that the red-headed chap I saw in the store one day? Oh, yes, I remember him. Is he — all right — good worker — all that sort of thing?"

"Oh, Joe knows everything about the store. He's clerked here ever since he left grammar school. I — I —"

"Yes?"

"No, I mustn't say it — never mind, please."

"Please tell me, Miss Blair. I'm sure it's something I ought to know."

The girl hesitated painfully before she answered, "Please forgive me, Mr. Jurian. I — I was only hoping you'd like Joe well enough to keep him. He's really a nice fellow, and very faithful. I saw him to-day, and he's worried, thinking perhaps you won't want him any more, when you take charge."

"Forgive you!" cried Jurian, jumping up from his chair. "Why, I'm depending on you to tell me those things. Joe stays as long as he wants to! And you — don't tell me that you're going to quit me, Miss Blair! I've figured you as my right-hand man."

"Oh, do you mean that?" she asked, with half a sob in her voice. "I couldn't speak of — of myself. But if you think that — I'm so glad."

"I consider you my right-hand man," repeated Jurian, taking one of her hands and grasping it heartily. "I'll go over to the hotel now. We must be on board our ship early to-morrow morning, mustn't we? I've got a lot to learn. Good night, Miss Blair."

It was only when Jurian got outside, and stood looking at his property that the thought came to him:

"Gad, what's this? Am I getting jealous of a red-headed youth? What rot! And yet — why was she so anxious he should keep his job? . . . What the devil is the matter with me? . . . What business is it of mine?"

Next morning Jurian amazed his healthy young person by jumping out of bed at six o'clock. He could remember often going to bed, but never getting up, at that extraordinary hour. It took several mighty knocks upon the door by the clerk, to open Jurian's eyes, but after a cold plunge he felt ready for anything. A good breakfast — and the young fellow was on his way across the Common, tingling with expectation.

The door of the store was already open. Just inside, as Jurian stepped in, a red-haired, freckled, boyish fellow of twenty-odd years, was sweeping. He looked up curiously at the man who entered, and waited, broom in hand, after nodding courteously.

"You're Joe McKenzie!" cried Jurian, cheerily. "I'm Jurian, you know."

Joe had a pair of gray eyes of the sort that you could leave a million dollars with for seven years, and find it intact on your return. They were legal-tender, those eyes, for hard work, loyalty and utter probity. But, just at that moment, they were rather frightened eyes, too. In the presence of the new owner of Hesketh's, little Joe was panicky. So far as he knew, it might be his last day there.

Jurian knew this, and he was too generous to keep the youth in suspense. "I want you to keep right on working for me, Joe, if you will," he said, putting it in the light of a favor to himself.

"Thank you, Mr. Jurian, I'll be glad to."

Jurian eyed his companion a second or two. "You're pretty fond of Miss Blair," he finally blurted out, awkwardly, as though the thing had to be said, and done with. "Aren't you, Joe?"

"Why, yes, sir," was the equally embarrassed reply. "Everybody is, Mr. Jurian."

Jurian wavered momentarily, in his investigation. But soon he went on, "I suppose — Miss Blair is fond of you, too, Joe. You needn't be afraid to tell me. I'm going — to be a friend to both of you."

"Why, I hope so," breathed Joe, blushing so furiously that each freckle stood out like a yellow hummock on a crimson landscape. "We've worked here together quite some time."

With an obviously great effort to overcome some disappointment, deep within him, Frederick Jurian laid a hand on the shoulder turned toward him. "You're a lucky boy!" he said. "May I ask — er — if — you and Miss Blair are engaged —?"

"Good Lord, no, sir!" cried Joe, starting. "I — I — don't feel that way toward her, Mr. Jurian. I — I — my lady friend is — is — somebody else. I — you asked me if I *liked* Miss Blair — and I do — but —"

BEFORE he could get any further with his explanation, the honest Joe was seized in two powerful arms and whirled around several times, and then brought to a quick stand facing the new owner. "You're all right, Joe!" cried Jurian, with great fervor. "We'll get along finely — how much salary have you been getting?"

"Fourteen dollars a week, sir."

"Starting this week you get twenty dollars!" said the new owner.

"Oh, do you mean it, Mr. Jurian?" gasped young Mr. McKenzie, incredulously. "You're not — not joking?"

"I never joke on serious matters — like large amounts of money." Jurian grinned internally.

"Am — am I really worth that to you? I —"

"Every cent of it. Let's forget it."

Joe turned his head, and began to sweep rapidly to hide his emotion. Jurian felt almost humiliated in the presence of so much naïve modesty. "Oh, I say, Joe, I'm sorry if I was rough with you. I didn't mean —"

Jurian hesitated. "Does it mean a whole lot to you, Joe?"

The little clerk replied simply: "I've been wanting to get married, Mr. Jurian. But I couldn't see my way clear. I — I guess I can now. I won't forget — it. I'll work —"

"I'll bet you work hard enough, as it is. Forget it, Joe. Just bring *her* in and let me see her some day, won't you? I've got to get to work. I never was in a grocery store — I mean I never worked in one. Where can I get a white apron like the one you've got on, Joe?"

"We sell 'em," was the ready answer. "I'll get you one." He got a fresh, clean apron

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"You may use my testimonial to the value of Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil."

MARION DAVIES
"Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil is the kind of a hair shampoo one has hoped to find. I like it."

ALICE BRADY
"I consider Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil an ideal shampoo. It can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in a wonderful condition."

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle should last for months. *Splendid for Children.*

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BLANCHE SWEET
"I am pleased to indorse Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil for shampooing."

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"Of all the shampoos I have ever used Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil is by far the superior."

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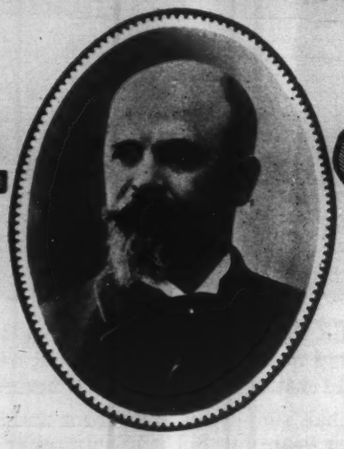
"It keeps my hair looking its best, and is so easy to use."

BEEMAN'S

ORIGINAL PEPSIN  CHEWING GUM

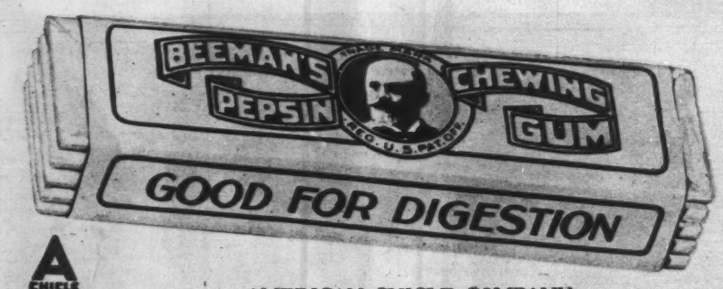
Irritability Decreases Efficiency

WHEN a man is irritable and annoyed by little things his efficiency is greatly diminished, because under these conditions he cannot do his best work, nor can he get the best work out of those about him.

Generally, indigestion in some slight form is the "makings" of a grouch.

In most cases of this sort, the routine use after meals of my Original Pepsin Chewing Gum will relieve the indigestion and restore the temper of the individual to a calm, normal condition.

D. C. Beeman



CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

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from stock, and Jurian, after depositing his hat and coat in the little office in the rear, drew on the apron and tied it delightedly.

"Gracious, what a lot of things!" was the new owner's comment, as he looked around him. "Let me see — salmon! How much is salmon, Joe?"

"Red salmon is thirty. Pink is twenty-two. Those flat cans are cutlets. These are forty. Miss Hesketh shouldn't have bought them. They don't sell. They're too high for this town."

"Red is thirty, pink is twenty-two," repeated Jurian. "Do you — I mean do *we* sell much salmon, Joe?"

"Not much. I remember the time that pink salmon used to sell for eight cents a can, Mr. Jurian."

"My, just think of that!" murmured Jurian. "We make fourteen cents a can more than we used to, don't we?"

"No, sir; we make a cent less than we used to."

"I don't see that. I used to be pretty good at arithmetic. Eight from twenty-two is fourteen."

"But we pay more for it, in proportion," Joe patiently explained.

"Oh, do we? Yes, I suppose that's right. I'll have to look into those things. — Oh, by the way, have we any Camembert, Joe?"

"Any what?"

"Camembert. I like that best of any cheese, don't you? Especially when it's ripe enough so it will almost drip. You know, Joe. On a biscuit, eh?"

"I never heard of anybody calling for that. Sometimes we have sage cheese," said Joe.

"I think you'd better order a little Camembert, Joe," went on the new owner sagaciously. "We'll give samples and get people interested, or something like that. If nobody else buys it, I'll eat it. What the dickens is this? A sort of — what do you call it? The name has escaped me."

"That's the register, sir." Joe was beginning to have his doubts about the business experience of Mr. Jurian. Incidentally, his twenty dollars a week began to look doubtful. But Joe struggled with this dense ignorance manfully.

"You press *there*, and *there*, and then turn *that*," he explained. "See? Maybe somebody has just bought eighteen cents' worth of something. They give you a dollar bill. You press C, 1, 8, turn, and the drawer opens. Then there's a cash slip comes out of there."

"By George, that's positively romantic!" cried Jurian, ecstatically. "I press —"

"No, don't do it now! You'll make the figures wrong, inside. To open the drawer without spoiling the record, you press, 'Change,' like that."

"By George, it must seem fine to play that machine all day, piling up the profits," said Jurian, at last, in admiration of his legacy.

"You have to play it pretty often to make a hundred dollars, in a village like this," was Joe's comment. "Hadn't you better let me show you around, Mr. Jurian?"

"Oh, yes, right away. We'll —" At that moment Dorothy Blair entered.

The first thing the girl saw was Jurian's white apron, as yet unsullied by trade. She smiled a gay little smile, saying, cheerily, "Good morning, Mr. Jurian! I didn't expect to see you here so early. I've always heard that city people don't work until nine o'clock. Wasn't that the time you used to get to your office?"

"Er — why, yes," stammered Jurian. "They — you see they weren't very particular, there." He strove madly to remember just what he had written in his letters to Miss Hesketh about that fictitious job with W. Urquhart & Company, upon whose stationery he had fabricated his yarns.

"But this is different. This is my own, you know," he added, finally.

ALREADY, Dorothy Blair, accustomed to being busy, was at work. Jurian watched her as she dusted and tidied the dry-goods and notions counters. Her shapely, well-kept hands seemed amazingly deft, to the young fellow. A practical but becoming blue skirt, sailor-blouse, with wide white starched collar, heightened the healthy, outdoor tints of her skin. She was unaware for a while, that the new owner was watching her. Then she looked up, and Jurian turned his head too late. She flushed slightly, and said:

"Oh, Mr. Jurian, I forgot to tell you that Major Dickinson and Mr. LaBonne, the lawyer, wanted me to have you look them up the minute you came to town. I can't understand how I forgot that, last night. Major Dickinson is in the Grand Army Hall building, and Mr. LaBonne right next door, over the bakery."

"I'd better go over now," replied Jurian, taking off his apron. "By the way, Miss Blair, Joe McKenzie and I have had a little understanding on that matter. We're both satisfied. He'll probably tell you."

"I'm so glad," was all she said.

"Joe has been showing me a few things about the store. I'm afraid I'm a hopeless case. You see — I never had much to do with — with buying anything of the sort we sell here. It's all quite new to me. But it shouldn't take me long to learn, should it?"

Miss Blair put down a bolt of cloth, and came over to Jurian, with a serious expression on her face.

"There's nothing about the run of the store that you won't know in a week's time, Mr. Jurian. But that's the smallest part of it. You — you said last night you wanted me to tell you what I thought —"

"Indeed I do!"

"Well, Mr Jurian, I'm afraid, in a way, this store of Miss Hesketh's isn't what it was when I first began to work for her. It seems too bad to say so, but really, Miss Hesketh antagonized a great many people. She was very independent, and self-willed, and put in stock to suit her own tastes, rather than her customers'. So the Oldridges — they run the other store, you know — have taken quite a little business from here. And I hoped —"

"YES, please tell me!" cried Jurian, eagerly, as the girl hesitated.

"Why, only that maybe you'd introduce some more businesslike ideas, something like the kind they have in New York — only fitted to Foxlake, of course — and make friends with a lot of people — I don't know just what I do mean, I'm afraid; at least I don't tell it very well."

"I see!" said Jurian. "I know exactly what you mean." But to himself he said, "Great Scott! if I only knew something about business!"

The necessary formalities with the lawyer and administrator kept Jurian busy till nearly noon. He hurried back to the store, and was delighted, without knowing exactly why he should be, to see several customers inside. He couldn't forbear remaining on the porch, to watch the better, until they had made their purchases. And then, as he did enter, a whiff of cigarette smoke shot by him, and he was jostled slightly by the elbow of a young man in a light check suit and straw hat with a multicolored band.

"Hello, there, Dorothy!" cried this young person, who was thin, flat-chested, and of less than medium height. "Where's this new duck that's going to run the store? They say he's in town!" Obviously, the speaker was unaware that he had elbowed the "new duck" at the entrance of the store, and that Jurian was now just outside.

The "new duck" grinned and made no comment.

Miss Blair made no reply, either. She shrank back a little, against the shelves, as the jaunty youth coolly seated himself upon the counter, and threw one leg out straight, displaying an enthralling vision of post-impressionist hosiery.

"Well, it's just as well old Hesketh dropped off as she did!" was the visitor's cheerful and tactful comment. "She wouldn't have lasted much longer at this game. Pa and me had the skids under her all right! And this city feller won't last long, either, believe me."

"Please get off the counter, Christopher," said the young woman, crimson with embarrassment and resentment. "I don't see why you come here to say things like that. I'd rather you wouldn't talk to me at all."

"Oh, don't put on any airs, Dorothy," went on the festive young thing in the light checks. He blew a cloud of smoke carelessly. "I know your game, kid. You've got to play up to this what's-his-name feller, to keep your job. I s'pose you'll fix it so he can't fire you, even if he wanted to—"

Young Oldridge, son of Samuel Oldridge, got just that far in his personally-conducted conversation. A hand from behind took him ungently by the shoulder that was toward Dorothy Blair, and spun him off the counter into a standing position.

Christopher Oldridge looked up in surprise. He looked up at the "new duck," who was looking down at him, with no polite intentions gleaming from his eyes.

"I'm Jurian!" said the larger man, gritting his teeth in a decent attempt to restrain his temper. "Now, you poor little fish, you're going to have ten seconds to get down on your knees and apologize to Miss Blair —"

THE itching of insect bites is quickly soothed by the gentle, healing action of Mentholatum. Sunburned skins welcome its cooling touch, which checks the pain and relieves the inflammation.

Keep a jar or tube always handy for the many "little ills" of every household.

At all druggists' in tubes, 25c. Jars, 25c, 50c, $1.

The Mentholatum Co. Dept. E. Buffalo, N. Y.

Sunburn

To relieve the hot "drawn" feeling and to soothe the pain, apply Mentholatum freely. It heals and cools.

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The healing action of Mentholatum brings quick relief. It is antiseptic and prevents infection.

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Mentholatum relieves the pain and heals the injured skin quickly and gently. Antiseptic and prevents infection.

Sample sent Free on request

"Oh, no, please, Mr. Jurian! Never mind what he said to me!"

Jurian stared at her, in perplexity. "But I've got to wring his neck, Miss Blair," he persisted, as though it were a job that couldn't be left undone on any pretext. As he spoke, he laid sudden hands upon Oldridge, who was edging away.

"Oh, I beg you won't have any quarrel! For my sake, Mr. Jurian!" was the anguished cry. "Please let him go away from here, if he will!"

Jurian released his hold on the overdressed product. "I don't understand," he murmured. "But if you say so —"

It was evidently young Mr. Oldridge's turn. Quick to observe that no force was going to be applied, his courage came flowing back to him in full tide. He pawed at his collar a moment, where Jurian's powerful hand had tightened on him, and sputtered, spitefully:

"You don't want to get fresh with me, you big stiff! You needn't think —"

"Out! Exit!" commanded Jurian, pointing at the door. Young Oldridge sidled closer to the open door, before he continued, "— needn't think you can come into this town and —"

Jurian's mouth was compressing in a straight line. "Quick!" he muttered.

"— a big boob that was dug up out of the gutter by a crazy old maid —" went on the splendid youngster, measuring the distance to the door.

YOUNG Christopher measured the distance a few inches short. "I've got to stop this right now, or he'll get worse and bite somebody," ground out Jurian to Dorothy, and made a leap for the figure near the doorway. He got there just in time to grip the coat-tail of his departing guest. There was a momentary scuffle and pawing of feet on the part of young Oldridge, and then he began to slide back into the store. He not only began to slide — he was dragged like a sack of meal across the store and into the back room, protesting with all his voice.

As he passed into the back room where were kept the extra stores of flour, and canned-goods, and unopened boxes, and the molasses and vinegar barrels, Jurian kicked the door shut. Then he picked up Oldridge, junior, bodily, and held him, completely off his feet, impinged against the front end of a barrel of molasses.

"Now, you little ray of sunshine!" cried Jurian, breathing hard, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"You let me go, you let me go!" Oldridge gurgled for himself as shrilly as he could, considering the fact that his coat collar was being used as a handle, by which he was braced against the cask.

"What do you know about me?" demanded Jurian. Two rows of teeth chattered as the answer came: "N-nothing! You lemme go!"

"What do you know about Miss Blair, you little piker? What?" A couple of prods accented this question.

Just for a second a look of sly malice came into Oldridge's bulging eyes. "I — I know — things you don't know —" he answered. "I'll tell you — if — you'll — let me go —"

"Ugh! You nasty little rat — I can't touch you," came from Jurian. "God, what a creature!" He suddenly released his hold, and turned away in disgust.

Now the law of gravitation pitilessly demanded that when Christopher Oldridge, son of Samuel, was released, he couldn't stay poised in the air against the side of a cask. That should go without saying — axiomatic, you might call it. And Jurian let go of the young man so suddenly that Christopher's feet had no time to function properly. The consequence was that he fell in a heap straight upon the spigot and a two-quart measure, nearly full of molasses, the measure being kept under the spigot to catch the drippings after the sticky fluid was drawn. A second after Mr. Oldridge struck the tin measure, he and the molasses were inextricably entangled. The fall knocked out the spigot. The molasses, spreading out slowly but surely, created a soft mat, on which the young person, supine, kicked and bellowed.

Jurian, at first a little shocked, began to laugh. Joe McKenzie rushed in, at the noise, saw Oldridge's predicament, and shrieked with laughter until every individual freckle on his honest face seemed to be incandescent.

A little pity came to Jurian. He reached over and jerked the young fellow to his feet. "Joe," he said, "can you wipe off some of that with a newspaper or something? — No, don't!" he changed his mind, abruptly. "Let the little joy-boy take it all home with him. It may do him good." He reached over and picked up the straw hat, now variegated in color, and planted it on Oldridge's head. At the side of the back room was an open door where deliveries were made to and from the store. Jurian pointed to the door and said, "Get out!"

A dazed young person let himself down to the ground, and sneaked up the alleyway.

"Oh, oh, that's the funniest thing I ever saw!" roared Joe McKenzie, still rocking from side to side with delight.

Jurian began to laugh, too, at the absurdity of the thing. But he quit at once, as he saw the white face and trembling lips of Dorothy Blair, in the doorway.

"Oh, Miss Blair, don't you think any more about it, now!" said Jurian gently, taking her by the arm and leading her toward the front of the store. "I'm sorry this happened —"

"Oh, I'm not thinking of anything he said to me," cried the girl, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up at him. "I didn't want you to get into any trouble with him, because — well, because you don't understand — the Oldridges are the richest people in Foxlake,— some folks call Samuel Oldridge the boss of the town — they've a finger in everything — most people are afraid of them. Oh, you mustn't quarrel with them, Mr. Jurian! I'm afraid —"

"Now, now, Miss Blair," said Jurian, "don't you worry about me. I'll take care of myself. And I'll see that they don't hurt our business, either. I'm sorry I rubbed that confounded pup's nose in the molasses. I didn't mean to do that. But don't you worry — Let's see, it's luncheon time, for somebody, isn't it?"

"We call it *dinner* in Foxlake," replied Dorothy, smiling again in spite of her fears.

Jurian had not long to wait for the sequel to the treackly episode of the forenoon. About an hour after he returned from the hotel, as he and Joe McKenzie, during a lull in trade were poring over the books in the little office in the rear, and as Jurian was torturing his brain over figures that meant little or nothing to a man whose sole adventures in finance had been entering desultory amounts on the stubs of check-books — a harsh, challenging voice in the front of the store bawled:

"Where's this fellow Jurian!"

"I feel, Joe," said Jurian, with a wry smile, "that that voice belongs to the father of some son."

"I — I guess that *is* Old Man Oldridge," replied Joe, looking depressed. "Shall — shall I go out and tell him you ain't here?"

"Oh, no, thanks, Joe," was the cheery answer. "I may as well see the gentleman now as later. We don't want him camping on our door-step the rest of our lives. Besides, I did treat the boy roughly. I oughtn't to have dropped him in the molasses. I should have just kicked him into the street and let it go at that."

THE visitor was Samuel Oldridge; there was no doubt about that. Jurian had never seen the man, but there was no mistaking him for the town boss, usurer, and infuriated parent. Besides, in one respect, father and son resembled each other closely. Both had small, round, almost pig-like eyes, with a queerly inadequate eyebrow. But whereas young Christopher was only medium-sized his father was big and ungainly. He was not fat, but big-boned, with an abruptly prominent enlargement at the waist-line, almost as though he had been stuffed at that point with a small sofa-pillow. He cultivated iron-gray side-board whiskers; the rest of his face was clean shaven and at present very red.

"Huh, it's *you*, is it?" he cracked out, as he saw Jurian. The recognition was mutual, in spite of previous ignorance of each other. Also it was apparent that the dislike was matured at first glance.

"Yes, I'm Frederick Jurian," said the new owner of Hesketh's, courteously enough. "I suppose you are Mr. Oldridge?"

Mr. Oldridge, senior, paid no heed to the suave greeting. He raised a clenched fist toward Jurian and shouted, "My son wants satisfaction!"

"WHY, wasn't he satisfied? He seemed satisfied when he left here," answered Jurian, innocently.

"You've ruined his coat," went on the father, paying attention to the property damage, first, like a shrewd financier. "That was almost new, that suit. It'll cost ten dollars to fix it."

"I'm sorry I mussed him up," said Jurian, honestly enough. "I didn't mean to. I don't think he told you what provocation he gave me. But I know I had no right to do that." As he spoke, he took a bill-fold from his pocket, and drew out a crisp ten-dollar note. "I'll be glad to pay for the damage," he said, laying the bill on the counter near Oldridge.

The older man chose to assume that this was a weakening of morale on the part of the new owner. "I could have you landed in jail for that!" he bellowed.

"Well, possibly," responded the young man. "But, for the present, I'd be obliged if you'd put the soft pedal on your voice. My hearing is excellent."

"You'll find out who I am, you young whipper-snapper!" pressed the owner of the opposition store.

Jurian did not lose his self-control, but he made up his mind that mental massage was not going to get him anywhere with this person. So the smile fell away from his mouth, and he took a couple of steps toward Oldridge until his face was within a few inches of the older man's.

"Now, Mr. Oldridge," he said, "I think we've had enough of this. I know who you are, very well. You're the kind of a man who has a son like the son of a father like you. You get that, I hope? Now, let me tell you something else. You're standing in my store. You weren't invited here; neither was your son. When I want either of you here again, I'll let you know. Until that time, you'll both be running risks in wandering around this store, loose. You understand that, don't you?"

Mr. Oldridge tried to answer, but his feelings choked him. He drew back a few inches.

"You assessed the damages to Little Lord Fauntleroy's clothes at ten dollars," went on Jurian, without raising his voice. "Here it is! Do you take it?" He held out the bill. Oldridge looked at it a second, and then snatched it with a growl. "You do take it," said Jurian. "All right. I said I was sorry I mussed the boy up. I'm not sorry, any more. I begin to see that I was right. If he isn't satisfied with what happened to his coat, I'll pay ten dollars more for the chance to do a little work on his trousers. Tell him that, will you? And now — it's time for you to be going!"

Mr. Oldridge looked nervously at the door and then again at Jurian's eyes. What he saw in the eyes reduced his combativeness. Either that, or he had changed his scheme of attack suddenly. For he lowered his voice to a decent speaking tone and said, "Maybe I was hasty. I'd like to have a few words with you privately."

"This incident is closed."

"Yes. All right. But — this is another matter. I — I was too hasty. You say my boy gave you provocation. He didn't tell me that. I'll look into it — I'd like to speak privately about another matter."

Jurian looked suspiciously at his companion. But his curiosity got the better of his indignation. So he replied, shortly, "All right. Come into the office."

They went behind the partition, and Oldridge dropped heavily into a chair without being invited. Jurian sat opposite and waited. Abruptly, Mr. Oldridge took the ten-dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to the young man. "Here!" he said, "we won't make any fuss about that. If I find Chris was to blame, I'll warm his jacket."

Jurian tossed the bill on the desk carelessly, and still waited. Finally the older man began:

"You've never had any general-store experience, have you?"

Jurian shook his head. "Never. Never had any store experience of any kind," he confessed, without the point being pressed home.

"Hah! Then of course you're bound to fail up," said Oldridge, putting his thumbs into the armpits of his waistcoat, and beaming with satisfaction.

Jurian chuckled somewhere down in his diaphragm, though he kept a perfectly sober countenance. "If this bullying hayseed only knew that I could buy a thousand stores like this, ten years from now, or less!" he was thinking, "he'd have apoplexy!" But he replied, very subdued:

"Well, I'm glad to know you feel so optimistic about my chances — But what if I do fail?"

"Why —" The nonchalant question was so unexpected that Oldridge didn't know how to deal with it. "Why — er — well — nobody likes to fail," he managed to get out of his system.

"That's true enough," assented the young man. "What do you suggest?"

Instantly, Old Man Oldridge became a different man. Honey actually oozed from his pores, and his words had the singing quality — perhaps not of a linnet — but at least of a blue jay whose voice had been moderately cultivated.

"There's no room for two general stores in Foxlake," began Samuel Oldridge, blandly. "Miss Hesketh knew that long ago, and so did I. I made her a fair offer, more than fair, a generous offer for this store. She stood in her own light; yes, sir. I didn't want to put her out of business, but that was what I was doing when she up and died. You just come over and look at my store, and you'll see why. I'm businesslike. I've got mighty few bad bills. She was a woman. Women can't do business. They're too flighty. You gotter be hard, to do business. Lucy was hard one day, and putty the next. Sentumental, I called it."

"Sentimental!" Jurian gasped the word. He had never thought of Lucy Hesketh as sentimental.

"Yes, sir. Sentimental. Can't do business on sentiment. She left you a lot of bad bills, didn't she? You can't collect 'em! Can't get blood out of turnips. Now you've got no experience — you say so yourself. McKenzie and the young girl don't know anything about business. You'll just go on the rocks. You'd better sell to me while you can. I'll do the right thing. I'll pay you for the property and the stock, and a little for the good-will, though your good-will ain't worth much. What do you say? Come!"

JURIAN was amused. He had to restrain his merriment, though. He wanted to know about what Oldridge would appraise his property at.

"What'll you give?" he asked, bluntly.

Mr. Oldridge rubbed his hands and hitched a little nearer. "I offered Miss Hesketh — let me see — fifty-five hundred dollars for the whole shebang. It was too much, but I'll repeat my offer. That's handsome; ask anybody that knows. I'll tell you what; I'll do better than that. I've got six thousand dollars' worth of stock in one of the biggest, most prosperous copper mining companies in Arizona. It'll pay twenty per cent. before the year's out. I'll —"

Jurian let out a hearty yell of laughter. There was just one branch of business that he knew about — having heard it day after day at the club, from bankers and brokers. That was wildcat mining investments.

"Wow!" he cried. "So you've been flim-flammed with sky-blue stuff, have you? Oh, that's a good one! The shrewd country merchant got i on the ground floor! Wow!"

"What do you mean?" squeaked Oldridge, scarlet.

"I mean you can keep your copper-mine stock, and I'll buy *your* store and pay you ten thousand dollars in stock in a nice, promising Texas oil-well proposition," laughed Jurian.

Oldridge rose. His voice trembled with anger as he said, "Then you won't sell? Will you sell for cash? Come, take it or leave it! You'll never get another chance."

"I was just thinking —" began Jurian.

"Yes!"

"You're one of the funniest things outside of musical comedy. Copper-mine stock! Oho!"

Oldridge blew out his cheeks, and looked almost purple with

[*Continued on page 49*]

Marsh-Grass

by Jessie B. Rittenhouse

I SAW the marsh-grass blowing,
It took me far away,
For I was born where marsh-grass
Was endlessly at play.

Its ripples were the gladdest things
That one could ever see,
So who would think that marsh-grass
Would bring the tears to me?

IN THE beginning there was just one Kelly-Springfield pneumatic tire made in a day. It was all that brain-work and hand-work could put into a tire.

The process has been improved, and the brains and hands have been multiplied —but the superlative standard of that first day's work has remained constant.

McClure's Automobile Department Is Edited by

Waldemar Kaempffert — Editor of the Popular Science Monthly

What Is the Capacity of a Motor Truck?

by **F. A. Whitten, B.S., M.S.**

A CASUAL visitor at a recent motor-car show sauntered through the truck exhibit. He was greener than emerald when it came to motor-trucks, but he was interested. So he stopped at a booth presided over by a dapper salesman and which housed an anæmic-looking contraption of spindly construction, all decked out in bright paint, and inquired, "What size truck is this?"

"That," said the salesman, reaching behind him for a bale of literature, "is the two-ton 'Mastodon' truck — the finest truck built to-day. It's rated at two tons capacity but —" (and here the salesman waxed confidential) — "but it will carry more than that."

A little later, not being in the market for a truck, the casual visitor succeeded in eluding the dapper salesman and getting to the next booth. There stood a big, staunch-looking motor-truck. Its very appearance indicated power, strength and endurance.

"Five-tonner?" ventured the casual visitor, wishing to appear motorwise.

"No, only two tons," responded the salesman.

The casual visitor stopped in amazement. Then he cast a furtive glance at the "Mastodon" in the next booth. He passed a shaky hand over a bewildered forehead.

"Say," he finally ejaculated, "is there a one-ton kiddie-car on exhibition at this show?"

And the experience of the casual visitor is the experience that every motor-truck buyer encounters. There is no standardization of load capacity for motor-trucks.

The load capacity of all models offered is being definitely stated by truck manufacturers, but the most superficial investigation of this subject discloses that the maker apparently does not know how to define or determine the load capacity.

Trucks are rated and sold by their so-called load capacities. For example, if the price of the two-ton trucks now being offered for sale in this country is listed, a variation is found of 100% or more in these prices. This wide range of price is due to a number of things — such as various grades of engineering, material and workmanship, tire equipment, sales policy and maker's prestige.

A more detailed examination, however, discloses that there is a 100% variation in weight, horse-power, frame and axle strength, tire size, and other mechanical features.

Because of this, there is urgent need of standardization of truck ratings for the protection of the manufacturer and purchaser. A buyer, in most cases, does not have the opportunity to examine and compare all the trucks offered. He is likely to assume that those rated as two-ton trucks *are* two-ton trucks, and consequently is guided to a large extent by the price. The poorest truck may have the best catalogue or salesman, but a purchase made under these circumstances is not likely to be a bargain.

Such a condition is unfair both to purchaser and manufacturer. Some method of capacity standardization is necessary, and this leads to the question:

What is the load capacity of a motor-truck?

The load capacity of a motor-truck is its load capacity.

What could be more simple — or more perplexing?

The definition may also be put in this way: The load capacity of a motor-truck is the load which it can handle to the best advantage under its particular operating conditions.

Load capacity is at least partly determined by conditions over which the truck-maker has no control.

The pull per ton of gross weight required to move a vehicle on the level along a road will vary from 30 to 300 pounds, as the surface varies from good to bad. Consequently, road conditions have a tremendous effect on truck capacity.

F. A. Whitten, B.S., M.S.

Consider for a moment the capability of any first-class representative American two-ton truck. It will have an engine of about 30 horse-power. To propel it fully loaded along a good hard level road at its maximum rated speed will require only about eight horse-power. When operating over such a road, its frame, axles, springs, etc., will be amply strong for at least 100% overload.

Such a two-ton truck, if fitted with larger tires, probably could be used indefinitely as a five-ton truck and without any undue maintenance costs if confined to ideal road conditions.

But when this truck arrives at the end of its good hard level road and plunges off into ("into" is used advisedly) typical unimproved country road, its true load capacity will probably be found to have changed and instantly from five tons down to one ton, not only on account of limited motor-power but because of the severe stresses set up by the twisting and pounding resulting from the new road conditions.

The farmer uses his team to haul loads of produce from the fields to the highway — and all they can pull on the soft earth is perhaps a half ton. If he lives beside a well-paved highway he will combine several such half-ton loads into one and take it with the same team and wagon and with less effort, over the good road to market. Now, what is the load capacity of his wagon and team?

On this account, there has yet to be evolved a method of defining capacity or standardizing ratings that considers the truck alone.

Yet both purchaser and manufacturer of motor-trucks need something to clear away misunderstandings and make possible the economical manufacture, sale and use of trucks.

Much of the present confusion, it appears to me, is the result of guarantees of overload capacity by the manufacturer. Happily less frequent now than in days gone by when it was a common practise for the manufacturer to guarantee his truck for an overload of 50%. The purchaser under these circumstances was perfectly justified in assuming that the truck had been designed to carry 50% overload, else the maker could not safely make such a guarantee. Is not the user then justified in loading his 2-ton truck with 3 tons the first day he uses it, and on every other day as well? The usual emergency soon arises (it is late and this shipment *must* get to the freight house before 5 P.M. even if it does weigh four tons) and the 2-ton truck carries 4 tons — "just for this one time." But no damage *seems* to have been done and soon the regular load every day is 4 tons.

Recently a truck owner in the somewhat expansive atmosphere of the Pullman smoking-room was heard to boast of how many tons he moved every day with a certain number of a certain make of truck. A little calculation on the back of an envelope developed that the trucks must have been overloaded 100% or more. A suggestion to this effect was met with a somewhat defiant reply that he knew it and that he knew what he was doing and that he had the finest trucks ever built. Yet within a year this same owner was endeavoring to trade in his trucks as part-payment for trucks of another or perhaps "any other" make and telling everyone (except the salesman with whom he was endeavoring to trade) that the reason he was trading them in was because they simply would not stand up and were fit only for the junk heap.

In this instance, the truck manufacturer and the user both suffered; the former in reputation and future business and the latter by reason of poor service and rapid depreciation of expensive equipment.

It may be in this case that the manufacturer was to blame — first, in his claims as to the ability of the [*Continued on page 48*]

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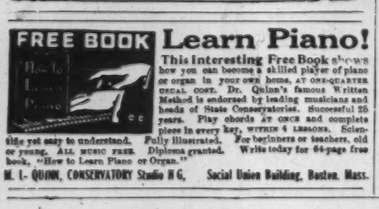
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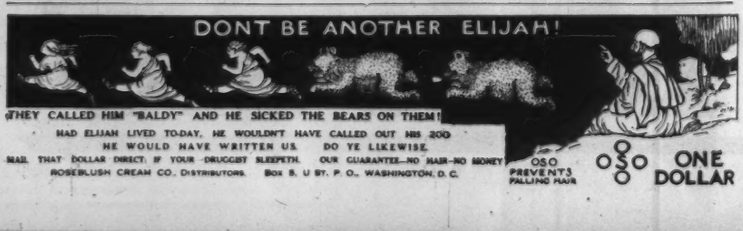
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What Is the Capacity of a Motor Truck?

[*Continued from page 46*]

truck to carry safely an overload, and, secondly, in failing to provide an ample margin of safety in designing and building the truck. For it is manifestly necessary to provide a generous margin of safety in any truck design — building a truck which would just carry its rated capacity and no more has been the reason for the failure of many seemingly good trucks.

Ideas of the various makers as to the size of this safety factor vary greatly, and such a variation as we find will doubtless always exist, and must continue in order to give proper scope to the designers and the business heads. We will always have the truck designed to just about "get by," and the truck which is the best that the maker can produce (which it is possible may in some cases be unnecessarily good for the job).

The writer has recently heard of an instance illustrating the possibilities of the solution. A manufacturer decided to re-rate one of his models and did so. He sent to all his agents new capacity plates, which plates increased the load capacity without in any way changing the chassis. The old plates were taken off and these new ones replaced them. This move may have been perfectly justified, but it naturally raises some doubt as to whether the increased rating is correct.

It appears that the only means by which this difficult situation can be cured is education — education of the maker, the salesman, the purchaser and the user. When all these become more familiar with truck capacity, present inconsistencies will disappear.

For trucks will not then be sold upon the basis of what the maker chooses to stamp upon the capacity plate, but upon an examination of the truck itself to determine its horsepower, gear ratios, axle strength, tire equipment, design and construction, and the many other details which actually determine its capacity for any given operating condition.

Being sure that the truck has ample reserve power and ample reserve strength on all its units does not only enable it to overcome the wear and tear due to day-in and day-out travel, but also to enable it to overcome those obstacles of "occasional" overload and adverse road conditions, which all trucks at times encounter and must master or go down in defeat.

NET — A firm realization in the mind of the prospective purchaser that at this time there is no set of standards to adhere to in the design and construction of motor-trucks.

Look before you leap!

Enter Archie — *Continued from page 17*

table seemed a shade less magnetic. Betsy reached again for the villainous black bottle, only to find it quite empty. She concluded that the square-faced woman had cut her hair merely to avoid combing it. She looked a little like Bob's uncle, thought Betsy; only Bob's uncle was much more of a gentleman.

The waiter had brought in brown fluid in small cups; it looked like coffee and held the proper coffee temperature, but it was undeniably something else. Bob lit one of his own cigarettes. It was delicately monogrammed, therefore out of the picture. After a puff he beckoned to the waiter and accepted a scribbled slip of paper.

"Look at that!" he commanded, shoving the check over to his wife.

"A dollar and seventy cents," she echoed. "Is it — is it too much?"

"Too much! Darling, are you crazy? Dearest, w 've got to admit that the chicken alone, raw from the butcher's, would have stood us as much as that."

'Just about, I should say."

'And you've got to admit that it was perfectly cooked."

"Thoroughly," she amended. "They had steamed it or something to make it tender, but it was really very good."

"Girl alive — " Bob leaned far over the peacock-blue table in the ecstasy of his mood —"it's mir-a-culous. Nothing less."

"I can't see how they do it," she admitted.

"Waiter."

Bob had called the Turkish patrolman and added fifty cents to the price of the meal.

"Will you please send over Mr. Paradiso — you know — Tony?"

"Sure," replied the diplomatic person. The prompt approach of Tony proved that he had been true to his trust. Tony's florid face was somewhat too damp for beauty, but his enormous glassy watch-fob wagged below his embonpoint as though sensitive to a heart which was too big, even for that great body.

"Perfilly satt-a-fied?" he smiled like the benefactor that he was.

"Tony," upspake Bob, "I was just saying to my wife that this is the most remarkable thing I have ever struck in New York. With food going up like a balloon and servants doubling their wages with every change in the moon we can't get together the raw materials for a meal for twice what you've charged us here. How do you do it?"

Launcelot might have asked the same question of pied Merlin. A shrug started from the calves of Tony's legs and undulated to the peaks of his shoulder blades.

"We-a manage," he intimated with a sparkle in his knowing Latin eye.

"Well, I should like to know how!" exclaimed the seeker after a broad, free life. "We've been keeping house for several years —I don't say it's my wife's fault; she's been raised on the American plan — eat ten cents' worth and spend ninety on trimmings."

"Of course he's never tried keeping house," defended Betsy, slightly stung.

"It is moocha deeficult to evera-boady," agreed Tony. "But we make-a profit by cut out whacha call treeming. Evera-teeng in da kitchen seemple as possible — evera-teeng for quality, noteeng for looks. Da's our motto."

He smiled modestly.

"And you've got the right idea, too," congratulated Bob. "The Latins usually have. That's why you're the happiest people in the world."

"We understand some-a teengs verra well," admitted the magician.

"Well, if you love humanity, I wish you would pass on the information. Tony, the Government ought to pay you a pension to go around and give lessons in cooking and domestic economy to housewives."

"Ah!" Tony besought heaven with his fine eyes. "If we teach all — pouff! What become of da restaurant-a beesiness?"

"There's something to that. But I'd like to bribe you to tell my wife the secret of how you run your kitchen — "

The impending revelation never came, and for a most dramatic reason. The short-haired lady at the next table uttered a most un-masculine shriek and clawed desperately at the back of her chair. The vaudeville comedian opposite her got up and began peering along the floor.

"Get used to it, May!" he bawled, but Miss Shorthair continued to clamber to the seat of her bright blue chair.

Now everybody within seeing distance continued to gaze amusedly at the floor — everybody except Tony, who turned his eyes abstractedly toward the kitchen as though contemplating the miracle of his art. Somebody suggested stepping on it —

The mouse-instinct got control of Betsy, whose startled sight followed the crowd as she stood up, her skirts gathered. It proved to be no mouse, but something enormously developed along the beetle line.

"Step on 'im!" screeched Shorthair.

"Don't!" besought Betsy with rare self-control, for the monstrous little thing was making straight for a leg of the very table the Warrens had just occupied.

Revealing the dexterity of long practise he glided up the wooden post, affixed his fore-feet to the top boards, stood a while in thought, then darted with lightning precision toward Bob Warren's half-depleted plate. He got himself over the slippery edge, poised and rubbed his little paws in ghoulish contemplation.

"I think we'd better be going," said Bob, bowing politely to Tony [*Continued on page 62*]

Something for Nothing

[*Continued from page 44*]

rage. "Laugh, you young fool!" he snarled. "You won't laugh by the time I get through with you!" Then he ramped out.

During the rest of the afternoon, Jurian stood around the store in a sort of nervous bewilderment — the kind of daze that comes to any person who tries to absorb the details of a new occupation too rapidly. He had thrown himself suddenly into a new world; a world the very simplicity of which was baffling. He found that he knew less of the ordinary, day-to-day functions of existence than a schoolboy. Everything had always been provided; utensils had been ready at hand; and he had eaten and lived in the implicit understanding that certain individuals did certain work for his benefit. He had had slight curiosity to know how that work was done. Now he laughed with boyish amazement to find that a yeast-cake was not the same thing as an edible bit of *pâtisserie*, and that there were two kinds of corn-meal, yellow and white, and that there were men's socks which sold as cheaply as fifteen cents per pair. It all made him feel childish and stupid, and he reddened again and again to discover that whatever he thought about anything was usually the opposite of true, and whatever he tried to do, he bungled, all thumbs.

IT was with a sense of infinite relief that the clock hands neared six, and he saw Joe shutting and barring the delivery-door in the back room. Conscious of the fact that he had done next to nothing, all day; yet Jurian was more tired than he had been in years. "I feel all done up," he told Dorothy Blair.

"You must feel that way, I should think," the girl replied. "It must be very trying, among so many new things."

"Would you mind if I came up to see you this evening, Miss Blair?" asked Jurian, timidly. He was conscious, too, that he asked it timidly; he who had been so well-poised and sure in the presence of all women. But he was in a new atmosphere now; the very simplicity and frankness of the country girl were part of the newness of his situation.

"Why, you'll always be welcome, Mr. Jurian. I'd like to ask you to have supper with us, but I'm afraid — you see — we never —"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't think of making extra work for you," the young fellow replied, quickly. "But I would like to talk with you, if you won't be too tired."

"I'm not the least bit tired. I'm used to a day's work, you see." Indeed, Jurian was at the moment marveling how this young woman could end the day looking almost as fresh and charming as she had begun.

"Andy the Mender" was glad to see Jurian that night. The decent old man, well used to being laughed at by the townspeople, bathed himself luxuriously in the genuine sympathy he felt in this young stranger. Dorothy Blair looked on, a little terrified at the thought that her father was boring Jurian to death with his talk of invention and discoveries; but Jurian was openly delighted. He entered into Mr. Blair's fantastic schemes with the heartiness of an amateur who knows little of practical matters himself.

"I've got something wonderful here to show you," rattled on the enthusiastic Andy Blair. "It's a new kind of calendar. I'm sure everybody would buy one. There's oceans of money in it!" (There was always money in the inventions of the excellent Andy, but the poor man could never get it out of them.) "With this calendar you can reconstruct, in a jiffy, any month of any year since the year one, up to the year 2,000.

It really was a most ingenious calendar which Mr. Blair had worked out. The only difficulty with it was that people had always done without a calendar of this sort very well, and would probably continue to worry along without its assistance.

"Isn't it too bad," was Jurian's comment, after the father had retired, rubbing his knotted hands in expectation of large profits from this latest discovery. "If your father could only hit on something big! By George, I believe he will hit it some day."

"Do you think so?" returned Dorothy, leaning forward, with half-opened lips, eager to believe it. But a moment after she shook her head. She had seen too many of these inventions, that were to "make oceans of money," fall by the wayside.

Jurian then told her about his colloquy with Samuel Oldridge, while she had been at dinner. "Now," he concluded, "I can understand the old bully ranting around about the way young Christopher was messed up; but what I can't understand, Miss Blair, is why he should act that way if he really wanted to buy me out. I should think he would have been smoother about it, no matter how angry he was."

At the mention of the name of Oldridge, all the brightness seemed to flicker out of the girl's eyes. She folded her hands in her lap, and bent forward, looking down at the floor. Without looking up she replied in a voice that sounded far-off and unlike her own;

"No, you wouldn't understand; but he's like that. He always tries to frighten people at first. He — frightened me once. He thought if he could make you afraid of him, he'd keep you in fear of him. And a great many people are afraid of him — I'm sorry — it had to happen. I was hoping — I might have known better — but somehow I hoped the Oldridges would leave you alone. They made Miss Hesketh's life miserable. She never admitted it, but she was nervous all the time. They were bound to buy her out, or force her to close up. They want the monopoly here."

"Why did she leave *me* this store, anyway, Miss Blair?" asked Jurian suddenly. "Do you know?"

"Yes," replied Dorothy. "She was interested in you. She had never had many interests in anything. She wanted to mother somebody, I dare say. And then she believed that the store, which was the only other interest she had, would fall into the hands of the Oldridges unless — unless there was somebody strong enough to fight them."

"And she thought I was the one to fight for her store — and for her?" The girl nodded.

Jurian sat back, with a quick intake of breath. He was unprepared for this announcement — this revelation. At the second, it seemed as though a burden had been placed upon his shoulders, and he felt impelled to straighten up and throw them back and breathe deeply. He had never had responsibility. Now — he was engaged in something real. He must "make good."

"I'm glad you told me that," he murmured. "I'll fight for her store. I'll make myself worthy of her trust. They'll never get it."

"Oh, if they were only fair, if they were only decent and generous," said the girl, bitterly.

Jurian looked at her quickly. "You said that bully had frightened you once, Miss Blair. Will you tell me what you meant by that?"

She was silent. It seemed as though she shuddered a little.

"If you'd rather not, very well, but —" Jurian hesitated. "I'd like, while I'm fighting, to fight for you, too, if it's necessary."

SHE raised her eyes slowly to his, and tried to smile her thanks. "It's fine of you to say that," she replied. "And you can fight for what you think is right, too, I know." She gave a quick glance at the broad shoulders and firm jaw before her. "But — this is over now — thanks to Miss Hesketh. I've no objection to telling you. My father was not a good business man. You can see that plainly enough. He owned a little shop down the street, toward Stonington, where he did repairing of all kinds. That's why he's called the Mender. When my mother died, father had to have money quickly. He borrowed it from Samuel Oldridge and gave him a note. Father didn't prosper; so the little store was sold. But Mr. Oldridge had the store bought very low, at the auction, and nobody else dared to bid, so there was still money due. I've been paying it little by little — until Miss Hesketh left me three hundred dollars. It was just enough. I — I don't owe him anything, now."

The whole picture flashed into Jurian's mind. He almost groaned. "How — much have you been paid here at the store?" he asked.

"I've had ten dollars a week," she replied. "Really, Miss Hesketh paid Joe and me all she could. We know conditions — Joe and I — so we never could complain."

"Ten dollars a week! And you've been living, you and your [*Continued on page 55*]

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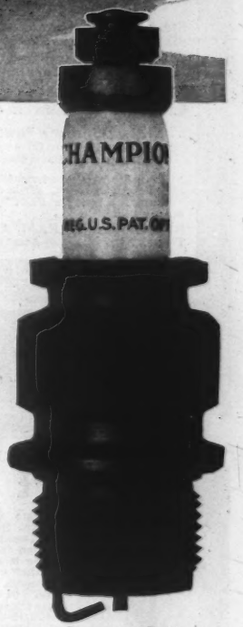

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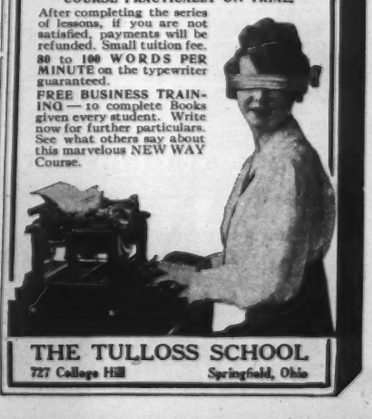

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Most of your discomfort in hot weather comes from your body, *not* from the high temperature. Some people don't mind the heat. Their systems are free from impurities, their pores open, their bodies cool instead of blazing furnaces. Put yourself in shape so you'll be cool *inside*, and you won't notice the heat and humidity. Constipation, indigestion, biliousness and other ailments are doubly dangerous in hot weather, as well as constant internal heat producers. Get rid of them. Start your organism to functioning naturally. You can't be comfortable, or even SAFE, during a hot spell, unless you make yourself FIT.

I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO KEEP COOL

Strongfortism will show you how to get rid of the waste that clogs up your system, producing all ailments that make your life miserable; that keep you uncomfortable in any kind of weather and make you unfit either for work or play. Strongfortism will strengthen your vital organs, help make your blood red and rich, develop your muscles, clear your mind and put you in a condition to enjoy life as it ought to be lived and getting the greatest pleasure out of it.

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

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I have spent a lifetime studying the human organism, learning Nature's own way of restoring health and vigor to rundown, weak and ailing man, and have embodied the results of my research and practical experiments in a book which is everywhere acknowledged a classic in its field.

"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy" will give you these results in straightforward, man-to-man language. It will tell you how thousands of other men and women, many of whom came to me veritable human wrecks, have regained the health and virility they had lost. It will show you how YOU can do as they did, without in any way interfering with your present occupation—no matter what your present condition or what caused it, and without patent medicines or drug store dope of any kind.

Don't delay—you can't afford to procrastinate in a matter of this kind. Write TODAY. The Book is FREE. Enclose three 2c stamps for packing and postage, and I will mail you a copy at once.

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WITH THIS
SAFETY HAIR CUTTER

If you can COMB your hair you can cut your own hair with this marvelous invention. Cuts the hair any desired length, short or long. Does the job as nicely as any barber in quarter the time, before your own mirror. You can cut the children's hair at home in a jiffy. Can be used as an ordinary razor to shave the face or finish around temple or neck. Sharpened like any razor. Lasts a lifetime. Saves its cost first time used. PRICE ONLY 35c, postpaid. Extra Blades 25c. Be sure to state sex.

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Photograph by Lejaren Hiller

A "My America" League aims to bring about the best sort of harmony in your shop

The All-American Factory

A Word to Managers and Other Executives

[THE "MY AMERICA" LEAGUE]

ARE you keeping abreast of the times? Events move so fast these days and new customs slip so quickly and unobtrusively into the place of old ones, that a man needs to be even a little in advance of the time, whenever possible, to be sure he is abreast of his competitors, and master, in the fullest sense, of his own job.

Owners and managers of factories, plants and shops are now, for the most part, entirely convinced that an intelligent and educated worker is worth more to them than an ignorant one. Contrariwise, the foreign worker himself is realizing that an education which includes a knowledge of the English language and a familiarity with the history, customs, and ideals of his adopted country, means quicker advancement in his trade, better living conditions for himself and his family, and a vista of possibilities opening out before him, which will lead him as far up the ladder as his abilities and ambitions encourage him to climb.

To this end, factory classes in English are becoming more and more favorably looked upon, both by workers and employers.

There is a word one hears frequently these days—used glibly often, and without full realization of all it means, but nevertheless a hopeful sign of the times, and of a new era of reconstruction in this country—the word *Americanization*. The "My America" League is doing very real work along these lines in big factories and other business centers in various parts of the country. One of these Leagues which was organized in a large Cleveland factory during the War, proved so successful that the company now boasts that everyone of its twenty-five hundred employees is an American citizen. I quote from a letter recently received from the man who started the "My America" League in this factory. He says: "It is with a feeling of pride that this company can say 'Our employees are all Americans.' How has it come about? A simple process of ascertaining who were not citizens and convincing them of the importance and benefit to them in becoming citizens, and then organizing classes, in charge of competent teachers, to prepare them in taking out papers. . . . If all factories would adopt this plan, it would be a great help along the road to industrial peace. Classes in English, etc. are held at regular intervals in the Welfare Auditorium, and they are truly worth while.

"The My America buttons, furnished by the League, were worn and shown with pride, and it wasn't long until the department acquired the reputation for 'doing things.' I shall ever remember the spirit of these people during the War, and I know the ideas suggested by My America League helped them to become better Americans, better workers, better in their domestic relations, and with a clearer conception of the Golden Rule."

This letter is only one of the many similar letters which come to the "My America" Editor's desk day after day, but we chose to quote it because of the clarity and grasp of the subject on the part of its writer. Won't you let us help you, and won't you, in turn, help us by exchanging ideas and plans with us? The "My America" League is merely a big clearing-house for the problems, ideals, and practical working plans along these lines, which each separate factory or group of workers has discovered to be helpful. We are in close touch, too, with most of the organizations, and those departments of the Government, which are specializing in the making of American citizens. Let us send you our circulars and bulletins. Out of all the experience we have gathered in this work, in the past three years, there is sure to be some idea or plan which will meet your needs. If you have a plan which has worked specially well in your factory we want to hear about it. Some other factory may be in need of that very idea, and we can pass it on to them. Let's have co-operation!

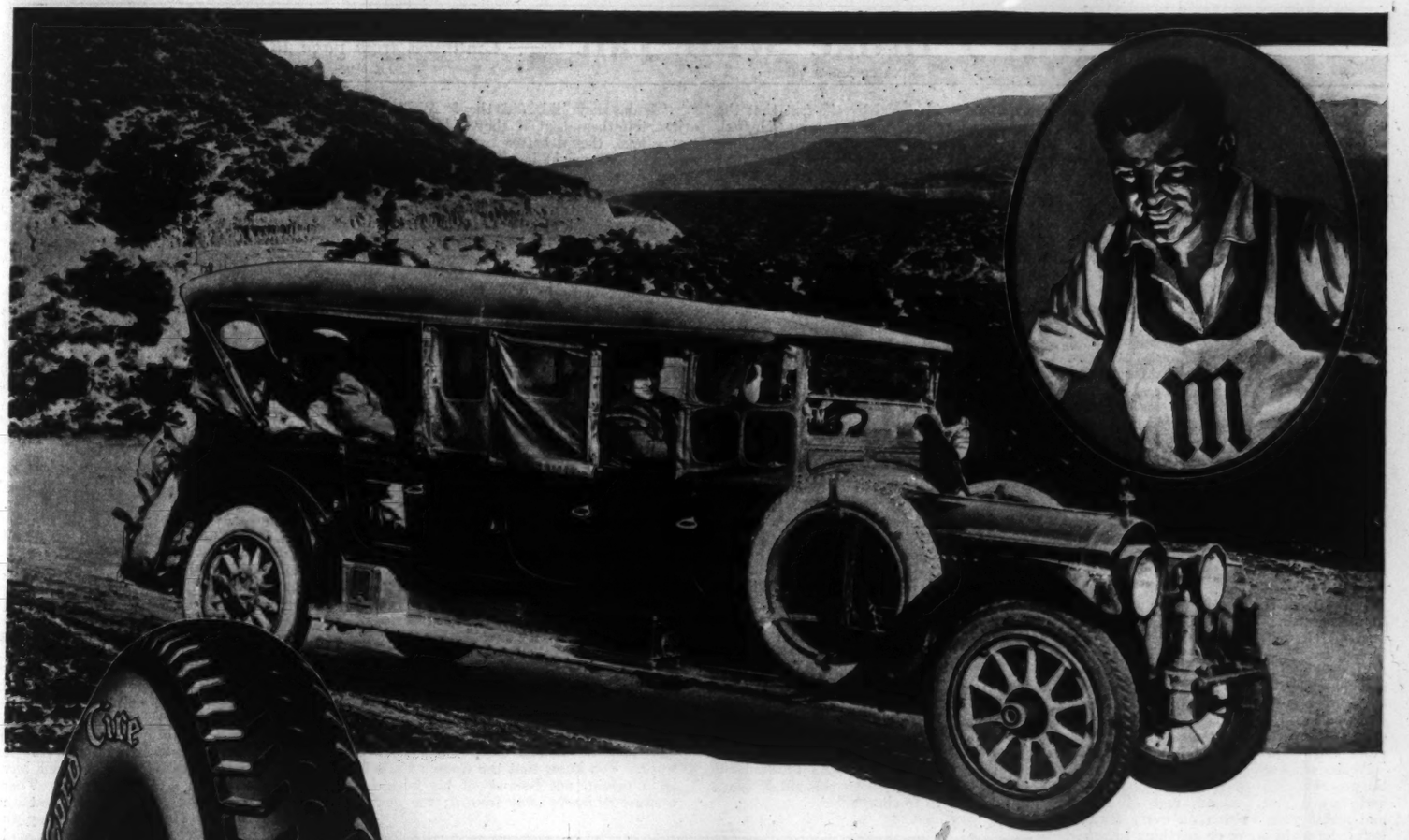
Americanization Editor
McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York

Holding the position of ..... in the company named below, I am interested in learning more about your plans.

Name .....

Concern .....

Address .....



How Miller Cords Outran 21 Prominent Makes

A Heroic Tire Contest on 17 Packard 'Buses, Going 78,000 Miles a Month

NO more convincing proof of a tire's supremacy has ever been submitted to the court of public opinion. It comes from the private tests of the Eldorado Stage Company, Los Angeles, Cal. They're one of the largest users of tires in the world. To them it meant a huge sum of money to establish which tire carries a heavy load lightly, and runs the farthest.

Twenty-two leading makes of tires were tested on the Eldorado's seventeen 12-Passenger Packards. They travel an average of 153 miles daily—a combined distance of 936,000 miles a year. That's more than 37 times around the world.

Proof of Uniform Mileage

This is the "Service de Luxe" for which the Miller Tires competed and won. Their victory was based—not on exceptional mileage of a single casing—but on long distance uniformity, tire after tire.

Once the burro was the only transportation where today this grand fleet carries thousands of passengers between Los Angeles, Bakersfield and Taft. Here Nature has painted with lavish hand a wide panorama of peaks, canyons, rivers, verdant hills and valleys.

Parlor Car Comfort

Next time you visit California don't miss this enchanting trip—made in parlor car comfort in an Eldorado stage running on buoyant Miller Cord Tires.

All Millers are uniform because their workmanship is uniform. The Eldorado tests have reaffirmed it. You can get these championship tires—but only from the authorized Miller Dealer. If you don't know his name, write us.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. A-158 Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes —the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires

Also Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods—for Homes as Well as Hospitals

TO DEALERS: Your Territory may be open—write us

Miller
GEARED-TO-THE ROAD
UNIFORM MILEAGE
Tires

"Why I Broke With Taft" — *Continued from page 18*

Send them home. We'll get back all right without them."

"Nothing doing," replied King. "The men will insist on going. They can sleep to-morrow."

"Very well, then," said the Colonel. "Of course it will be all right for me to give them a little money for breakfast."

"No, sir," said King, "you must not give it, and they must not take it. That would never do."

"Well," said the Colonel, "it will be all right for me to take them to breakfast with me?"

"That cannot be done," I suggested.

"So," concluded the Colonel, "between you and King I seem unable to do anything. Now, why *can't* I take them to breakfast?"

"Because Mayor Mitchel closed everything except one A. M. lunch-rooms at one o'clock."

"By Jove, there is an advantage to a Broadway education, isn't there? It's so long since I've been up-town late I had quite overlooked that change. But isn't there some good place between here and New York?"

There were several. Mr. King recommended a place and it was decided to stop there.

It was two in the morning when we reached the place in three automobiles — two policemen in full uniform, the Colonel, the late N. A. Jennings of the New York *Herald*, A. Leonard Smith of the New York *Times*, and myself. It was the practise, I should state, to use three cars, a pilot car loaded with police, the Colonel's car with two cops on the box, and a trailer carrying four more, and the party usually made fast time.

As the crowd unloaded at the Inn, Eukanee, the proprietor, naturally swarthy, looked out and turned pale. Alarm, fear of a raid and arrest were written on every feature. Before he could say or do anything I assured him.

"Don't be scared," I said, as I led the boys in; "it's not a raid — only some folks after something to eat."

With a sigh of relief he asked "How many?" and started to arrange the table. Half way to the dining-room he espied the Colonel and retraced his steps.

"Beg pardon," said he, "but isn't that President Roosevelt?"

"It is Colonel Roosevelt, all right," I said, and again he started for the dining-room, this time registering something like a cross between surprise and elation. A moment later the band suddenly switched from ragtime to the national anthem, and before the surprised dancers had a chance to adjust their steps the Colonel at the head of the party was half way across the room.

Instantly the dancers broke into applause, the few who had been seated rising to cheer. Then, in a confused sort of way, as though doubtful of what to do next, all hands took their seats and watched the Colonel's party.

The dance-hall crowd, it may be stated, was just such a crowd as one would expect in a country road-house at an early hour Sunday morning — men of the "tired business" or salesman type; girls young, a bit inclined to be flashy, but not conspicuously so — something between the "chicken" and the chorus-girl type. Probably all had worked hard during the week and were having their weekly "blow-out."

After some discussion of the bill-of-fare, lobster was ordered — that and champagne, the latter by Colonel Roosevelt without any suggestion. During the meal most of the talking was done by Colonel Roosevelt, among it some on John L. Sullivan, who had been in Bridgeport the preceding day. He also discussed some of his Spanish War experiences. These latter followed an interruption by a man wearing the Maltese cross of the Spanish War veteran.

"No apology needed," the Colonel assured this man when he apologized for "butting in." "I am always glad to meet any of my old comrades in arms. We did not have much of a war, but it was the best to be had, and we did the best we could."

"A lot of the old boys have gone from around here, Colonel," said the veteran.

"I know it, and I am proud of them for having gone," answered the Colonel. "If I had been permitted to go, to take my division across, I'd have had whole camps with me. The boys are right."

Others, emboldened by the fact that the Spanish War act had not been rebuffed, then came up to pay their respects. When the last had gone, some one remarked that the "ex-soldier was feeling pretty good."

"Yes," said the Colonel. "I noticed that. I have noticed before this that all Spanish War veterans are not teetotalers. In fact, I have known some of my own men to get rather drunk, to put it mildly — but they were all good fellows, just the same.

"I remember on one of my trips West, one of my old men rode many miles to see me. He'd told everybody what he was going to say and what a good time he'd have when he saw me. When I arrived, however, I think he can best be described as having been too full for utterance. It was his first lapse, I was told, in several years. Of course I didn't see him.

"Later on I had a letter from him full of contrition, apologies and regrets, and a rather naïve explanation. If he couldn't celebrate when he was to see me, when could he celebrate? However, he added, he was back on the water-wagon. Recently I heard he was still on it. I hope he stays there for life, for he is a good fellow and that's his one weakness."

The curious may wish to know if the Colonel drank anything that morning.

He did — part of a glass of wine.

III

Religion and Free Masonry

DURING the 1916 campaign, Colonel Roosevelt had an attack of dry pleurisy which kept him away from church one Sunday. Late that afternoon I called and remarked that the "boys thought it funny you did not go to church."

"Huh, they did, did they? Well, you just tell them that if they think pleurisy is a joke, they'd better try it. I am just going to stay right in here the next four or five days. Anyway, so far as church is concerned, I just had the Reverend Talmage up to look me over.

"Speaking of church, you once told me you were heterodox. That's right, isn't it? Well, do you know, I think — I wonder if you recall one verse of Micah that I am very fond of — 'to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God' — that to me is the essence of religion. To be just with all men, to be merciful to those to whom mercy should be shown, to realize that there are some things that must always remain a mystery to us, and when the time comes for us to enter the great blackness, to go smiling and unafraid.

"That is my religion, my faith. To me it sums up all the creed I need. It seems simple and easy, but there is more in that verse than in the involved rituals and confessions of faith of many creeds we know.

"To love justice, to be merciful, to appreciate that the great mysteries shall not be known to us, and so living, face the beyond confident and without fear — that is life.

"That's too simple a creed for many of us, though. Perhaps it is as well and that through more involved paths and mazes of theology the majority should seek the same result.

"I can quarrel with no man because of his religion. The Roman Catholic, the Jew, the Protestant, the Mohammedan, the follower of Confucius — all are right so long as they seek to follow what their leaders have taught. You have done much of prison work. You know that the Roman Catholic is in prison, not because of his faith but because he broke away from it; the Jew is there because he and the synagogue are no longer friends; the Protestant because his religion has ceased to be a living thing and his soul has atrophied.

"You know that.

"My, but I have no patience with those who attack, who would destroy a man's belief in religion — no patience with those who would convert the Jew *en masse*, or the Catholic. More likely than not, where they succeed at all they succeed only in destroying something — they take something real away and give nothing in return, leaving the victim bankrupt. I am always sorry for the faithless man, just as I am sorry for the woman without chastity.

"I have found, though, that however they may appear outwardly, most men at bottom are religious, just as the preponderating majority of men are honest and of women virtuous. Otherwise our civilization would end overnight.

"Most men, I believe, are good citizens according to their lights. Take 'Big Tim' Sullivan, for example.

"Tim came to me while I was in the White House to get a pardon for a friend. The man was in Atlanta for blowing a post-office safe, shooting the watchman and I know not what. Tim was insistent that he had reformed and that he'd go straight if he were pardoned. The post-office folk did not think so, neither did the Department of Justice. But Tim was so sure, so positive, that I decided to favor him.

"'I'll give you this pardon, Tim,' said I, 'on one condition. You must take it to Atlanta yourself, see this man before he has a chance to see any of his old pals and warn him that if he goes wrong again, he will not only be punished to the limit, but will have to finish out this sentence as well. There will be no mercy for him. And at the end of the year I want you to bring the fellow here and let me know how he's made out.'

"Tim agreed to this. He would have agreed to anything and kept his agreement, too. He got the pardon and went his way. I forgot all about the thing until just one year after. I was told Tim was waiting to see me. He had an appointment, he told the attendant.

"'Mr. President,' said he, when he came in, 'I've come about that fellow Blank. You know you told me to bring him here when he'd been out a year and let you know how he's been acting. He's outside now.'

"'Yes, I remember,' I told him. 'How has he been doing?'

"'He's been perfect, Mr. President,' said the big fellow. 'When I got him to New York I put him to work behind a wheel in a gambling house, and he's been doing fine ever since.'

"That was good behavior, as Big Tim saw it!"

The Colonel concluded, saying, "Well, you're getting the sermon you missed by not going to church, and I have been talking religion. It's something I do very seldom, After all, one's religion is a private thing and one is apt to be misunderstood.

"So — if I should say publicly or you should print one-half of what we have said here to-day, some half-baked ass of a preacher would attack me to-morrow for endorsing the Pope; another because I am a Mohammedan at heart, and another would see in my tolerance for the rabbi proof that my right name is Rosenfelt or Rosenthal."

In similar vein, the Colonel one afternoon touched on Masonry. He had been talking of his relations with Oyster Bay folk and his opportunities for keeping in touch with them.

"As you know," he said, turning to me, "I am a member of the local lodge of Masons. You also know, brother, I violate no secret when I say that one of the greatest values in Masonry is that it affords an opportunity for men in all walks of life to meet on common ground, where for the time all men are equal and have one common interest.

"For example, when I was President, the master was worshipful Brother Doughty, gardener on the estate of one of my neighbors, and a most excellent public-spirited citizen, with whom I liked to maintain contact. Clearly I could not call upon him when I came home. It would have embarrassed him. Neither [*Continued on page 62*]

The Bolsheveakness of Bolshevism

[*Continued from page 12*]

Under Bolshevism, every man who has ever employed any one to work for him is disfranchised. This idea applied in the United States would mean that practically every decent citizen in the country would be deprived of his vote and the government turned over to the bum, the thug, the vandal, the criminal, and their exploiters.

Bolshevism is, in effect, what carpet-bagging was in the south following the Civil War. Ask anybody who went through that, when field-hands full of gin administered the affairs of the country, if he wants to take an encore.

There are those who think there is no idea behind Bolshevism. They are wrong. There is an idea, and it's a pippin.

Bolshevism is the easiest thing in the world to sell to the ignorant and the unthinking, because it promises to give him everything he wants. It promises him power, wealth, luxury, beautiful women and no work. If it could think of anything else, it would promise him that, too. Bolshevism is dangerous because it is the greatest little promiser the world has ever seen. It is doubly dangerous because it is the rottenest performer. It buys its samples from Tiffany's. And it never delivers the goods.

The theory of Bolshevism—of Soviet rule — that is, rule by town meetings, sending delegates to sectional meetings — which in turn send delegates to a national assembly — sounds good. The nationalization of all property sounds good — to those that have none. To a burglar with a cross-eyed wife looking at a picture of the latest movie vampire, the idea of the nationalization of women has no inconsiderable appeal.

The ideas of Bolshevism sound great. There is but one trouble with them. They won't work.

A community—a state—a nation—is like a ship. With the captain on the bridge, and the pilot at the wheel, and the stokers at the engines, it's sailing along great and everything is going splendidly.

But Bolshevism says, "No! What right have those birds up-stairs to have all the good jobs while we sweat down here?" And they go topside and heave the captain overboard, and the pilot after him, and they hit the engineer on the head with a monkey-wrench, and take charge. And the first thing you know the fires are out, and the engines dead, and the course lost, and the ship piled up on the rocks and all the crew drowned. And there you are.

Bolshevism is like a business where all the employees decide they want to sit in the business office, or go on the road, or retire or something. How long is such a business going to last?

Bolshevism decrees that a man shall dig ditches with his head and keep books with his feet.

The trouble is that Bolshevism sees only the fact that the body does the work. It doesn't see the equally salient fact that it is the brain, and only the brain, that provides the work for the body to do. The body does the work. But if it weren't for the brain, there wouldn't be any work for the body in the first place, and the body wouldn't know how to do it if there were. It is true that the brain without the body cannot exist. But it is equally true that the body without the brain quickly blunders to its death. It is only by the two working in harmony that the human fabric can endure.

Bolshevism kills the goose that lays the golden eggs; and then gets mad because the dead goose can't lay. Bolshevism cuts down the tree to pluck the fruit; and wonders why the dead tree won't bear.

In other words, a Bolshevik is a poor boob who knows just enough to get himself and everybody else into trouble, and not enough to get himself or anybody else out.

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THE 'EVER-READY' is the nearest approach to indestructible shaving brush construction. It's a brush scientifically built under the same quality guarantee that protects ten million users of the Ever-Ready Safety Razor and the Radio Blade.

The Ever-Ready Brush is not alone a *quality* brush but it is a *safe* brush. It is worthily made and at a price that commands durability and satisfaction. The Ever-Ready Shaving Brush is sold at a range of popular prices, insuring better value for the same money.

We do not use plugs in the center of the bristles of 'Ever-Ready' Shaving Brushes. Plugs are wooden pegs and the invisible means of saving bristles—a hidden method of falsely saving expense in manufacturing. The use of the plug is practised by supposedly reputable brush makers, but under no circumstances are plugs used in

'Ever-Ready' Shaving Brushes

Ever-Ready bristles are *quality* bristles, firmly fixed in a *grip of hard rubber and unconditionally guaranteed not to shed.*

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Each brush embodies the highest degree of material and workmanship possible at its price. The Ever-Ready Special at $1.00 is the best brush ever sold for the money.

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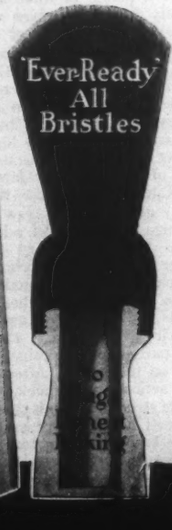
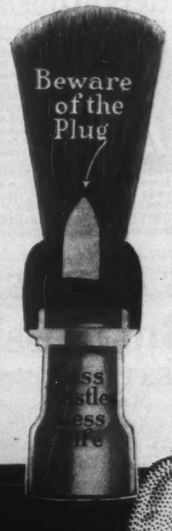
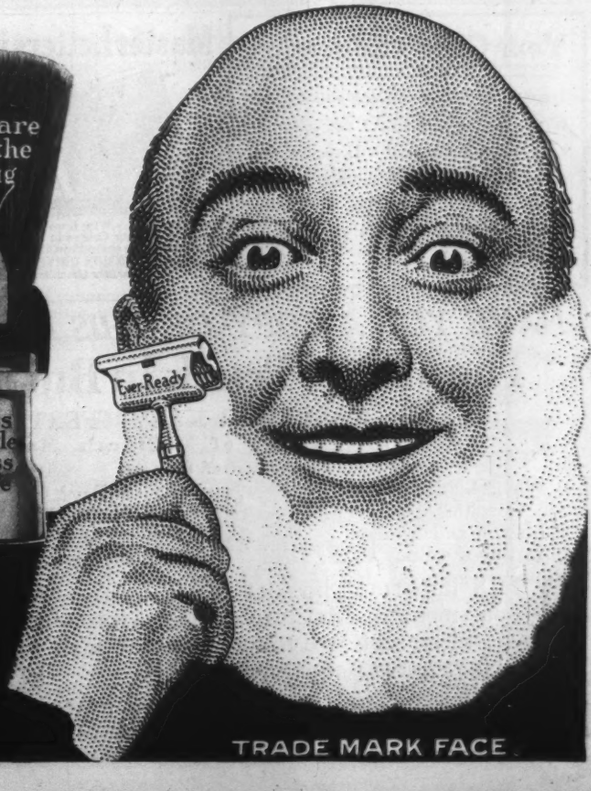
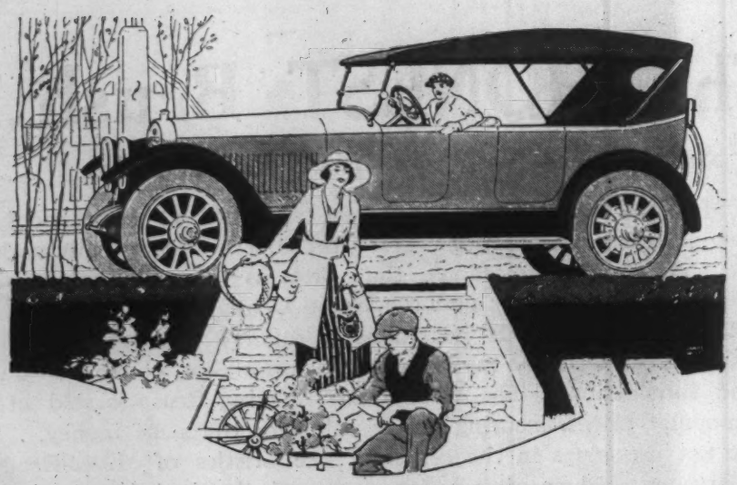


The Ever-Ready is a shaving brush of more and better bristles—the ferrule is filled with bristles and not wooden plugs. Beware of wooden plugs—a clever method that deceives customers but makes bad brushes. The right-hand diagram will show you how it's done.

The Ever-Ready is built of sterilized materials in sanitary surroundings—it comes sealed in a wax envelope and an individual carton, untouched from maker to user.







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By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT
Automobile Editor of McClure's Magazine

Partial List of Contents

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Do They Pay?
When Trailers Pay
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"I Am Against Prohibition"

[*Continued from page 22*]

way or another. Everybody has a pet vice, little as he may choose to recognize it under that name, or little as it may harm him in comparison with drink and drugs.

Drug-taking in this country could not follow the prohibition of liquor to the same extent as in Russia, owing to the laws recently passed against selling drugs, and the consequent difficulty in obtaining them. Nevertheless, as the newspapers frequently assure us, people do obtain them; for the smuggling instinct is also as old as the world, and there are enough reckless law-breakers willing to sneak the most deadly drugs into the United States by one device or another, to enable a very fair percentage of victims to satisfy themselves, no matter what the price. People, when making these laws, seem to forget the underworld altogether, just as the ingenuous apologists of Bolshevism (who would sob aloud in their acute discomfort if it suddenly were imposed on them) overlook the fact that the Russian Bolsheviki are exactly on a par with the gunmen of our great cities. Under the crust of society, so well ordered that in spite of sensational burglaries and murders we never lose our feeling of security, is a vast seething criminal underworld, without a principle, without mercy, decency, the slightest respect for law, or desire for reform, and in whose twisted minds that congenital love of adventure, the common inheritance of mankind, finds its satisfaction in lawless acts, is defying civilized society at every point, and whose highest satisfaction is "getting away with it."

Therefore, no one recognizing this fact, experienced any surprise when reading some weeks since in the newspapers the statement of former Police Commissioner Woods that there were two hundred thousand drug addicts in New York City alone. Many of these are denizens of the underworld, who need a "shot" every day to keep going; and those that live so far beyond this mysterious region that they never have ventured within its boundaries nevertheless are supplied by outlaws who find their refuge there, as well as protection and accomplices.

DRUG-TAKING is a far more serious matter than drink has ever been. Drunkards can be redeemed at almost every stage, and men who have been heavy drinkers all their lives frequently become badly frightened between forty and forty-five and cure themselves. If they find their wills too enfeebled for self-cure there are cures both psychical and physical to give them what assistance they demand. It is practically never that these men revert to the license of their earlier years, although after a period of total abstinence they frequently find themselves with self-control sufficiently reestablished to take wine or whiskey-and-water with their meals.

But drug fiends never cure themselves after a certain period of indulgence, never experience the slightest desire to be cured. Where a poor old whiskey "bum" will merely beg for a dime to satisfy his craving the drug addict will steal from his best friend, run the risk of disgracing his family by a sojourn in state's prison, take the locket from his baby and pawn it. For drugs insidiously change the nature of addicts, not merely make them temporary fiends or imbeciles after the fashion of alcohol. Many men beat their wives when drunk, and no punishment is too severe for them; but as between spells they are often amiable and charming their wives forgive them. Yet drugs, and particularly cocaine, have a direct action on the brain. After a certain stage, and its action is very quick, something in that delicate structure rots, is gone beyond repair. As well hope to regenerate a man part of whose brain has been torn away by a shell, as frequently happened during the late War, leaving him a puling infant's supply of gray matter above a sound body.

Now, the point of all this is, that drugs are far easier to smuggle in—and from man to man—than liquor. The smuggler may have an understanding with some baker's assistant who will place a quill of heroin or cocaine in a roll, which, chipped in a certain way, would go with a stated number of other rolls straight into the hands of the feverishly watching addict. It can be passed at the theatre, in the dark movie houses, in a crowd. There are a thousand and one ways in which those committed to the madness before the law was passed can get the nerve food they must have or go mad. Those whom the present law protects are the ones who, finding drugs easy of obtainment, might contract the habit, either upon sinister advice, or after using them several times to allay pain. But to eradicate the drug habit as it flourishes to-day far cleverer men will have to be put on the job than any that appear to exist at present.

Naturally, liquor, because of its bulk, will offer, in many cases, or at all events by comparison, insuperable obstacles to smuggling. As I have pointed out, a certain percentage will get ahead of the law and become far worse drunkards than they would ever have thought of being if treated as reasonable citizens. For it will not be the worst cases of drunkards that will find these cunning ways of satisfying an appetite for something that soothes and stimulates at the same time, above all, which brings forgetfulness, but that immense class of steady demoralized drinkers who have no longer the wit to devise ways to obtain the old intoxicant, or the energy needed to surmount obstacles, but will listen greedily to the whispers of the drug panderers, on the alert for this new army of recruits. No doubt these drug smugglers are in a fair way to be among our most envied millionaires of the future.

There is just one way to save the present alcoholists from a far worse fate, and that is not by prohibition but by regulation.

The United States Government and the State governments have never been interested in the social relaxations of their people. Why not establish—after abolishing saloons—attractive, respectable *cafés*, where both sexes can meet, dance, enjoy dinner at a moderate price, and be served with a moderate amount of wine or beer, which will satisfy any desire for such refreshment they may have, and free their minds—their egos—from a dull determined ache for that which is forbidden? But as this War from beginning to end has shown our complete failure as psychologists, there is little hope of any such suggestion being adopted.

Has it occurred to these reformers that one sees far less drunkenness everywhere now than we saw ten years ago? So much has been written of the evils of drink, of the "loss of efficiency" through even moderate indulgence, that thousands of men who once drank as a mere matter of habit have taken themselves in hand and stopped altogether. Many great firms will not employ men who drink at all, and it is almost never nowadays that one hears of young men making beasts of themselves at dances. It isn't so very long ago that it used to be a standing joke in San Francisco that after a party the men rolled home down the steep hills on which the city is built. Even in San Francisco, always a sort of champion city for drunkards, one never hears such a joke these days, and indulgence has fallen off immeasurably.

Why, then, could not these itching egos who call themselves reformers have let well enough alone? Another quarter century and the country would have reformed itself. Can there be any truth in the story that they have been bribed by a certain billionaire, who, too old to drink himself, or to digest his food, for that matter, has fallen into panic regarding his reception by St. Peter, and is spending millions in the hope of buying his way in? A nice joke on our pious fanatics if some such fact should one day be proved in open court!

A great deal has been said about prohibition being unconstitutional, a direct attack at the very roots of the human liberty promised by the writers of the Declaration of Independence, but too much on this subject hardly can be said. It should have been a state's prison offence for a man (or woman) to get drunk and make himself—or herself—offensive in any way to society. There is a law of that sort, but we all know how it has been enforced. If it had been, if disgusting drunkards, in or out of one's own home, had been as liable to stripes as burglars and forgers, there would be no thought, even in the mind of the narrow-minded fanatic, of prohibition to-day. That would be a law that every one would recognize as one of the necessary props to the civilized state, and no one would criticise it as an infringement of personal rights. Civilized society has ordained that it is not within our rights to

indulge ourselves to the extent of injuring our neighbors, and all but the dead-beats who call themselves anarchists or Bolsheviki or I. W. W.'s accept the dictum as a matter of course. It is merely the question of the greatest good for the greatest number, the fundamental law upon which human society is founded. It has nothing whatever to do with a glass of wine or a bottle of beer at dinner, neither of which is half as bad for the stomach or the disposition as pie, doughnuts, too many hot cakes smothered in maple syrup — what a beginning for a busy day! — or the heavy hot breads they eat three times a day in the south.

The overturning of an American liberty is the overturning of an American institution, and may easily prove the opening wedge. If the government of a great country says to its millions: "You are not able to think for yourselves; we will treat you, on a larger scale, as we do our children in the nursery, or our criminals in prison," it will not be long before people are saying, "Well, if we are irresponsibles, why not go the limit? Hell is loose in Europe. There must be something in it. Here goes!"

There may be enough sane, powerful men, like Mayor Hanson of Seattle, to hold them in check, but not to avert constant disorders which will retard the progress of this great country.

And if we had a Solon for every thousand rebellious spirits in this country, even they could not exterminate the desire, planted in the Garden of Eden, for forbidden fruit! Nor the ingenuity to obtain it.

One point more.

How is human character to be developed if all temptations are removed? Too much paternalism will produce a race of molly-coddles. There will always be one predatory race which will avoid this profound psychological error. Possibly there will be two — east and west. *Verbum sap.*

"While I Am For It"

[*Continued from page 23*]

contempt of the so-called superior classes, they have arisen and smashed the old devil hip and thigh.

It was the War that brought things to a head. The country saw itself face to face with supreme danger. The crisis called for our maximum of efficiency, and alcohol is efficiency's greatest enemy. Hence at one stroke it was cut off from our army and navy.

Having gone so far, we could not recede. No real reform ever goes backward.

The action of this nation in cleaning itself of alcoholism has been the most magnificent deed of moral courage in history. It meant that Democracy had come of age. It was the supreme gesture of self-control of a free people.

"The Personal Liberty" cry is sloppy-minded poppy-cock. There is no absolute Personal Liberty except in depths of savagery. Civilization means the sacrifice of personal liberties for the common good.

You can have no decency or order without restraint. You may not spit on the sidewalk. You may not drive on the wrong side of the road. You may not smoke in meeting. We are supposed to have Free Speech, yet if you get too free you are liable to get into trouble; see Debs, Haywood, Berger, O'Leary, *et al.*

Every court in this country, from the Supreme Court of the United States to the Justice of the Peace, has decided that the community has a perfect right to restrict the sale of liquor or abolish it altogether.

There is no chance that the Supreme or any other court may set aside this amendment, for it is a part of the Constitution, which is the highest law of the land, and above courts.

The only way to get rid of the amendment is to rescind it the same way it was enacted. And that the liquor men know very well they can never hope to do.

You are licked, gentlemen, down and out! And it would be better to act like good sports and look pleasant. All this squealing, whining and talk of intolerance and bigotry is not becoming, and when you talk of refusing to obey the law, and doing as you please, anyhow, you are monkeying with a mighty dangerous buzz-saw.

Humanity has simply got to the point of progress where alcohol is to take its place along with other habit-forming drugs. You have got to unwind it from your imaginations, weed it out of your social customs, and eliminate it from your politics.

And if any shall say that it will not be an inestimable blessing to the race he is simply an ignoramus. We have done the noblest deed of our national existence, and

"Sweeter shall the roses blow
In those far years, those happier years,
And children weep when we lie low
Far fewer tears, far softer tears."

Something for Nothing

[*Continued from page 49*]

father, on — on that, and paying Oldridge — My God!"

"Oh, father has earned a little, understand," she put in hastily.

Jurian rose and walked up and down, making short turns, with his hands deep in his pockets, and his head bent forward. Suddenly he stopped in front of the girl, bent over, took her hands in his and drew her gently up on her feet. "You dead-game sport!" he said, slowly, looking into her eyes. "You dead-game sport!"

"I — I don't know what — you mean, Mr. Jurian," she replied, in a scared way, struggling a little to free her hands.

He let go her hands. "I couldn't help it!" he said. "I didn't mean to be so impetuous about it — but I couldn't help it. I mean you're one in a thousand. I've never been with people who'd do that sort of thing. You're worth fighting for! I'm sorry you've got no fight on, now, with those brutes over there."

"Oh, you must think of yourself, now," she said. "I'm out of their clutches. I want to help you."

"Yes, you want to help me," repeated Jurian, looking at her deeply again. "And I want you to help me. I —"

He hesitated, just on the point of telling her that he was Jurian, of the Jurian family, destined to be rich — and all that. "I can't start that now," he said to himself. "It would be the damnedest sort of climax. I'll tell her later." So he said to her:

"You've made me feel more like a real man to-night, Miss Blair. I'm going to be life-size; I feel it coming on. I don't want to talk business to-night — but that ten-dollar-a-week thing — that won't do. You're worth — oh, a hundred, anyway!"

She laughed heartily at that boisterous and unguarded estimate; and so she stood on the threshold, her eyes brimful of happiness again, and said good night to him.

Jurian waited a moment, as though he would say something further. Then he changed his mind and went down the dark stairs.

Instead of going to bed, he sat up till after midnight, smoking and composing a letter to Tommy Urquhart. From that letter, there is one excerpt of importance:

". . . Tommy, I believe I said to you once that love is a myth. Well, you keep this to yourself, old top, but — I believe the confounded myth is going to make trouble for me, pretty soon. . . ."

[*To be continued*]

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No poison-pollen of Old World imperialism gone to seed can contaminate — nor any attempt of crowd-sickened collectivism undermine — the priceless individualism of the American who truly keeps his feet on the earth.

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Are you one of America's five million hunters? Are you planning a trip to the hills this Fall for big game — and reserve power?

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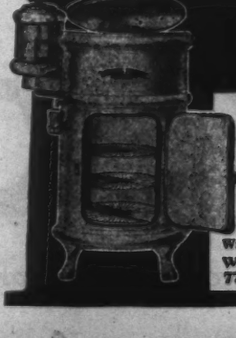

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It's soft and pliable—decreases in size as the tobacco is used—tobacco does not cake in the package—no digging it out with the finger. Keeps the tobacco in even better condition than tin. Now don't you owe it to yourself to buy a package and give Tuxedo a trial? Not quite as much tobacco as in the tin, *but*—

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Finest Burley Tobacco
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The Perfect Tobacco For Pipe and Cigarette

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INCORPORATED

Covered Trails — *Continued from page 32*

He had selected a box with a cover that was very difficult to open, so as to occupy Brent's attention during the moment he needed to place the revolver at exactly the correct angle against Brent's temple.

Standish slipped his left hand into the pocket of his dinner jacket until he gripped the stock of the automatic. He picked up the sandalwood box with his right hand, and, stepping close to Brent's side, laid it down on the desk.

"There you are," he said, in a steady voice.

Brent, with the unlighted cigar in his fingers, had difficulty in opening the tight cover. Struggling with it, he bent over till Standish could not see his hands, though he saw the shadowed hollow of his temple just in front of a patch of gray hair.

With practised quickness Standish slipped out the automatic and held it at precisely the upward and slightly backward angle that Brent would have held it if shooting himself.

Then, without hesitation, he pulled the trigger.

It was characteristic of Standish that, as the body sagged forward, he caught the limp head and laid it carefully on the desk.

The report had been no louder than a smart clap of the hands. He switched off the light, then shot up the curtain and raised the window and fanned the powder smoke out with a newspaper. He closed the window and drew down the blind, then switched on the light again and went into the next room. There he bolted the hall door, sat down at the stenographer's desk and endeavored to read the newspaper while he waited for the watchman to make his rounds.

The crucial part of his work accomplished, he found that his nerves had been under more of a strain than he had known. His hands were shaky, his chin trembled. He got up and paced the room, but his knees felt weak and he experienced a sense of nausea.

The steps of the watchman sounded along the corridor. A hand tried the knob.

"ALL right!" cried Standish. His voice sounded shrill to him, and strange. He felt that the watchman could not fail to detect the horrid significance of his accents.

"'Scuse me," the watchman mumbled. "Jus' wanted to turn out the lights." His footsteps shuffled away; sank into silence.

Standish looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. It seemed to him that ages of stress and turmoil had intervened since he had waited under the oak tree at nine-thirty.

The watchman always passed the eighth floor on his rounds about ten o'clock.

Standish unbolted the door, let himself out into the quiet hall and went softly to the staircase near the elevators. Here he leaned over and looked down.

After a few minutes the bent figure of the old watchman came into view beneath him and shuffled from the eighth to the seventh floor. Five minutes longer and the old man's hand could be seen on the railing going from the seventh to the sixth floor.

The next phase of the plan was ready for execution. On the eighth floor, immediately below — the floor at which he cleverly had contrived to have the elevator man see Brent get off — were the offices of Brent & Hibbs, attorneys. Brent, the lawyer, was Irving Brent's brother.

Standish turned and walked softly back to his office. He left the hall door open as he went in, took a pair of old kid gloves from his overcoat pocket and put them on. Then he picked up the automatic from the desk, and with his handkerchief and the soft gloves polished the handle and barrel till he was sure it retained no finger-prints. He put the pistol in his pocket and with some difficulty got Brent up in his arms.

He staggered out of the door and down the hall with his burden. Half way to the staircase he stopped and listened. The elevator was motionless at the bottom of the shaft. He hurried past the elevators and staggered down the steps. His burden was becoming almost unbearably heavy, but he carried the limp figure to the entrance door of Brent & Hibbs.

Here, with feverish relief, he laid it down and arranged it in the attitude that he had previously determined upon — the left arm underneath, the right arm extended, the right knee drawn up. Then he took the pistol from his pocket and put it in Brent's right hand, folding the fingers round it.

After standing for a moment and examining his handiwork, he wheeled and flew up to the ninth floor. Once in his office, he closed and bolted the door. With minute care he made sure that the rooms and his desk retained no traces of what had happened. He carefully mopped his face and arranged his tie. Then he put on his top-coat, switched off the lights and went down the hall to the elevators and rang the bell.

Standish walked out of the building and went a block up the street to where, earlier in the evening, he had parked his roadster. He climbed in and started it and made his way to the garage in the rear of his apartment. Here he put away the car and then entered the building and went up in the elevator to his rooms on the sixth floor.

He had concluded that nervous fatigue was the principal enemy of successful execution, so, as part of his preconceived plan, he went into the bathroom and took ten grains of veronal to make him sleep. He then undressed and put on a pair of blue linen pajamas, monogrammed on the sleeve. He still felt wakeful. The fear of having overlooked some important detail hung over him like an evil bird of prey. He paced the parlor and the bedroom, going over every incident again and again in his mind.

Finally he went to the desk, and from a lower drawer took out five small check-books of different colors and a pile of letters, some of them carbon copies. He referred to the inconsiderable balances shown on the check stubs and re-read all the letters.

With his acute foresight for every detail he had seen that it would not do to sell Consolidated Steel Foundries short in his own name, particularly at any time immediately prior to Brent's demise. Nor would it have been advisable to make this sale in one lump or through one broker. It would have been a perfectly usual business venture, but Standish had preferred in the circumstances to follow the old adage and avoid even the appearance of evil.

A month or so before, he had begun liquidating all of his assets, and the resulting cash he had deposited by mail in about equal amounts in five banks in different sections of the east. Each deposit had been under a different name, and the reason he had advanced in each case was his intention soon to come to that town to live.

He then had selected five different New York stock exchange brokers and at an interval of a day or so between orders had transferred the funds from one bank to each broker. Each of them he ordered in a particular sum named to sell Consolidated Steel Foundries at the market on a margin account to as full an amount as the certified check that he enclosed would permit.

Into this single throw he had put every cent he possessed. If the Consolidated stock went off as he expected at the news of Brent's death, he would buy at the low prices, close out his accounts, and would have a snug fortune to invest in gilt-edged bonds for a luxurious future.

He returned the check-books and letters to the drawer, closed and locked it. Then he went into the next room and climbed into bed. For half an hour he tossed restlessly, but gradually succumbed to a heavy slumber.

The next morning he awoke an hour later than usual with the sense of having had an unpleasant dream. Then the happenings of the night before came over him with a sickening rush.

On his way to the café down-stairs he picked up the morning newspaper outside his door.

Headlines to the width of four columns informed the world that Irving Brent had been found dead at midnight, clutching an automatic pistol, in the dark corridor outside his brother's law offices.

While waiting in the café of the apartment house for his toast and eggs, Standish devoured the details that the newspaper lavished. Suicide seemed to be taken for granted. But near the end of the account a small sub-heading made his heart stand still. It read:

Brother Scouts Suicide Theory

The reading of this had a strange effect upon Standish. He saw himself a tiny pale figure, reading huge headlines that proclaimed his own guilt.

"Too bad about Mr. Brent, sir."

Standish started violently. It was the waiter at his elbow.

YOU have pictured — every man has — the happy shave; the just-right heft of the razor, the painless purr of the blade, the quick job, the silken skin.

That's the shave you have always wanted. That's a Smoother Face.

A Smoother Face is a business asset; a social necessity, the daily habit of the fastidious; the mark of the Gem user.

Millions of Gem users on six continents know this shaving truth —

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Gem Damaskeene Blades—keen as Damascus steel—have durable delicacy of edge that actually gives a silken skin, a happy shave.

Specially tempered, hardened and ground, they are then patent-processed, tested and double-inspected. Only our 39 years of experience and "know how" could produce such blades!

The Gem frame—so simple to the eye and yet so vital to your shave—holds the blade against your face at the Universal Angle. No adjustment is necessary.

Learn to know the Gem. Learn the comfort, the pride, the content of a Smoother Face.

Fit a Gem Damaskeene Blade into a Gem frame and get the full service you can ask from any razor.

Every man should read the new folder "Smoother Faces and How to Get One." Shall we send you a copy?

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The Standard Gem Set includes frame and handle, $1.00 stropping device and seven Damaskeene Blades in compact velvet lined case.

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SHE GETS $30 A WEEK BUT SAVED NOTHING UNTIL—?

This woman's husband, who earns a liberal salary, gives her an allowance of $30.00 a week. From this allowance she must furnish the food for the family, clothing for two children and herself, and pay her personal expenses. Until recently she had never saved a penny. In spite of many a wasted hour over household accounts which she religiously kept, she found herself continually drawing on next week's allowance for this week's bills. She simply lacked a financial sense.

One evening her husband handed her a neatly wrapped package which contained a purse the like of which she had never seen before. It was called

THE PROSPERITY PURSE

(Patent applied for)

and she found that it would answer all the purposes of the household account book without any of the labor. It contained several compartments—each one neatly labeled in gold letters. One compartment bore the title—"food"; another—"clothing"; another—"household expenses"; still another—"recreation"; and a most important one—"savings."

Together she and her husband sat down and divided her thirty dollar allowance for the week as follows: Food for the family—$14; clothing for wife and children—$6; household expenses—$2; recreation—$3; savings, $5.

She slipped into each compartment of the new purse the amount of money allotted, and bright and early Monday morning began to regulate he expenses in this new and scientific way. When she called upon the grocer or the butcher, she paid him from the "food" compartment of her purse; when her little daughter needed a new pair of shoes, she took the money from the "clothes" compartment; when she and her friend went to see a moving picture, the money came out of "recreation." She found it all so delightfully simple. No accounts to worry about, and yet she knew where she stood every day.

And the best part of it was that on Saturday night of this first week, the $5 which had been placed in the "savings" compartment was still there untouched, and for the first time in her married life this woman was able to open a savings bank account with money which she personally had saved and thus earned.

97 of every 100 people who reach the age of 65 are dependent on others for support. The only way to remain independent is to save.

The Prosperity Purse which this man presented to his wife is handsomely made of genuine black leather (size 5¾x3¾ inches), and each compartment is capped with a small red leather tab, neatly labeled in gold. Used as an ordinary purse, which merely *spends* money, it would be excellent value—a purse you would be proud to carry. But this purse also *saves* money, and so is worth its weight in gold. With it comes a pamphlet describing just how to use it, and telling you the proper division of your income, no matter whether it is large or small. Many women fail to save simply because they do not apportion their incomes correctly, and it will help you immensely to get the advice of the best household economists on this point. If you have never saved money before, you can save it now, and without any of the pangs.

McClure Book Company
76 Fifth Avenue
New York

I accept your offer. Send me the Prosperity Purse and enter my subscriptions to

McClure's for one year,
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I will send you $1.00 a month for 7 months.

Name .....

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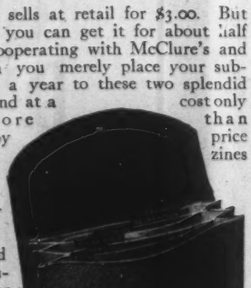
McC. 7-19

The cash with order price of this offer is $6.65. Special terms if you live outside of the U. S.

Send No Money

The purse sells at retail for $3.00. But by our plan you can get it for about half price. By cooperating with McClure's and Metropolitan you merely place your subscription for a year to these two splendid magazines, and at a cost only a trifle more than the single copy price of the magazines alone, you receive the Purse, postpaid.



Sign and mail the coupon. The seven $1.00 monthly payments which cover magazines and purse in full, can easily be made without effort from the "household" compartment of your purse.

Note: The purse is made for both men and women, but the woman's model, containing back strap for the hand, will be sent unless you specify that you want the purse without strap.

McCLURE BOOK COMPANY
76 Fifth Avenue New York

"My brother was his chauffeur, sir. He says he don't believe Mr. Brent shot himself, sir."

"Yes, yes. No. Perhaps not."

Standish pushed back his chair, and leaving his breakfast unfinished, went around to the garage and got out his car. He longed to ride and ride, till he should reach a place where no one knew him. But he recognized that this would be a mistake, so he bowled along, instead, to his stock-brokers'.

When he had mailed his orders to the five brokers to sell Consolidated short, he had, at the same time instructed them to buy in when the market had dropped twenty points. He had figured that it would drop much more than that, but twenty points would net him a handsome amount.

He pushed into the room where two boys were marking columns of chalk figures on the blackboard as a man called them off from the ticker. Standish joined the group in front of the Consolidated Steel Foundries quotations.

The long row of figures indicated that this stock was very active. But to his astonishment it had gone off only five points. He remarked upon this to a stout man standing next to him.

"I thought Brent's death would have caused it to break," Standish ventured.

"So did everybody else," agreed the man. "It may break yet. But it's receiving unexpected support at the opening. We are waiting for a bulletin."

This important miscarriage of the principal aim of his plan, even though it might be only temporary, made him feel ill. He left the brokerage rooms and drove to his offices. Here he found that the green curtain was still down in his private office. He shot it up, opened his scanty mail and dictated a few letters to his stenographer.

Unable to stand the strain of not knowing what the Consolidated Stock was doing, he went out and drove again to his brokers.

He could not believe the quotations that he saw marked up under Consolidated as he pushed into the crowded room. Instead of being off five points from the price at which he had sold, it was now up ten points. It had gone up fifteen points within an hour. Instead of being ahead of the game, at these prices he had lost ten dollars on every share of stock. As he was working on a twenty-point margin, half of his entire capital already had been wiped out.

Feeling numb to the finger-tips, he crossed the room and read the latest bulletin. It said:

Consolidated Steel Foundries has gone wild. There is an unconfirmed rumor that Brent was involved in a deal that would have cost the Consolidated dearly. The discovery of this caused his suicide, the rumor says, and disclosed contracts that showed Consolidated to be worth much more than had been suspected. Whether or not this rumor is true, the street believes it, and ——

Standish read no more. He turned and dashed through the offices, nearly bowling over two dignified customers. Across the street was a telegraph office. Careless of concealment, he ran over and wrote off five telegrams, one to each of his brokers, signing them with his assumed names.

He ordered them to buy, buy at once, buy at the market. Anything to close out his account before the balance should be wiped off, leaving him penniless.

He felt that he could not bear the agony of watching the quotations without knowing at what price his brokers had been able to buy. So he climbed in his car and drove back to his office.

He realized that he was becoming overwrought. He remembered that, of all things, he must retain his poise. Two days before, he had thought his nerves were of steel. Now his mind searched for some one he could go to for relaxation. But he could not decide. He had no genuine friends. He loved no one, he hated no one. It had been his plan of life. Emotion, he had claimed, confuses the judgment.

He dropped his head into his palms to try to quiet his racing thoughts. Just then he heard some one open the outside door and come in.

He looked up into the eyes of Irving Brent. For a moment he could have screamed. Then he saw that the man was Irving Brent's brother, with the same prominent brown eyes. His inward tumult seemed about to shake him into pieces. But he got to his feet, and he heard his own voice speaking with astonishing calm.

"Come in, Brent. Excuse my staring, but you looked so much like your brother I was startled. Come in and sit down."

Walter Brent came in and sat down in the chair across the desk from the one at which his brother had been shot. Shadows beneath his eyes and white, tense lines about his mouth showed the strain that he had been under.

"I don't know whether you can help me, Standish," he began slowly. "But the elevator man says you were here last night, and I thought perhaps you had seen Irving."

"No, I was here till ten-thirty, but I didn't happen to pass him as I came in or went out."

"Did you see him yesterday at all?"

"No. I'm sorry."

"When was the last time you saw him?"

Standish thought for a moment. "About a week ago. At the club. But I did not see him then to speak to."

Brent got heavily to his feet.

"I hope you realize how you have my sympathy," said Standish. "If there is anything I can do——"

Brent made a slight gesture, and with bowed head went out the door.

The hours that intervened before bedtime were blurred to Standish, like a moving picture that is run too fast.

It was with a tremendous relief that, in his rooms at nine o'clock, he took an almost excessive dose of the sleeping-tablets and fell into a drugged slumber.

He arose late the next morning, breakfasted hastily and drove to the post-office.

His five different lock-boxes each contained a letter from a stock-broker. He took out the letters and opened them one by one. Three of them told the same story. The market had soared so swiftly the brokers had been forced to close him out in order to protect themselves. The letters from the other two brokers were even worse. They had not been able to buy inside of his margin in the frantic bull market, so they enclosed a bill showing him the amount that he owed them. Not only had he lost every cent, he was a debtor.

With white lips Standish put the letters in his pocket and drove hopelessly to the local brokers.

ALTHOUGH the market had been open only an hour great things had happened. The rumor about Brent's speculations had turned out over night to be but a speculator's canard. Consolidated Steel Foundries accordingly had collapsed. No one was buying it and everyone was trying to sell. It had gone off sixty points from yesterday's high. If yesterday's happenings had not wiped him out Standish would this morning be gathering in his fortune.

Standish sought the privacy of his offices. He went into the smaller room, sat down in the chair where Irving Brent had sat, and laid his head in his arms.

But as he rested there life slowly ordered itself in his mind and showed a way ahead. At any rate, he now knew the worst. He had lost his money, but he had his health and strength. There were many things open for a man of his brains and energy.

He heard the hall door open, and looked up. A broad thick man with a blue chin and a derby hat on the back of his head entered.

"Mr. Standish?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Standish coldly. "What can I do for you?"

The man scratched his blue chin.

"Just want to ask you a few questions. I don't expect to find out anything, you know, but we are still workin' on that Brent affair. My name's Casey."

"I'll be glad to tell you anything I can, Mr. Casey." Standish was entirely himself. He knew that his trail was absolutely covered. "Have a seat, won't you? And have one of these cigars."

"Mr. Standish," the man took a cigar from the humidor with his left hand and rolled it between his fingers thoughtfully, "when was the last time you saw Mr. Irving Brent?"

"A week or ten days ago. At the club."

"You haven't seen him since then?" Casey spoke with something of a brogue.

"No."

"Sure?"

"Positive."

"Then, Mr. Standish — " Casey whipped a revolver from his side pocket and pointed it at Standish's stomach. "I'll have to ask you to put your hands out while I slip on these bracelets."

Standish was too surprised not to obey. Casey snapped on the handcuffs, then assured himself that Standish concealed no weapons.

"All right, Brown," he called.

A young fellow came in from the outer

office, took up the desk telephone, and when his number had answered, said:

"This is Brown. You can send the wagon."

"You'll smart for this mistake!"

"Faith, and it's yourself that has the right to speak of smartin' for mistakes," retorted Casey. "If it hadn't been for just one weeney little mistake, we never would have thought of you in a year of Sundays."

"May I ask what you are talking about?"

"Sure you may. And I'll tell you, too. But first let me take a bit of the pride out of you by sayin' that we busted into your apartment this mor-rnin'."

Standish winced. "You did that?"

"Sure. And we found all your little check-books and your neat little letters, showin' how you was plannin' to gamble on Brent's death a week before he died."

"How did you happen to search my apartment?" asked Standish, white as a sheet.

"Well you may ask," explained Casey affably. "You are the clever one. You picked a man no one could hook you up with. Not a clue in the world to lead to you. That's why I don't see how you was so foolish as to give him one of these fancy cigars with your own monogram on the band and let him put it in his pocket just before you killed him."

Standish groaned aloud. As clear as day now he remembered that Irving Brent had not lighted his cigar. And, doubtless, in order to free his fingers for opening the sandalwood box containing the coin, he had thrust it into a pocket.

"The cigar-maker told us who ordered this special brand," went on Casey, cheerfully. "So that led to you. Then yesterday you lied to Irving Brent's brother and told him you hadn't seen Irving for a week. The cigar was soft and fresh from the humidor. So then we knew we was on the right track." Casey's voice hardened. "You was in this building when Irving Brent was shot; you followed him in. You gave him a cigar. The next day you swore you hadn't seen him for a week. We find at your apartment that you've been usin' five assumed names in order to make money out of Brent's death. The orders to your brokers showed you expected Brent to die. You knew he was goin' to die this week."

The clamor of a whirring, hurrying bell floated up from the street.

"The wagon," remarked Brown.

"You are clever," concluded Casey as he stood aside to let his prisoner precede him. "But the trouble is, you tried to bite off too big a hunk. You tried to get away with murder. And it ain't bein' done this year!"

Easy Money — *Continued from page 21*

the appointments of the room, and whistling as he did so broke off.

"Of course not. Go ahead. If I can locate Brewster in town, I'll go after him right away. What do you think?"

Bardsley, only recently installed over Rumson as sales-manager of the Allentown Bridge Company, was in the habit of appealing to the younger man's judgment. The jovial, rotund little fellow simply saw in Rumson an efficient and capable worker who clearly had the advantage of him because of his years of experience with the Allentown Company. To Rumson he had seemed, not exactly patronizing, but over-friendly.

Rumson, in a financial muddle that fretted him more and more, had come to temper his views of domestic bliss. It was far from being the state of ideal felicity that Bardsley, who was a widower, seemed to vision in Rumson's family life. He was continually talking enthusiastically about Rumson's twin boys to any one who would listen. The latter had had him out to Sunday dinner, and it had rather bored him to listen to Bardsley's frankly expressed admiration of the little home and its slender, attractive mistress.

Bardsley settled down to make a series of calls from the room telephone, while Rumson returned at once to the ground floor.

"Shall we have a cocktail first?" asked Brooke, getting up at Rumson's approach.

"Thanks, no," said Rumson shortly.

"Then let's go down to the grill."

The head waiter approached Brooke, to inform him that Mr. Brush had been called away by telephone, but would meet the two gentlemen at the Roslyn.

"I hope you don't mind," said Brooke. "We'll take a taxi up to the Roslyn."

Rumson could do nothing but concur. He vaguely knew of the Roslyn as a big apartment hotel on the upper West Side, to which they were presently speeding by motor.

At the Roslyn, Brooke led the way into a small dining-room.

At a table in a corner sat a man, who rose at their approach.

"Mr. Rumson, this is Mr. Jackson — one of the live wires of our company," explained Brooke to his guest. "Where is Mr. Brush?"

Jackson scrutinized the young man.

"Brush is delayed, but has sent word for us to go ahead. He'll be along as soon as he can," explained Jackson, taking up the menu card in a businesslike way.

"How about a cocktail?" put in Brooke. Will you name it, Mr. Rumson?"

Rumson debated, then said abruptly:

"Make mine a Martini; and may I ask just what all this is about?"

Jackson laughed in his crisp, efficient way.

"Just a little matter of business — to your advantage, I trust," Jackson answered, looking Rumson squarely in the eye. "But I think we had better wait and let Mr. Brush discuss that. In the meantime, let's get down to food. Allentown Bridge seems to be coming very much to the fore these days, Mr. Rumson. You see, we have an eye out for our wide-awake competitors."

An hour later the three men were still sitting at the table. Rumson was moodily knocking off the ash of his fourth cigar.

He was never afterward able to recall the steps by which the talk had led up to the real business in hand, or how he had been able to sit there and listen to the smooth, crafty argument of Jackson until the infamous proposal lay outright before him. At no stage had it been obtruded in its stark, bare-faced dishonesty—that Rumson would be handsomely rewarded if he would accord the McCormick-Brush people an opportunity to scan certain papers before the bid of the Allentown Company was turned in on the following day. No money had been put in evidence, but Rumson understood that there were ten thousand-dollar bills in Brooke's pocket.

At times, Rumson lost the thread of Jackson's argument. His mind went back to the little tapestry-brick and white-shingle house on the outskirts of Allentown. He visioned the long series of semi-annual payments on the purchase-money mortgage yet to be met.

HIS salary was now precisely what it had been four years before, despite the fact that during that period the sales-manager had resigned and, while the position remained indefinitely vacant, Rumson had had to do double duty and had grown in and up to the larger job.

Irritated by Jackson's cool proposal and moodily resenting it, Rumson could not help reflecting that it was high time that he was looking out for himself and his wife and children. Ten thousand dollars was a small fortune — the chance of a lifetime.

He wondered how Bardsley would have met this situation if he had been in his place. In spite of the cheery, loquacious optimism that seemed to bubble from the new man, he did not altogether like or trust him. He seemed friendly and kind to Rumson, quite ignoring in his manner that he had been put in over Rumson's head. Then Bardsley's fondness for his boys struck him as crude patronizing. People who were sincere didn't rant like that over other people's children.

"Come, Mr. Rumson, out with it. Get it off your chest — whatever it is you're glowering over."

Rumson, suddenly recalled to himself by Jackson's words, shrugged his shoulders.

"That's quite another story," he said shortly. "As for this proposition of yours —" There was a long pause before he added: "I'll go back and think it over."

Jackson coolly studied him for a moment. "Better let Brooke go along with you," he suggested, not venturing to press the hard-eyed young man further.

"No," said Rumson curtly. "I want to think this thing out by myself. I'll telephone you before six o'clock. If you don't hear from me by then, it's all off."

It was late afternoon when Rumson turned into Central Park. He had declined a taxi and chosen to go back to the Van Courtlandt on foot, instinctively seeking the open air of the park to wrestle with the temptation that had been thrust before him. [*Continued on page 63*]

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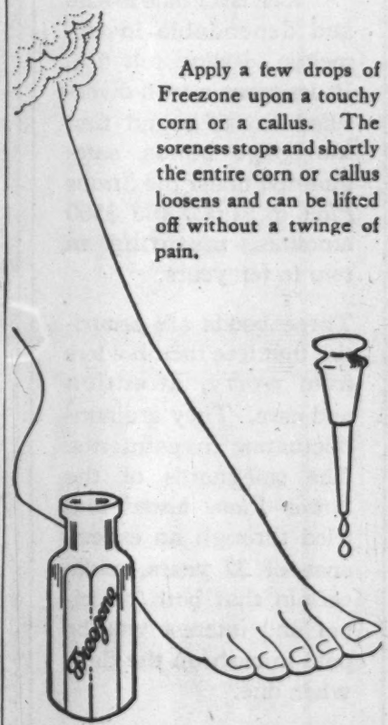

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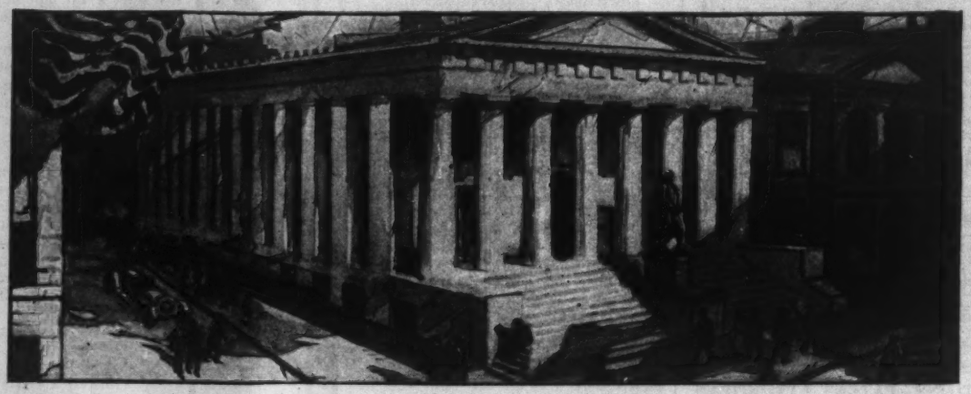

The Public and Utilities

by Paul Tomlinson

MODERN science performs so many wonderful feats that we are scarcely surprised by anything. We accept with perfect calmness achievements that would have made our forefathers gasp with astonishment. Airships, submarines, tunnels under rivers, wireless telegraphs and telephones, all of these things and many others we greet without the least surprise.

Many results of this scientific progress have become such a part of our daily lives that we hardly appreciate them, taking them rather as a matter of course. We ride in subways, in trolley cars, and in automobiles, without giving them a thought, and yet it was only a few years ago that none of these things existed. Few of our parents knew the benefits of gas and electrically-lighted houses. Lamps and candles served them very well, and yet most of us, city dwellers at least, would consider it a hardship if we were forced to use these old-fashioned means of illumination. We fuss and fume terribly if a storm temporarily interferes with the current; if the trolley service breaks down we talk as if we were the most abused people on earth. What were luxuries a short time ago are now looked upon as necessities. The host of conveniences devised to make life more comfortable and easy we accept as our right and without a second thought.

We have the public service corporations and the public utilities companies to thank for supplying us with most of these things which make our lives so comfortable. When we press the button which controls the electric lighting in our homes do we stop to think that at the heart and center of the maze of wires, over which runs the current responsible for our light, there is a great power house? That this same plant perhaps is sending out the power which carries us along so swiftly in subway trains or electric cars? That this power plant is the basis of a great industry, the result of modern science, industry, and engineering skill? It may be that a great river has been harnessed and Nature made to work for us. Who knows the imagination, courage, and labor which have made it possible for us to live and travel about in comfort and convenience?

A public utility company, as its name indicates, is useful to the public. It serves the public in many ways, ways that are not always appreciated. For instance, it always seems possible to win the approval of a large group of people by attacking a public utility company. Poor trolley service seems to be a never failing source of political capital. Why is it? Why are public utility companies made political footballs, kicked about and buffeted first by one party, then another, and still expected to render efficient service?

Perhaps these companies are suffering as the result of past activities. Railroads unquestionably are in many cases reaping the harvest of trouble sown by unscrupulous directors and officers who preceded the present incumbents. So with public utilities. Franchises have been granted under suspicious circumstances and stories of corruption and bribery were frequent in their early days. Is that the fault of the corporations alone, or is the public to blame for electing to office the kind of men who are open to bribery and corruption?

PUBLIC utilities commissions have been formed in many states to exercise control over privately-owned public utilities, and have generally demonstrated that their regulation is beneficial. On the other hand, municipal ownership has proved generally unsuccessful, and is subject to objectionable and harmful political manipulation. The public should realize this fact, for their interests are those affected, and it is a fact that private ownership is ninety-nine times out of a hundred more efficient than ownership by a government, whether of a city or a nation. The case of the railroads proves this. Since the Government took them over rates have gone up, and service deteriorated. The public is paying more and getting less. Most people are beginning to appreciate this, however, and it may be that the present experiment in Government ownership is a blessing in disguise. We are learning that it does not work, and finding it out before all our industries are affected.

In order that a public utility may expand money is needed, and to get money credit is necessary. It is to the interest of a city, and its inhabitants, to see that credit is furnished. There are vast opportunities for increased business for public utilities, but business opportunity must be accompanied by political intelligence to make full realization possible. This is a responsibility which rests in large part upon our citizens, and every citizen of the United States is vitally concerned with public utility companies. Their interests are inextricably intertwined, and public indifference to and ignorance of conditions affecting this class of companies are serious handicaps to their growth and expansion. Cities can scarcely be prosperous without efficient utilities, and, on the other hand, utilities certainly cannot be efficient unless they are prosperous. If the utilities are to be regulated they are entitled to protection.

From its very nature a public utility is designed to serve. An official of one of the big companies recently went so far as to say that utility management is a public trust. The public is most assuredly entitled to be served at reasonable rates, but a rate is reasonable only when it allows the company a fair return. In the case of transportation, for instance, it is easy enough for any one to understand that it cannot be furnished at less than cost. It is only just to expect the users of transportation to pay for the accommodations they receive. If a company is not allowed a fair compensation for the service it renders one of two things will happen: either the company will fail and all service cease entirely, or the government whence its franchise comes will take it over and operate it. Past experience teaches that in the latter case everything is in favor of a deficit being acquired, and then the people make it up in taxes. The people have an enormous stake in the public utility companies.

Everything connected with public utilities is not shrouded in gloom, however. The National Government is taking up their case, and it is probable that a commission will be formed to study ways and means of aiding them, and their interests will in all likelihood be better safeguarded than in the past.

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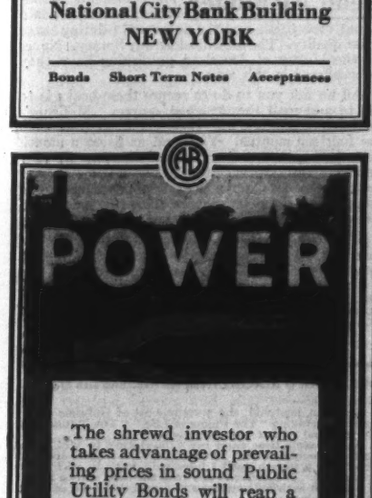

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of help does not mean that they are on the verge of collapse. Some of them have failed, but companies are always failing in every line of business. Public utility companies with capable management — without which success cannot be obtained — have made a war record which should prove a recommendation of great strength in the future. The reconstruction period is naturally full of problems, but it seems extremely doubtful if the difficulties to be solved can be as serious as those met and conquered during the two years previous to this.

In this connection it may not be amiss to quote from an article by the manager of one of the big public utilities companies which appeared recently in one of the New York papers:

"The durable character of the utilities has again been emphasized by the vicissitudes which they overcame during the War, and it is already being reflected in the upward market trend of their securities. Generally speaking, sensational advances in the prices of their securities are not to be anticipated, but in all probability there will be a steady climb back to and exceeding the top levels existing before the War and in 1916.

"A widespread, active construction period will hardly get under way in 1919, but next year should see unprecedented building, particularly of electric transmission lines, water powers and steam turbine power stations. Prices of money and materials are still too high to permit the construction of any except the most necessary extensions. No conservative utility operator will do any more financing at the existing high interest rate than he has to, nor will he buy machinery, wire, etc., for permanent construction until prices are much reduced, if it can be avoided.

"A time of wonderful expansion in the electrical industry cannot be long postponed, however, if the United States is to continue its course of industrial prosperity. The War brought to the foreground the dependence of modern production upon mechanical power and the superiority and economy of electrical power produced by large central stations. Every power company in a manufacturing district was seriously pressed to supply additional industrial demands during the War, and it is safe to say that nearly all of the new business gained, or its equivalent, will be permanently retained, and the demands for electrical power will continue to grow with every factory expansion and the establishment of every new industry."

This statement seems to sum up the situation very well. Perhaps the price of public utility securities will "exceed the top levels existing before the War and in 1916," though I venture to say no one would care to predict just when that happy state of affairs will come about. The fact remains that public utilities are down and should go up, and it can hardly be questioned that a "wonderful expansion in the electrical industry cannot be long postponed." In water-power resources, for instance, the United States has been bountifully blessed by Nature as compared with many of the other nations of the earth. In all of Europe there is but seven millions of horse-power development from water-power, with a potential of forty millions. In this country our development is now somewhere between eleven and twelve millions, and we have a potential of sixty. When we see pictures of the great dams — like the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, for instance, which is 284 feet high and 1080 feet long — built to store up water and create power from it, we realize what wonderful feats have been accomplished. Then stop and think that only one-sixth of our water-power resources are developed. There are great possibilities ahead, and public utilities are by no means limited to water for their current-making power.

The industrial development of the country is closely allied with the growth of public utilities. They go along, side by side. Public utilities are of comparatively recent origin, and it may be for that reason that their securities have been overlooked by many investors. They are being looked upon with more general favor as time goes on, however, and it will repay any one with available funds to investigate them. Their prospects look bright, and the fact that they are selling at low prices now may only mean that the possibility of future advances is that much greater.

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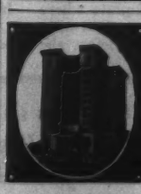

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The Doherty News, published by Henry L. Doherty & Company, operators and fiscal agents of Cities Service Company, is published monthly and gives the latest information regarding oil statistics and production figures in the United States. It also contains valuable information regarding public utilities and a general review of the investment situation.

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The Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich., will send free booklet M. C. "Key to Safe Investment." Deals with the advantages of Detroit Real Estate Bonds.

"Opportunity in Bonds" will be the leading article in "Bond Topics" this month. There will also be an excellent article by Samuel Insull on what the Middle West Utilities Co. has done during the war. "Bond Topics" will be sent on request by writing to A. H. Bickmore, 111 Broadway, New York City.

Bankers Mortgage Co., Des Moines, Ia., will send booklet 118, dealing with Iowa First Farm Mortgages and Tax Free Municipal Bonds.

"Acceptance" is the title of a comprehensive and thorough booklet which will be of great value to business houses dealing in acceptances. Both foreign and domestic acceptances are dealt with in this booklet. It will be sent upon request by the National City Co., New York.

John Muir & Co., odd lot and Liberty Bond specialists, 61 Broadway, New York, have recently made several changes in their partial-payment-plan terms which are explained in the new edition of their booklet, "The Partial Payment Plan," which is free on request.

People living thousands of miles from Cleveland, Ohio, nevertheless benefit by the Banking by Mail service which The Citizens Savings & Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio, renders. Write for its free booklet "D". It tells all about the service.

R. C. Megargel & Company, 27 Pine Street New York, are now running serial articles in their semi-monthly publication, "Securities Suggestions," dealing with petroleum from its inception to date. "Securities Suggestions" containing these articles will be sent to anyone free of charge upon request.

Farson, Son and Company, Number 115 Broadway, New York City, will send to you upon request their interesting and instructive booklet describing their new oil property, The Hercules Petroleum Company.

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The character of the present securities market is one based on justified confidence in the future. The whole situation in the business world is visibly improving. War-time earnings have made many companies rich, not only in assets, but in facilities for peace-time production. Comparison of earnings of companies whose securities are actively traded in may be obtained by writing to Dunham & Company, 43 Exchange Place, New York City. Ask for 54-CC.

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"We're Right on the Ground," by E. J. Landers & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D., covers Farm Mortgages from the Northwest. Free.

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"Why I Broke With Taft"

[*Continued from page 52*]

could he, without embarrassment, call on me. In the lodge it was different. He was over me, though I was President, and it was good for him and good for me.

"I go to the lodge, and even the folks who do not belong to or believe in the order, rather like it that I should go. They seem to feel it's part of the eternal fitness of things. Whenever I return from one of my journeys I always go there to tell of the lodges I have visited, in Nairobi in Africa, in Trinidad, or the quaint little lodge I found away up on the Ascension River. They sort of feel I am their representative to these lodges, and they like it. There's a real community of interest.

"It's the same way with Mrs. Roosevelt. She is an Episcopalian, you know, and belongs to a guild named after a saint — St. Hilda, I believe. She frequently has the members here. She had them at the White House on several occasions. There's no social rank in the guild, no distinction — the brakeman's wife or the butcher's wife, the equal of her neighbor, and all are comfortable. You see, they have a common interest.

"That is the way to make people work together. Get them on common ground, get them together through some interest in common. Their social lines fade out and you get results."

Enter Archie — *Continued from page 48*

who still stood with his eyes averted as a Christian Scientist might in the act of denying cockroaches.

"I hope you'll come again — and have another lesson," smiled the affable proprietor.

"Oh, we shall," Bob assured him with the cordiality which butters a lie.

Betsy was the last to leave. She loathed crawling things with all a good housekeeper's passionate loathing. Yet her eyes strayed fondly to that circle of plate where greedy Archie stood feeding upon a crumb.

Betsy shook hands with Tony before she went out. She should have shaken hands with Archie.

The drizzle had lifted when she got to the street a few yards behind Bob. She found him in a dream deeper than the hands he had thrust into his pockets.

"Do you think Tillie's found another place yet?" he asked mournfully.

"I don't think so. She left me her address — in case of — " Betsy hesitated. "Anyhow, we can send around a messenger."

"No, we won't!" growled Bob. "We'll take a taxi and go get her ourselves!"

In August, Samuel Gompers will strike at a great problem in his article, "No Sword Between Labor and Capital."

He dipped his pen into the heart of WOMAN!

ELENA, a girl whose beauty is the talk of society, leaves her lover Andrea as suddenly as she yielded to his mad infatuation. He is plunged into gloom; then he meets Maria, who is as pure and spiritual as Elena was sensual and worldly. In a short time he has won her love. Then unexpectedly Elena returns into his life and arouses all of Andrea's old passion for her. He is torn with conflicting emotions, fascinated by both of these women, a world apart from each other. The struggle of the flesh over the soul is described with marvelous insight by d'Annunzio, in his novel "The Child of Pleasure," which is one of a set of three absorbing volumes that comes to you *free and postpaid* when you accept the offer we make below

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PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kan.

Easy Money

[*Continued from page 59*]

Once it came over him with acute chagrin that his father, who lived in Connecticut, had written that he would be in New York that day and would look him up.

He walked slowly for almost an hour, his eyes moodily upon the ground, halting impatiently when seeming cavalcades of saddle-horses and limousines swept by. All the glutted wealth of the great metropolis seemed flaunted in his face just then.

He reached the hotel at last, and was shot up to his floor in the cream-and-gold elevator. It was growing dusk when he entered his room. He looked into Bardsley's room, which opened off from his own. It was empty.

The sheer dishonesty of his meditated act, always latent in his thoughts, did not come sharply before him, or rather he fought it off until it hovered in the background, always a grim, disturbing shape, while he strove to weigh the problematical loss his company might suffer against the windfall of good fortune which he had it in his power to shower upon his wife and baby boys.

The clock pointed to a quarter of six. He must decide — yes or no — within a very few minutes. And if yes, the papers must be got out of the suitcase. He shrank at the thought of putting his hand upon them. Unconsciously his eyes were drawn across the room to where his battered traveling-bag lay under the bed. As he looked his gaze suddenly sharpened.

The suitcase lay on its side, still closed, but around the lock the leather had been cut sharply through.

He remained in a sort of cold trance, gazing at the rifled bag and striving to put together some explanation of what had obviously occurred. There had been nothing of value in the bag except the thick envelope of blue-prints and the sealed bid. His other bag had not been disturbed, and that was the one in which he usually carried his papers. This was not the quick, blind foray of a sneak-thief. Only some one intimately in touch with him and his mission could have gone so unerringly to the one spot where something of great value was stored.

It had been a bold and deliberate crime. It came over him suddenly in a great wave of revulsion — the thought of his own contemplated act here set forth in stark, appalling actuality. As he sat staring, the theft in all its grim ugliness smote him. He drew his hand across his forehead, damp with perspiration.

When the clock pointed to six, Rumson leaned back and wearily closed his eyes. Jackson and Brooke now had their answer.

There came a fumbling sound of a key inserted in a lock and Bardsley entered the adjoining room. Rumson, sitting in the shadows that now enveloped everything did not stir. Bardsley was fumbling about in the other room, whistling some catchy dance tune. Presently he strode softly into Rumson's room without noticing the motionless figure in the shadows. He stooped down, lifted the lid of Rumson's suitcase, and slipped something into it.

"Bardsley!"

"Oh, there you are!"

He reached across and snapped on the electric light, bringing Rumson to his feet with quivering, blinking eyes.

Bardsley! Could it be possible? This deliberate knifing of his bag? Why not? Once the papers had been put back, it would have remained a baffling mystery. But now, caught in the act —

"Say, where have you been all afternoon?" demanded Bardsley, eagerly. "I tried to locate you everywhere by telephone. Your father was here. *Some* boy — that old dad of yours!" His eyes were twinkling at the recollection, as he came over and slapped the young man gaily on the shoulder. "I did my best to entertain him. Told him all about you — and the wife and the kids. Believe me, — I couldn't tell him enough about those two strapping grandsons of his. When I heard that he hadn't seen 'em in over a year, hanged if I didn't come in here and cut your old bag open just to let him have a look at the youngsters — that photograph you always carry. And say! the old boy was that tickled it was worth the price. Buy yourself a new bag — a good one — and let me have the bill. And say, old man, why can't you slip me one of those photos of the kids some day? I'd kind of like to stick it up somewhere and just have it around."

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No Dainty Shoes

If You Consider Corns

There are these three ways:

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Blue-jay is the scientific method, evolved by scientific men. It is made in laboratories known the world over.

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People who now pare corns and merely pad them do themselves injustice. Corn troubles should be ended.

People who use wrong treatments court soreness and disappointment.

Let Blue-jay prove itself. Try it on one corn. It will show you the way to dainty, corn-free feet.

You will never let a corn annoy you after that.

Please don't delay. Ask your druggist now for Blue-jay and apply tonight.

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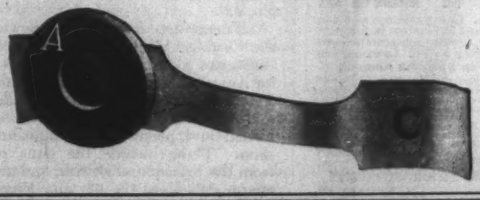

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(984)

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(ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH)

NEW YORK, December 31.—Accused of having manufactured and sold to influenza sufferers thousands of boxes of aspirin tablets, principally composed of talcum powder, Joseph M. Turkey, head of the Verandah Chemical company, of Brooklyn, was found guilty yesterday of violation of the sanitary code and sentenced to three years in prison with a fine of $500. The sentence was the most severe ever imposed in the country for such an offense.

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LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 754-L Chicago, Ill.

No Wonder Germany Quit!

[*Continued from page 30*]

structures are understandable and often picturesque. At Mehun there are several kinds — the West Point Colonel and his West Point Camp Commander at the head, a staff of Reserve Officers fit to man the most advanced technical school in America, the remnant of Ordnance veterans and early volunteers who made the present Mehun possible, the typical drafted soldier from the East Side of New York and the Western plains, the smiling, singing, often hard-working negro who makes the best labor trooper in the A. E. F., the occasional Boche prisoner who has to work hard (though not half so hard as he deserves), the French peasant girls whom the soldiers call "Marguerites," and lastly the ever-useful and ever-present Chinese. From the abbreviated list — I am sure part of Asia and most of Southern Europe has been inadvertently omitted — it will be seen that the problem of personnel is in itself a monumental one. But the spirit that makes the Commanding Officer fill in at second base has pulled Mehun out of the mud and given it one of the best efficiency and health records in all France.

But I set out to describe, not the men of Mehun, but the shops they built and operated. Perhaps there is no fairer way to do this than to quote from the somewhat unimaginative official description which makes no attempt to paint the Fleur-de-Lis or flaunt the Stars and Stripes. I dislike official descriptions myself, but this one from the very matter-of-factness of its story is worth reading:

"The U. S. Ordnance Repair Shops, known as 'Atelier-de-Mehun-Yevre' are located on a level tract of land on the main line of the Paris-Orleans Railroad, between Bourges and Vierzon. The activities at this point consist of three separate groups of buildings, complete with transportation facilities, electrical distribution systems, water supply, fire protection, and sewerage systems, and other necessary auxiliaries to make the plant a complete operating unit.

"The project, at its inception, contemplated the erection of a complete ordnance establishment, which would combine, at one center, repair and warehouse facilities consisting of approximately thirty-eight buildings, at a cost of approximately $25,000,000 when completely erected and equipped. It was the intention to erect an ordnance base depot sufficient to handle the maintenance and repair (excepting field repairs) of all rail ordnance material used by the A. E. F. An army of 2,000,000 men, accumulating in France at the rate of 250,000 every ninety days, was made the basis of all requirements.

"The plant as it stands to-day, as already stated, forms three groups of buildings representing three distinct purposes or activities.

"First, the principal or shop group, consisting of over 900,000 square feet of well lighted, modern monitor-type steel structures, made up of 240,000 square feet of warehouses and 643,700 square feet of shops, fully equipped with over 750 major machine tools and designed to give employment to about 80 officers and from four thousand to six thousand enlisted men. The machine tools run from the largest and heaviest lathes, planers, boring mills, shapers, millers and gear cutters, down to the finest precision tools and include a complete woodworking as well as metal-cutting equipment. This group contains about two-thirds of the major units of the original project referred to in the opening pages, and had operations continued would have functioned as the Ordnance repair and manufacturing center for the A. E. F. The buildings constituting the group are at present utilized as follows:

1. The Artillery Repair Shop is operated in buildings 6, 7, 8, 9 and part of building 10, in all about 479,200 square feet. These comprise the three buildings which were originally constructed for the Carriage Machine Shop, Gun Shop No. 1 and Gun Shop No. 2.

All manufacturing work has now ceased in the Carriage Machine Shop, three buildings constitute a dismantling and erecting shop for American artillery. All the guns for the American army which are intended to be sent back to the United States are overhauled and prepared for shipment in this shop. These include the guns purchased from the French and British, and are of various models from the 37 mm. French to the 10 in. British guns. There are 700 men employed in this shop on this class of work.

2. The Small Arms Shop, taking up a space 240 by 250 feet, is installed in building 10, and fitted out for the dismantling, cleaning and reassembling of rifles and machine guns, and such French and British small arms as it has been agreed shall be turned over to them. The Small Arms Shop is using what was formerly the Forge and Foundry Shop as a storehouse for the British, French and German material; 350 men and nearly 200 Frenchwomen are employed. In one week, besides 5,650 complete rifles and 323 complete machine guns, this shop prepared for shipment a miscellaneous quantity of parts including 1,020 machine gun tripods, 16,450 rifle stocks, 20,475 rifle bolts, 27,500 bayonets, 3,100 receivers, and 3,200 rear sights. The Optical Instrument Shop is engaged in the overhauling and packing of artillery sights, watches, chronometers and other instruments. Fifty-five men are employed in this work. In one week 127 instruments, 193 instrument cases, 131 instrument tripods, 34 leather tripod cases, besides a large quantity of miscellaneous instruments were cleaned, repaired and packed for shipment.

3. The Woodworking Shop, which is in building 12, included a dry kiln 20 by 100 feet. This shop has ceased to manufacture on such orders as were placed before the signing of the Armistice, and is devoting its entire force to the making of crates and boxes for the Artillery, Small Arms and Optical Repair Division. As far as possible crates and boxes have been standardized and the parts are being made in quantities. In connection with the Woodworking Shop is a lumber yard covering about eight-twelfths of an acre. Approximately 4,000,000 board feet of lumber was ordered for the work of crating and boxing equipment. This Division built all crates and boxes for the packing of Artillery and Small Arms.

4. The Forge and Foundry buildings, now being used as a Salvage Depot, are in building 11.

5. Buildings 2 and 3 have been run as separate and distinct warehouses. Building 2 is known as General Ordnance Supply Depot No. 6, Building 3 has housed the Ordnance material and the general supplies ordered in Washington for the original project. The Stores Department contains material which was ordered for this project, and such material as was later delivered through the Supply Division, Ordnance Department, Headquarters S. O. S. and the Chief Purchasing Agent's Office in Paris. Besides supplying the shops of this plant with tools and supplies needed in operation, it supplies tools and equipment of various kinds to other points, which are shipped daily. Not only is material supplied to Divisions and Sections of the Ordnance Department, but requisitions for machinery tools, etc., are continually being filled for other staff departments of the army.

6. Building 1, two bays only of which are complete, is being used as an oil and paint storage house.

7. The Steel Building 5, having a floor area of 1,600 square feet, is used by the plant Construction and Maintenance Division as a combined plumbing, tinning and paint shop.

8. The Laundry, covering an area of 1,920 square feet, is in building 4, which was originally built as a bath house to serve the soldiers employed in this plant, and is equipped with one complete set of American laundry machinery of the latest type. It takes care of the washing of the clothes for the men of the camp, an average of 3,000 pieces a day being handled. Fifteen American soldiers and six Frenchwomen are employed.

9. The Administration Office, building 13, covers an area of 10,400 square feet. It contains, besides the offices of the department heads, the Engineering and Shop Personnel Divisions and a completely equipped printing plant. This print shop contains one electrically-operated mimeograph machine and three multigraph machines. Most of the form work, such as the shop inspection forms, is printed on the multigraphing machines. A 14 by 22 inch and a 10 by 15 job press is in operation and is used for printing of forms, signs, etc. A weekly camp newspaper is also printed on this press.

"All the buildings of the first group, with the exception of the laundry, are of steel-frame construction with corrugated iron siding and corrugated iron roofs. The roofs are covered with Rubberoid. The Laundry is of frame construction covered with corrugated iron. The floors of all buildings are of firmly packed earth."

Such is Mehun! And yet you do not really know the place until you feel the spirit of the men. All the other depots were designed to handle fresh supplies, to take them from the ships and hand them to the troops, to form a direct link with the struggle for victory. But Mehun was a second-hand shop; theoretically nothing reached Mehun until everyone else was through with it; nothing arrived in good condition or on a regular schedule. Everything that reached Mehun was "busted" — and rusty and dirty and old. It is almost impossible to get the best dressmakers to make over an old gown or the best tailor to repair last year's suit. No good workman will tackle such a job except from a sense of duty. It was this sense of duty, exalted duty, that inspired the men at Mehun to spend their days cleaning and mending the discarded equipment of their fighting brothers. If, in time of war, such a task were notable, what think you of Mehun now that the strain is off? Probably you would think what some soldier has eloquently and profanely expressed in lurid letters on a salvaged gun carriage:

"We've paid our debt
To Lafayette.
Who the Hell are we
Paying now?"

It seems to be quite the thing throughout the A. E. F. to entrust one's literary efforts to the smooth surfaces of the bigger guns. For example, the men of Mehun have already received from the dump of discards guns that have such distinctive names as: Sunshine Jim, Elsie Janis, Western Bill, Faithful May, Little Lil, Gip the Blood, Yankee Girl, Teddy, Fritzie's Nightmare, Old Dutch Cleanser, Theda Bara, Bill Hart, Bad Medicine, Carrie Nation, Wild West Gal, Eubetcha, Pansy, Carry on, Zip, Peace Talk, Militia Baby, Sure Mike, Pal-o-mine, Baby Columbus, Green Lemon, Argonne Babe, Phoebe, Spit-fire, Betsy Ross, Jigger-boffers, Foll-o-me, You-tell-'em, Oo-la-la, At-a-boy.

Behind each of these frivolously given names is a story of palship between man and gun in the face of hostile fire that gives a new significance to every shining new projectile at Forey and Gievres, and to every rusty gun carriage in the salvage piles at Mehun. But the heroes of the S. O. S. worked without any such inspiration. These men behind the lines furnished the guns, but they did not shoot them. Theirs the labor of lifting and sorting, and testing and repairing — but never the excitement of firing, the glory of personal conflict and victory.

Consider the men of the S. O. S. Every soldier among them hoped to fight for his country in the field of battle. Many of their officers had given a lifetime to the study of tactics and the science of command. Still more had voluntarily left their profitable businesses and professions to fight in glorious battle. Every enlisted man sailed for France with his eyes and hopes on the Hindenburg line and beyond. None had considered the problems of coffee-grinding, or bread-making, or saddle-cleaning, or road-building in connection with the War. None expected to work in laundries or kitchens or foundries or refrigerators. But there they stuck — in the mud and the rain and the relentless, driving rush. And there — like thousands of men in the stores and factories back home — these heroes of the S. O. S. did their job for mankind.

"Go-Look-See" — *Continued from page 26*

He had been tempted; but he had left Toinette as he had found her and had come away. No, this war was not his ox or his ass, or his manservant or his maidservant.

The last sip. . . . Cardinal rose and stretched himself, as freely as jostling elbows would let him. More customers were seeking Hop Sing's quarters. Somewhere in a corner he saw the gleam of a knife drawn, and at the same instant saw Manoel snatch the weapon, dimming the gleam. But the noise was already so great that the altercation did not smite the ear. A girl detached herself from the group which centered in Manoel and pushed her way to the door. The turbid tide flung her up against Cardinal, and he stretched out an arm to protect her passing. She went out in front of him, with a cheap smile of thanks, and was swallowed up in the jam at the entrance.

He thought of Toinette again, this time with a goading impatience. He, "Go-Look-See," had done with his bodily strength precisely nothing except keep his health. As he stepped out into the street, he felt suddenly as unable to prove his virility as the creatures who sometimes, in spite of Hop Sing's manœuvers, staggered visibly out from the dens behind the café. Only he felt the hot rage those white and sodden men could no longer feel. He had never fought to a finish with any man; he had never loved a woman; he had never even been honestly drunk. The creatures around him risked their lives daily for a passion, black hate, or lust, or a handful of silver on the gaming-table. The broken colonial at the Blue Cat had done more; he had been the fortunate possessor of an impulse that he expected to last him out fifteen thousand miles of travel and six months of training. He, Cardinal, had not even taken Toinette.

He reached the Praya Grande presently, and cooled his face with the breeze from the water. It chastened and dispersed the last fumes of Manoel's dive, but Cardinal was still enraged. He would pull out, of course; if he could get money in the morning, this should be his last night in the beautiful, accursed city, but for the first time in his life, "Go-Look-See" did not know where he wanted to go.

Where, indeed, should he? Great Britain had gathered up the ships of all the seas and was calling them jealously home to the mother ports. France, on her smaller scale, was doing the same. German ships no longer existed officially. He might have to take to a junk. The trade routes of the world were already infinitely straitened and policed. Where, indeed? And how? And, most of all, why?

Cardinal had wasted his cash at Manoel's for nothing but a vast increase of irritation, and a sense of needing a bath so much that it would hardly be a pleasure when it came. When his forehead felt cool to his own hand, he turned away and sought his room; a dingy, high-ceilinged apartment in a bright pink mansion which had sunk from opulence and orgies to mere respectability and lodgers. There he dressed more carefully than for many weeks.

When he left his lodging, Cardinal was a fine figure of a man. Never handsome, or over-graceful, he yet filled out his white clothes well, and dwarfed both by stature and manner the scuttering brown dandies who sped by him in a reek of scent and polished kid. His remaining gold pieces chinked pleasantly together in his pocket, and he swung his malacca cane with a gesture almost of gaiety. Only the ripple of muscles alternately tensed and flexed could have told any one that Cardinal was being acutely aware of his own body. His strength was unspent, and it irked him. Under some conditions, so might a woman feel about her beauty.

As he walked on to the glittering restaurant he had decided on, he did not cock a practised eye or bend an accustomed ear to any hint of lattice or deep arcade. That rotter at the Blue Cat — and Toad Peters offering him a cripple's refuge — the obscene reek of Manoel's joint — the band at the fort — and this yellow, yellow world, so yellow that a Norwegian sailor's face could shine through the crowd like a gibbous moon! These things came to him like the sound of gates clanging to across every familiar avenue. There was no way out; no place to go-look-see; and his brain had lost the saving trick of curiosity. His god of things-that-might-conceivably-happen had failed him. Only his body remained, stronger than in any crisis he had ever felt it, and his muscles moved against his thin clothes impatiently, protesting as though he wore stays. Cardinal, as he mounted the steps of the ornate restaurant, had ceased to be a personality: he was a single, special and curious state of mind.

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He chose carefully. Also, he ordered champagne; not because he liked it, but because he considered naïvely that it went with the music. As it did; for both were far away from home, and very bad.

Midway of the meal, he saw Mariquita. It shows how absorbed he had been in his own gastronomic cleverness that he had not noted her entrance. Every other eye in the room had been focussed on her for twenty minutes. Cardinal himself, who belonged neither in this human group nor in any other, could have passed a fair examination in Mariquita-lore. Not a soul in the city but knew, but had been, in a sense, watching. . . It was only that morning that his concièrge had brought him up to date, thinking that even the Americano would grasp at the news. The water-front heard her name as one hears the name of royalty. The fat Nina could have enumerated her jewels. Toad Peters had stared at her as she went by in her barouche, setting naught down in malice. The very consuls were not above interest.

THE secret of her fame, as Cardinal had made out, was sheer personality; some indwelling devil that drew the eye and held it, when other women might repeat her every look and gesture in vain; a genius that made Mariquita as Calvé made Carmen. She alone among her kind in the corrupt and feverish city seemed to live by the natural emotions of the blood. She had begun as humbly as the humblest, with nothing to distinguish her from the rest. She had no more beauty, no better luck, no grander manner for her sordid acts. One of scores on the harbor-front; later, one of dozens on the Praya Grande at five in the afternoon. Yet somehow she had managed to remain Mariquita, instead of an indistinguishable bit of sex dragging slippered feet along the promenade. Luck she had had, in the end; but no greater than many other women who were not Mariquita. It was common enough for a girl to be lifted off the pavements and swept into a villa of her own. She had become the mistress of a prodigal young Frenchman, whose father had sent him back to the source of the family wealth to see if he could make the source flow faster.

All the city knew that her lover had gone home to join his regiment, and that Mariquita was mourning him behind her clicking bamboo shutters. Yesterday, she had been seen again in her barouche, her parrakeet on her shoulder, her jewels catching the sun. But Mariquita had been alone in her barouche, and the clicking shutters of her house were still drawn down. The town was sympathetic, feeling this different from the usual rupture; with the greatest respect, it wondered whom she would take on, and how soon. To-night, too, she was alone; and the diners watched her with increased interest. The indwelling devil in her made them watch, and, for the moment, care.

Two or three men approached her table with exaggerated salutes; but they passed on after a few words, and the public suspense was in no way lightened. Conjectures ran from mouth to mouth. Mariquita ate well and gave no sign; the blue powder on her eyelids seemed to weigh them down. Would it be young da Costa — hot for her, as the whole town knew; or the Canton merchant of fabulous wealth? Or, tired of a real liaison, would she go back to the old promiscuity of favor? It was the measure of her distinction that she was there alone and had none the less been eagerly ushered to her chosen table. What Mariquita dared no one challenged. She might have brought the merchant with her had she wished.

It was the custom at the Sevilla to move out of the garish dining-room to the vast veranda for coffee and liqueurs. The little paper lanterns there were kinder to the face, as the sea air was kinder to the nerves. The China boy led Cardinal to an excellent table in a corner where the breeze was all his own. The orchestra within had reached its medley of European national airs. In the soft darkness he listened, idly identifying them, glad, somehow, that the "Star-Spangled Banner" would not be played.

The Russian hymn had just melted lawlessly into the Marseillaise when he saw Mariquita. He had clean forgotten her in the interval, and could not at once summon back his share of the common curiosity. What the devil was this woman or that to him? But for very agony of his protesting strength, he watched her to see if he could recapture his momentary interest. So, when Mariquita quietly, without fuss or words, sat down at his own little table, relief was greater than amaze. He could *look* and *see*, once more, even if he could not *go*. He had never been presented to the lady, but evidently she knew his name. Americanos were rare in the city, except now and then a missionary.

Mariquita refused a liqueur; Cardinal did not want one; so he ordered a second cup of coffee for each. She spoke a strange tongue that might have been a new dialect: English with a Portuguese taint, French of the gutter, now and then a catch phrase of Spanish or a Chinese word. She slid about easily from ejaculation to polysyllable, from language to language. Except for a few decorations, it was the Esperanto of the Asiatic half-world, and Cardinal had no difficulty.

With incredible absence of gesture, for Mariquita was obviously a gesturing person, she related her *débâcle*. Her lover had wound up his affairs and gone home to join his regiment. It was a *chic* form of death, one must admit! No, she had not yet made plans. . . . Money, of course, was necessary. But her good friends — those pigs yonder — would have to wait for the spectacle of her decision; she was not to be hurried. Cardinal gravely applauded her wisdom.

"I have never known an Americano," she said curiously. "Tell me about your country. Are they all as big as you? No, do not tell me about your country. Tell me about all the places you have been to. They call you 'Go-Look-See'" — only she gave a Chinese equivalent — "in the bazaars."

But Cardinal could not turn Odysseus to amuse Mariquita. The sense of frustration was too heavy upon him. He flung out his hands with a violent gesture. It seemed to him, this evening, that if he stirred at all, it must be violently. It was all he could do to hold those rippling muscles in leash.

"I have never killed a man or loved a woman. In all the places it has been the same story."

"And now you have no regiment to rejoin, and you are bored to screaming. Thanks, I like my own better." She refused Cardinal's cigarettes. "And I have no regiment to rejoin, and I too am bored to screaming." (She had slipped into straight French for the moment.) "We want something new, both of us. Suppose we find it. Of course you are new — a man who has never loved a woman, and an Americano besides. You don't find that every day. It is almost as *chic* as being mobilized. Not quite, of course. I thought it might interest me to talk to an Americano, and it does. Only I should not want you for a lover, even if you had a great deal of money." She explained why, in a few coarse phrases, and Cardinal had to summon what was left of his brain not to be angry, not to put forth his strength and crush her hand and wrist which rested so lightly on the table.

"I have tried almost everything," Mariquita went on dreamily, "except an Americano. And even an Americano is a man, I suppose. No, that would not amuse me at all. I used to get very drunk. I've stopped it now because it made my complexion bad. But I have had all kinds of things — cocktails, vodka, saké, and the stuff they mix up for sailors who don't know any better, and 'w'iskey an' soda.' But there is one thing I have never tried."

"WHAT is that?"

"Opium. As some little girls never go wrong, so I have never smoked the smallest little pipe."

"If you take up with the Canton merchant," replied Cardinal, bluntly, "you can easily try it."

She shook her head. "That is not the way. You must not mix things." She took out a tiny mirror and a powder box, and powdered her eyelids more heavily still. "Another thing I have never had," she went on more briskly; "no one has ever killed himself for me. That would set one's nerves going, eh? Especially if he left a pool of blood at your feet and your slippers got wet. I have seen it, of course, but it was never for me. I've been too businesslike. I've never tried to squirm out of my bargain. That's what does it — making sheep's eyes at another man before you've worked your time out. All the same, it's funny some hot-head has never done it. I wonder if it would interest me. But no, I think opium is better. Even if the pool were all round your feet, it would still be a man's blood — nothing but a man's blood," she repeated dreamily. "Opium would be different."

"Have you ever tried play?"

"Oh, yes. I have gambled away my dinner often, and gone hungry. It is a curiosity that I lack. First, you have money and then you haven't any, and it's a great nuisance and senseless. It doesn't excite me; I only feel like a fool. But the Black Smoke — that is different. Decidedly, I must try the Black Smoke. I have got it all ready for others, but never have I had the pipe in my own lips. I can do it quite well. You take the dipper — so; and you put it into the stuff and twist — so; then you bring it over the flame of the lamp and — "

"Yes, I've seen it often enough," interrupted Cardinal. "So now you are going home to do it for yourself?"

"Oh, no!" she protested. "I should be very bored, and probably I should never even get the pipe ready. Besides, I have no opium at home. Marcel did not smoke. He was very correct. I shall go somewhere where they do it all for you, and give you a comfortable couch and the best stuff. Are you going to the vaudeville?" she asked suddenly.

"No, why?"

"All these other people are going. They can't think of anything else to do until it is time to go to bed. If you are not going to the vaudeville, let us sit and talk a little longer."

Cardinal looked about him. It was true: the crowd was flitting past under the little lanterns, all bound for the stairway. Even curiosity about Mariquita could not keep them from the vaudeville. Besides, they would know to-morrow whether she had taken on the wandering Americano. Cardinal and Mariquita were nearly alone in the big veranda. Now and then he could hear the lapping of the waters, across the Praya.

"YOU see," she bent forward and searched his face, "every one is bored, and so they go to the vaudeville. But you and I are more bored than any one else, and the vaudeville will not satisfy us. The town is wondering if you are going to be my new lover. By to-morrow they will know that you are not. They are quite welcome to wonder. I suppose you can afford to lose your reputation for a night, provided you lose nothing else, eh?"

Her tone was quite matter-of-fact, and not in the least insolent, but Cardinal was stung to the quick.

"You're not fit to lace up Toinette's shoes," he muttered. The blood pounded so in the pulses of his neck and ears that he seemed to himself to be speaking unintelligibly. "But don't forget that I am bored, too, and that — well, you might do. By heaven, I'm going to have something before I go out!"

Then, half to his consternation, half to his relief, he saw that she had understood every word. Mariquita threw back her head and laughed. "Didn't I know the same flea had bitten us! I advise you opium—like me. We will go together. Manoel and the fat Nina will stare. Will you believe, I have not seen Nina for three years? I think I shall give her this necklace. Then we sha'n't be knifed in the café."

"Can't you do better than that filthy hole?"

"It is not a hole if you pay. Hop Sing has rooms where you can get the very best. Do you think I am going to lie down on a greasy mat next a coolie? There will be cushions and lamps with perfume in them to cut the oil-smell, and great dragons on the ceiling, and a floor of teak, and a maid to take care of your jewels. If she doesn't give them back, Hop Sing can sell her for a slave in the back-country. You are quite safe in the place where Hop Sing gives you his very best Patna. Of course if you lie out in the big rooms with the sailors and coolies, and smoke cow-dung mixed with a few poppy-leaves, anything may happen to you. But for his best Patna — Hop Sing makes himself responsible. Otherwise, of course, the officials would close him up. Even here, you have to pretend a little law."

Cardinal dug into his pocket and flung his remaining money on the table. "Is that enough for Hop Sing's Patna opium and fixings?"

Mariquita counted the money. "Hardly. But I will pay for both."

Cardinal bent across the little table until his face nearly touched her hair. "The Black Smoke happens to be to me what gambling is to you. I've not tried it, but it's no temptation. Nothing would induce me. So if I haven't money enough on me to pay for your little spree, here is where I get off, since there is nothing in it for me." He frowned heavily.

"Not even to see Mariquita smoke?" Her laugh was frankly provocative. Then she clutched his hand. "Listen. What is money on a night like this?" She pulled a purse from her bosom, and half emptied it. The loose gold winked under the lanterns, and there were notes besides. "You don't

want money; I don't want money — to-night. You want to feel something and so do I. We are dying, both of us, for something new. I will not die until I have had something new. If all you want is a lady-love, you've enough in your own pocket to get yourself something very pretty and half-way clean. But you'd better come with me. You needn't smoke, if you don't like. I'm frank to say I don't care to go down to Hop Sing's alone, at this hour. I don't want to get caught in Manoel's. You come along and see me through. Once I get inside, with Hop Sing to look after me, I'm safe as the Madonna in a church. Then you can come out and go to the vaudeville. *Nom d'un chien*, it's easy enough for *you* to get something new, you who have never had anything, apparently. For Mariquita," she lifted her hand as if toasting the name, "it's not so simple. Come," she rose, "my carriage is there, and the drive will cool you off."

Baffled for the moment, he followed her without protesting. None the less, he had a curious sense of satisfaction, as if this way, in spite of bafflement, lay his best chance of violence — and of peace.

The lady chattered directions to the weazened Portuguese who drove them, clicking her heels and snapping her fingers to emphasize her muttered words. It was apparently a complicated affair. Cardinal leaned against purple cushions, waiting. Moonlight turned the deserted Praya to a quieter beauty; the air was so bland that his cigarette-smoke was sheer defilement.

"We go a different way," was all Mariquita said.

Under the bulk and far-flung shadow of one of the harbor forts they stopped. A little estuary flowed up almost to the carriage-wheels. Cardinal saw his companion take a ring from her finger. She alighted from the barouche, but stayed him with a gesture, as he prepared to follow her; and he lay back and watched her while the weazened Portuguese dozed on the box. Here the air was fresher and less bland; some rhythm and savor of the deeper ocean smote his sense as he watched Mariquita going further and further, her dwindling figure hob-nobbing with the shadows and the moonlight, until she was too far to call — perched on the sea-wall at last, an indefinite speck.

He rose, with the shocked belief that this was suicide, no less. But he saw far away the free single gesture of her arm like a bowler's on the cricket-field, and realized that she was flinging something, not herself, into the water. Then she sat crouched in the moonlight for some minutes.

Cardinal, lacking her proximity, forgot her and was soothed. He thought of Toad Peters and the Blue Cat growing idler and sleepier as they waited, through suns and rains, for their sailor-men to return. And the room with the balcony, fit refuge for him, though it had not sufficed to hold the detrimental who had left for a port unknown. Toad with his tolerance and his peculiar notions of fair play. The Cat lapping her gin and hic-coughing. The stunted bamboo in the courtyard, and Peters' eternal rice-paper patching of the latticed street door. The Union Jack that Toad intended to keep visible for all customers.

Reason told him he would do well to go back to Toad that very night; but the mere notion stirred his truculent blood. It was Toad who had started everything; Toad's talk that was leading him eventually to Hop Sing and the secret filth of Asia. He stared at the hunched back up on the box, and longed to plant a mortal blow there: not for hatred, but just to see the body crumple up and know that his strength had done it. His hands grew cold and he set his teeth.

The springs jerked slightly, and something soft brushed his arm. Mariquita had returned. The carriage moved cityward at a smart trot, and Cardinal was grateful for the motion.

"You threw something into the water," he said quietly.

"Yes, the ring. The swine can't have that." She was breathing heavily; and when he looked her over curiously, he thought she had been crying.

"Where are we going?" He did not care to discuss the ring; it was not his affair.

"To Manoel's. We don't drive there, of course, only nearby. Then we walk a little."

"You still want that Patna opium?"

"Is there anything else?"

He had not been able to see her tears, but now in her voice he heard them plainly. He knew then that there were two frustrations moving side by side through the night. Mariquita had loved her lover. Not seriously, in all likelihood, but still enough to acquaint her temporarily with despair, with that sense of gates locked upon a vacuum, which had been so tormenting him. It removed her from him; and yet, and yet — she seemed to be the one arrow in the world that pointed, that would lead him to an event. He knew that he should follow, even to Hop Sing among his *godowns*.

"I am sorry," he heard himself saying vaguely.

"Sorry? You? Why?" She snapped the queries at him. "Yet why make a minuet of it? It is true. I have never loved any one. On the other hand, I have never wanted to scream before. I am like you to-night. I must do something I have never done. A woman must live, eh? I don't expect to be faithful to a man who may be dead months before I hear of it. I'd be the joke of the town as a widow. But, all the same, it has never been like this, and it gives you a respect for a man who can bring you to this pass, eh? It's *chic*, too, to rejoin your regiment. . . ."

She rambled on, disclaiming everything, revealing herself in every deliberate incoherency. He attempted no more sympathy; but when the barouche stopped, he followed her meekly to Manoel's wide-open door.

MARIQUITA entered, cutting through the reek like a clean flame. Cardinal felt her value as he had never felt it, when he saw the riot slacken and all eyes turn to her as if by a mechanical propulsion. She went straight to Nina at the greasy counter; the mob falling away on either side like loose soil from the furrow. Cardinal, following close at her heels, saw her fulfil the promised gesture She lifted the chain from her neck and clasped it round Nina's fat throat. The noise had dropped to an obscene mutter, though its volume on that lower pitch increased, like a barnyard clamor turning suddenly to the grunt of a thousand pigs. Mariquita talked earnestly with Nina for a moment or two; their heads were close together. Manoel stood by them, his face turned from their colloquy. One arm was flung on the counter between the women, but he was all eyes for the astonished swine that filled the café with rumor. Cardinal, too, faced the room — as if he and Manoel were allies.

Presently Mariquita took his hand and led him forcibly to the door which gave on the back rooms and outbuildings. It was opened from the other side, and they squeezed through before it shut. Still leading Cardinal, she passed through a maze of corridors with swift, unperplexed feet. Before a scarlet door she stopped; stamped lightly twice, then thrice, and coughed four times.

The darkness, and the foul, sweet, pungent odor that oozed thickly through door-cracks and narrow wall-slits, bewildered Cardinal's brain. He hardly knew what happened there about him in the next moments. The door was opened to her signal; a fat Chinaman (Hop Sing himself, no doubt) looming suddenly on the threshold, seemed to be cutting them off from paradise. The yellow bulk in its robes of tender green filled the doorway; but across his shoulders, between his gesticulating arms and his body, past the slow curve of his bull neck, one beheld the entrancements of a dream. Cardinal was dizzy with all the fumes of the underworld; and the gorgeous stuffs, the dim orange lights, the great divans, the beautiful sinuous dragons swam before his eyes in maddening fragments, made unattainable, even to the lusting eye, by the bulk of Hop Sing that intervened, swaying on the threshold.

Their talk was in some Chinese dialect he had no inkling of; so he watched the dragons on the ceiling disperse and reassemble, as Hop Sing's head was shaken to and fro. But at last Hop Sing grew still and silent. Mariquita had evidently had her way to the last detail, and she gathered up her skirts to step over the threshold.

With a backward thrust of her palm, she pushed something into Cardinal's hand, and disappeared with Hop Sing into the magnificence beyond. The scarlet door was slammed in his face. He thrust the thing—a bag, by its feeling—into his pocket, and beat upon the door with his hands. But it was thickly padded: his knuckles only drummed on scarlet brocade. He made no more noise than a summer insect. Even that was forbidden, it appeared; for a sandalled ghost surged up beside him, and plucked his elbow. "This way," it said deferentially; and Cardinal was half pushed, half dragged, to another door beyond. The sandalled foot kicked it softly, and it opened on the night air and the sound of water. Apathetic, confused, he was shoved on to a low bench.

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"All right," said the thing, in English. "Plenty safe you stay here a lil' while. Not go out through café yet. Mr. Hop Sing, he take you when he think good. He explain Manoel. Nobody come this door. You wait. Mr. Hop Sing come plenty soon." There was the flap of a loose sleeve across Cardinal's face, and the thing disappeared into the night.

Cardinal came to himself with miraculous speed. About him he could see almost nothing, for the shadows of hut-like buildings interfered with the light of the sinking moon. The *godowns* and shacks themselves were dark. Undoubtedly there was, somewhere near him, an outlet, a back way into the town, but he lacked light to find it. He pulled the bag from his pocket and lighted a match to examine it. It was full of money.

His brain was free now, and he pleased himself for a moment by giving himself clear reasons for the anger that shook him. The hussy had slammed the door in his face, and had given him money to go and buy himself some commoner pleasure just so soon as Hop Sing should choose to guide him back to the café and turn him over to Manoel. Perhaps a sandalled thing would meet him at the door and escort him to a safe corner. Meanwhile he was left like an empty sack on a bench in the darkness, to be patient until they should have time to attend to him. He had served a courtesan's turn, had backed her by his stalwart presence until she could reach the unclean Nina and bribe her way to Hop Sing, and he had been paid for it. His strength that had cried out to be used, had been used for this. The room at the Blue Cat, left empty by a better man, was a servile compliment in comparison. But he would have something, and have it soon. He would not wait for circumstances fit to embellish his deed. Perhaps he would fight in Europe yet; but now, first, he would have his solace. Stark action, backed by all his blood and sinew, was what he needed. Go-Look-See could still avenge an insult. Mariquita would be lying on her side, holding the pellet over the flame. Before it sizzled and curled to the proper size, she should have another sensation to reckon with. Perhaps she would even find it something new.

He tore open the door through which he had been led, and lighting another match, found his way back to the scarlet portal. A silence as unclean as the clamor out in the café surrounded him. He kicked at the brocade, there in the darkness. But he soon grew wiser; he took out his knife and slashed the stuff right and left, to discover what manner of substance lay behind it.

As he worked, the silence was shattered by a gust of noise — shrill cries, the pattering of feet, the thud of mishandled bodies. Faint light sprang from somewhere. The stifled riot came nearer and nearer, but it was all behind him, and he paid no attention. Doggedly he dug his knife into the wood that underlay the brocade, and kicked again and again. The noise was all round him now.

Then the door was dragged open from within, and Mariquita and Hop Sing appeared to his inflamed vision. He was jostled; there was a hot breath on his cheek; but he was aware only of Mariquita. He lurched forward and clutched her loose gray lounging-robe, crumpling it in a hot gesture. Before he could grasp her wholly, Hop Sing seemed to surge over him like a heavy wave. . . . But the knife had been drawn too quickly for the big Chinaman to reach it — the knife of Luis da Costa who, not content to wait until to-morrow, had trailed Mariquita and had found her at last!

The noise faded into hissing whispers; then, for Cardinal, into silence. Mariquita, looking down, bewildered but still undrugged, saw her slippers wet with a man's blood.

Pleased to Meet You! — *Continued from page 15*

of ours not only with great, but with greater than ever, industrial opportunity. While it is true that the percentage of men who will choose, after the bans are down, to return to foreign shores, promises to be practically nil, and that on the contrary a new love of country has been whetted, still a new seed has been sown!

I noted a telling incident the other morning from a sleeper. During one of those ghastly night trips across the middle west, we ground and shrieked, toward dawn, to a rail-protesting standstill. For the twentieth time I raised my shade to peer out, this time into the break of a day that was filigreeing with the first lacy foliage of spring.

We were alongside one of those hamlets that huddle close to the tracks as if flung there off the emery wheel of hot steel. There were a few packing-cases of gray frame houses the color of cold dish-water. A tree, bridal with many blossoms against a dingy barn. A Main Street of feed store with an open door and a crane in the peak of its roof, and the inevitable general store with a slant of wooden awning out over a sidewalk battalion of barrels. A rutty street of breakable mud petered out into field and meadow not yet clear of mist.

One of the western-bound troop-trains that had flashed by all during the night had deposited a soldier. There were a little hunch of old woman in a black shawl and a lank Uncle Sam sort of figure with an ineffectual lantern against the pinkening dawn out to greet him.

There beside the little shed of a station was a long quiet moment of meeting as the big-boned soldier printed his kiss into the hooded head and an emotional and embarrassed gripping of the male hand that was free of lantern, and the three moved across the tracks and into a side entrance of the general store.

I must have dozed, because when I awoke again we were still standing, the air as hot as if enclosed in a biscuit tin. Outside, a May morning as pink as a baby's palm, had climbed up. There was a curl of smoke winding from what appeared to be the kitchen chimney of the general store. The lean, Uncle Sam-like figure, in what did not seem his workaday clothes, was creakingly and excitedly winding up water from a rear well. But in front of the store facing the gilded east was the young private. His head was bare and his back to the somnolent hamlet, as if already it were in his retroactive pluperfect. There was that in his face that must have been writ into Jason's when his desire for the Golden Fleece was born. Ten to one, the General Store and the Salt Barrel crowd will never claim that boy. He will set forth again, because what he has seen will not turn out.

This almost subconscious mental upheaval of our American youth is just now like the underground passage of the mole; the welt of its movement is already rising along the surface of our national life. These risings must be studied, not stumbled upon. William III. died from falling over a molehill.

Pour a thousand white beans out of a bottle and then back and there are a few left over that must be crammed in. Their contiguity has changed. Our boys refuse to pour back into many of the crannies, the crevices, the obscure nooks.

Every so often, like a crack of white lightning out of the bloody blackness, comes some sort of justification for the smelling butchery of this War.

The quickened brotherhood of man is one! The Edith Cavells, the Rupert Brookes and all the meek little wooden crosses that stand for the sublimity of sacrifice another.

And still another, the boys who have come home with a new and a seer's look in their eyes.

The Trying Times of Peace — *Continued from page 24*

What will become of Russia?

Who can tell?

Into what country's breast will another year find the gaunt wolf of Bolshevism sinking its shining teeth and bloody claws?

No one knows. No one can know. We can only know that the one weapon that has been found to fight it is food. No matter what the ideals and aspirations of a country may be, it cannot get freedom, nor practise freedom, on an empty stomach. The hungry man may tear down. But he cannot upbuild. Hungry stomachs can never make reasoning brains. The discontent of hungry people leads nowhere except to confusion, chaos and reaction. Trotzky and Lenine may call their government what they will; but it is in point of fact as bloody a tyranny as the world has ever known.

So it is first hunger that we must fight. And we must fight the causes of hunger. These are first economic unrest and unemployment. And we must begin that fight in our own country. To start in composing Europe before we protect our own citizens is as unthinkable as a man going to a neighboring city to build an almshouse while his own wife and children starve at home.

Day by day thousands upon thousands of honest, hard-working, self-respecting American citizens are being thrown out of work.

Work must be found for them. And it must be found now.

Day by day our soldiers are coming back from France. Work must be found for them. Shall gallant American boys who were ready and willing to lay down their very lives that we at home might be saved, come back to find themselves welcomed by words, and only words?

Moreover, they should be brought back as fast as it is humanly possible and economically advisable. Their job is done. It has been done gallantly and well. That they should now be left on a foreign soil, eating their hearts out in longing for home and friends, is an injustice as grave as it is terrible. They have done their work. They should be allowed to come back.

And not only that. There must be no relapse for them, or for any workers, to the industrial conditions of before the War. It will not be possible. Our workers have learned their rights. They have learned what improved living conditions mean. And they have learned of the sovereignty of citizenship.

Our soldiers have learned. They have traveled and studied and seen. They have thought. Through fighting for the United States, they have come to know that they are partners in the United States; and that if they must share its responsibilities, they have a right to share its benefits. And this no man who has been to Europe during the War can fail to see and recognize as being one of the greatest factors for the United States to consider. Our soldiers, returning, will ask more. But they will ask no more than is just. They have seen at last what mutuality really means.

To ask these men to go back to mine or mill or lathe or shop under pre-war conditions will be impossible. Even if it were possible for us to ask, it would be impossible for them to grant. They could not in justice to themselves.

And above all must the people of the United States realize that this is no time for reaction or reactionaries. We of the United States must be not only forward-looking, but forward-going. And we must travel fast and far.

Conditions, some of which we seem well-nigh unable to cope with, face us, from a world in ferment. It is no time to become frightened or to lose one's head. But, contrariwise, it is no time to be a Pollyanna.

The conditions are there. They must be met, faced, studied, analyzed, adjusted, solved. No few men can do it, however able they may be or think themselves to be. It is the work of all. And it is a work that must be based on mutual understanding, mutual faith, mutual endeavor, mutual patience and mutual trust. In that task no body of men will give more potential service than the organized labor movement of America.

Let us of America face these new labors then, in the spirit of Individualistic Mutuality — in the spirit of the real Democracy!

It's a Great Life If You Don't Week-End!

by **Anna Steese Richardson**

We wonder where the reader of this number of McClure's will be when he reads it! Probably suffering patiently under some of the summer scourges of polite life. Let him read this story and take hope. He may find a life-saver just as he is going down for the third time — as the hero did.

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by **Cleveland Moffett**

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